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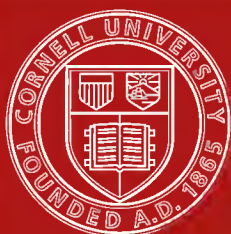
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ROMANCE OF THE MAINE COAST

CASCO BAY — Series I.

ANCIENT YORK — Series II. In Press.

THE SOKOKI TRAIL — Series III.

PEMAQUID — Series IV.

THE LAND OF ST. CASTIN — Series V.

Series III, IV, V, in Preparation.



THE AUTHOR

MAINE COAST ROMANCE

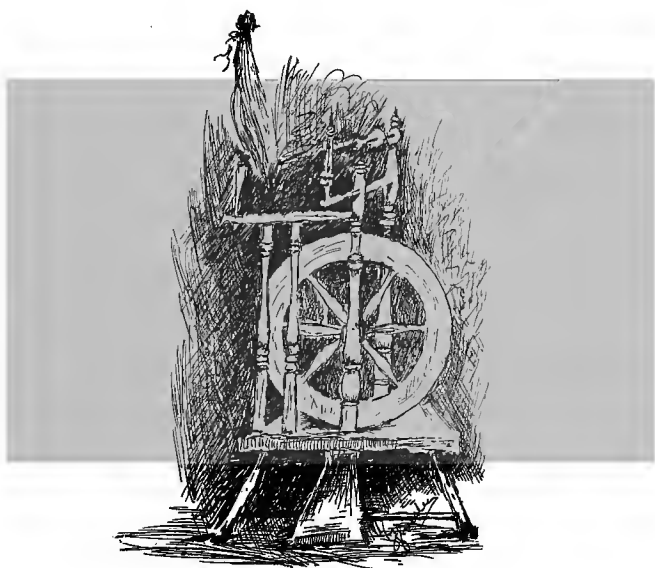
The Romance of Casco Bay



MAINE COAST ROMANCE

The Romance of Casco Bay

HERBERT MILTON SYLVESTER



BOSTON
Stanhope Press
1904



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AUTHOR'S EDITION

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TO THE
HON. JAMES P. BAXTER
IS INSCRIBED
Y^E ROMANCE OF CASCO BAY
BY THE AUTHOR

INTRODUCTION



INTRODUCTION



HERE is an antique and familiar proverb that "Truth is stranger than fiction," which is nearly enough equivalent to saying that History is more romantic than Fable. One is more and more reminded of the validity of this proverb, as he familiarizes himself with the Past, and explores its shadowy chambers once thronged with life, as full of all the passions, good and bad, as is the life of the

Present, upon which we dote, clinging to it as though its transition from this sphere of light and beauty meant eternal darkness and oblivion.

The world, however, barring that portion which certain dogmatists have entitled the saving remnant, meaning thereby those who think, does not realize this; being, as Carlyle says, purblind and already dead to all save food and drink and like creature comforts; hence it cares no more for the storied Past, rich

“With plume tiara and all brave array,”

than the mole that burrows beneath the boulder which is a marvel to a Geikie or Lyell.

It is owing to this condition that History has been neglected so long by the masses, who have deemed it only a garner of dry materials for the use of experts whose tastes they have regarded as wholly abnormal. Occasionally some genius like Shakespeare and Scott has explored this storehouse, and dragged forth into the light of day things of so much beauty that they have excited as

much as they were capable of being excited, the gaping admiration of Carlyle's purblind folk, but while this is a subject of thanksgiving, its real effect upon the world at large was fleeting, and it was not until that wizard, Parkman, explored the obscure recesses of our own American History, and brought its romance to light, that the dull world began to scratch its stupid pate and realize ever so dimly, that there was in History something of which it had never dreamed. There can be no doubt that Parkman's magic pen has done more to awaken a popular interest in American History than the pens of all the writers since its discovery by the Venetian. So much of the romance of history did he reveal to the world, that the writers of fiction were quick to realize the proverb which heads this writing, and for several years, the historical novel has held even the purblind folk of the old dogmatists spellbound, and it begins to appear as though, in time, they may all become part and parcel of that "Saving remnant" whose novel title seemed to mean so much more than it expressed.

It will be seen from this that the writer, though he has confined his own efforts to the less attractive field of research, is interested in the Romance of History, and recognizes the great value of the efforts of those who have entered this difficult field in order to make its treasures available to the multitude. To perform the work well, however, requires poetic genius, and he who does not possess this divine faculty in a fair degree, may as well forego the task, for he will surely be disappointed of success if he enters the inviting precincts with unwinged feet.

I conceive that to define the exact relation of the writer of the Romance of History to the Historian proper is unnecessary here. His sphere of operation, however, is more fascinating than the Historian's, since it permits him to exercise his imagination with considerable freedom, a faculty which he should abundantly possess, for he must re-people the empty scenes of the past with living characters, and make them play their parts acceptably to the most exacting critics, for the writer of the Romance of History

must perforce be a poet, and should possess the true afflatus, for the poet, we all know, is one who after the divine example is a creator, who gives to his creatures, not form and color alone, but the vital spark.

The romance of our own History, until within a few years, has been neglected, perhaps on account of the restrictive influences which Puritanism exercised upon it in its early years, for the Puritan regarded the imagination as a dangerous faculty, which should be figuratively consigned to the stocks if it disported itself in any but theological fields, fenced in with its own pointed pickets. Not that the Puritan really lacked imagination, as we see in the case of Anne Bradstreet, and even Cotton Mather, who lived altogether in an imaginary world; indeed, Puritanism possessed imagination and all good qualities in abundance, only it did not allow their exercise except on rare occasions. Hawthorne has shown us the possibilities of the Puritan in fiction as Boughton has in painting, and Longfellow in poetry; so that we have recently become aware that New Eng-

land, after all our misgivings, possesses a history as full of romance as one could desire; and when the author of this book informed me that he proposed to give to the world some of the romance of New England History, I told him that he would find as attractive a subject as he could desire, and the work which he has produced proves it.

In his *Romance of Casco Bay*, Mr. Sylvester shows what an attractive field this subject offers to the artist. He has not at all exhausted the subject; he did not intend to do so; indeed, he has only given us a fragment of what really exists in this not-soon-to-be exhausted mine. In his treatment of his subjects Mr. Sylvester is thoroughly original, and his facile pencil has added a charm to his narrative which his readers cannot fail to appreciate. He has the true instinct of the artist, and one must be dull, indeed, who does not recognize the charm of his work. If he has erred at all, it has been on the side of historic accuracy, and he has not allowed his exuberant fancy sufficient play, for it should be understood that he is not intending to

record historic facts alone — that he leaves to the historian — but to group together incidents in history and present them as living pictures to his readers.

JAMES PHINNEY BAXTER.





PREFACE



YHE ROMANCE OF CASCO BAY is a book of free-hand sketches. Truthful enough in their setting and local coloring, they are not offered to the public as history, but appear here much as did their originals to the author when he saw them from day to day, and when more familiar with the purlieus of Casco Bay than has been his good fortune in later years. These old things have the fascinating mystery and romance of bygone days, and a bygone race; and are not the less delightful to recall because they look out over a sheet of water, the beauty and charm of which are unrivalled by any other part of the Maine Coast, — a sea-front unequalled by any other from

Quoddy Head to St. Augustine, in its wild, stormy grandeur and windy headlands, or in its countless islands and roadsteads asleep in its summer sunshine.

THE AUTHOR.





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Cascoe.
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Harrow House.
A Wayside Inn.
An Old Fish-Yard.
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PRELUDE

The sea in the offing, white with foam,
Breaks over the outer bar;
Beyond the gray sand-dunes, nearing home,
Is the glint of a ship's tall spar.

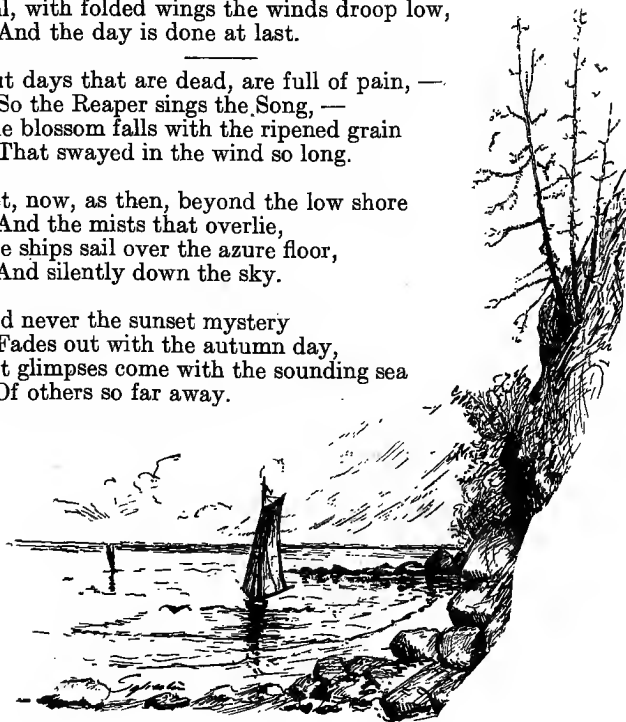
Above the surf, with the sea-bird's scream,
Comes the sound of a loosened sail;
Through the slow dusk burns a ruddy gleam
Of light from the starboard rail.

So, in and out, on the ebb and flow
Of the tide, the ships sail past,
Till, with folded wings the winds droop low,
And the day is done at last.

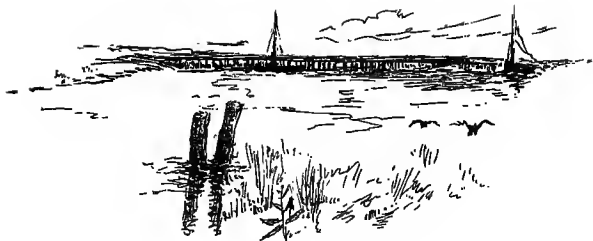
But days that are dead, are full of pain, —
So the Reaper sings the Song, —
The blossom falls with the ripened grain
That swayed in the wind so long.

Yet, now, as then, beyond the low shore
And the mists that overlie,
The ships sail over the azure floor,
And silently down the sky.

And never the sunset mystery
Fades out with the autumn day,
But glimpses come with the sounding sea
Of others so far away.



. . . CASCOE



CASCOE



WHAT I am about to relate is not altogether history. It is in part so old, that one can hardly tell what part is history and what is legend. Two hundred and fifty years have yellowed its story; and the memory of man is somewhat to be relied upon in places where all that is authentic has not been printed in the books. Years have mellowed the tragedies of old Cascoe into tales that children read by the winter fireside; or that grown-up folk read by the seashore thereabout on a summer day, environed by so much of the old-time scenery of

“Winding shores,
Of narrow capes, and isles which lie
Slumbering to ocean’s lullaby,”

in which their plots were laid.

We shall have to do without the orchestral prelude that ushers in the play in a well-regulated playhouse, for the showman is tinkling his bell, and the curtain will rise in a moment. A drama is never so attrac-

mingle their outlines of tree and reef, inextricably; and rocky bluffs, bold and threatening, near at hand, shorten into low relief as they recede into a far-away perspective, their gray tones blending with their inverted reflections in the placid waters at their feet, giving to them the soft, dreamy effects so common to sea landscapes. The irregular, zig-zag-like markings of the island and mainland shores, jutting between and by each other, abound in fantastic shapes and broken lines, which add to the charm of the constantly varying landscape.

Two centuries and a half ago, a day's sail from old Pentagoet southward, would have brought the voyager to the easterly boundary of this sheet of water, the northeast wall of this bay; which,

"Stretching its shrunk arm out to all the winds
And relentless smiting of the waves,"

makes a slim, ragged peninsula trending to the southward, better known in Colonial times as Pejepscot. Still southward, some eight leagues away, is its southern land-wall, where perhaps we have pitched our tents; and lying between, dotting the blue sea, is an island for every day in the year. In summer the cattle may be seen upon some of the larger of them cropping their scanty herbage; but in winter they are for the most part deserted. Parts of these island shores are ragged and broken into sharp needle-like shapes, that at low water resemble huge teeth; their extremities are slim outreaching arms of

rock, black with seaweed, stretching far into the waters that chafe and fret themselves into fleecy



GLEN CLIFF

whiteness about these rude barriers of Nature. Steep cliffs end in abrupt precipices that tower above the tallest masts; and up their sides shoot the straight spruces, tall, arrowy, their tops crowned with sparse foliage. Here are the quarries of the broad-winged, white-headed eagles, whose rights of

piscary are older than the most ancient of charters. One may see, any day of the year,

the eagles hovering about the bay in search of plunder, watching the fish-hawks and ospreys at their

sport among the islands and roadsteads, only to rob them when they have made an especially good catch.

When fish are scarce and the eagle's fishermen fail him, a plump sea-gull will whet his appetite as well.

Clumps of willows follow the yellow sands as they curve backward from the cliffs, the bright green of their foliage standing out in sharp contrast to the darker tones of the dwarf pines and spruces; their long, drooping branches are wet with the spray of every incoming tide. White sails glide into the shadows of the headlands, or fade away below the horizon, lending the romance of the ships to the intensity of color which pervades the outlook. The atmosphere is clear, and Nature's lines are sharply drawn. The high lights are strong and the shadows deep, with well-defined gradations. They are like musical notes strung upon a staff, so perfect is the harmony of color that greets the eye.

Only the centuries have left their footsteps about the worn crags and ledges, along the seaward sides of which the scanty tufts of spruce, gray and stunted, are twisted into ungainly shapes by the storms of the Atlantic; while over their gray reaches of broken shingle is strewn the débris of wreck, and driftwood, and floating kelp. These bold shores have witnessed many a tumult of storm-driven wave racing inward with the flying rain and sleet; but the same granite buttresses are here as of the post-glacial period, in all their silent pride and massive strength, only a bit more shattered and worn, their polished walls telling of many a Titan shock.

A glance at the southeastern coast of Maine shows this sheet of dark water to be, if not the largest in-

dentation of the series of bays and salt-water inlets which give to the whole coast its irregular contour and marked characteristics of rugged strength and attractiveness, possessed of a more delicate charm and fascination than either the Penobscot or the Passamaquoddy, with its islands, their outlying ledges and low, rocky reefs anchored so thickly about, long, narrow and thickly wooded, every one of them trending to the southwest. This very plainly indicates the course of the immense glacier, that, ages ago, left its footprints, not only among these sea-girt rocks, but along a line hence that would take one over the highest of New Hampshire's White Hills, where other footprints of the same mighty force are as plainly to be seen.

At the Pejepscot, or easterly end of this bay, these islands, together with Harpswell Neck, resemble a huge hand outspread in the midst of the sea; and as one sails down through them to the southward, the snowy summits of the far-off New Hampshire mountains are plainly discernible, forming the extreme western horizon. About Harpswell Neck, so the legend runs, was the old-time cruising-ground of the "Dead Ship." The ill-boding prophecy of its appearing, but a few years ago, was wont to terrify the credulous crones and fisher-wives of Orr's Island, who watched for its coming with the keenest anxiety and dread.

"Old men still walk the Isle of Orr
Who tell her date and name;
Old shipwrights sit in Freeport yards,
Who hewed her oaken frame."

And now, when the boats are late, the olden tale comes to mind; and the gray phantom of a ship beating slowly landward, with silent and deserted decks, leaves its weird picture on the imagination. Bright skies and cool seas dispel such vagaries; but with the dark lowering storm swept along the wooded headlands, and over the barren sands before the furious winds, the vision of boats among the breakers and of desperate men struggling with the merciless waters is too often one of stern reality.

Along the bluffs and sandy dunes of the shore that unwinds like a tangled thread among the Cascoe islands, are isolated fishing hamlets, — brown, weather-beaten houses among the rocks, often perched high up against a background of scanty birch growth. With the fishing-boats drawn up on



the sands below, and the quaintly-dressed figures of their dwellers, they are exceedingly picturesque and afford fine studies for the painter. A ship with full-blown sails against the sky, a sea that looks "wet," — with such inimitable art are the colors laid on, — is a beautiful thing; but there is nothing human about it. An old interior with all the paraphernalia of everyday living, with a touch of humanity about it, a child at play among the

knotted seines, a net-mender, a bar of sunshine, is a poem, with all the rhythm and speech and sympathetic quality of poetic expression.

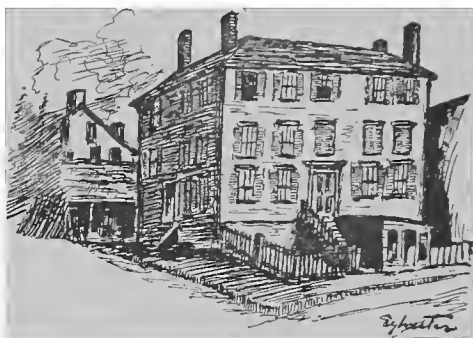
When the tide is out, the yellow marsh-grasses bend under the breeze. Flocks of sea-birds scurry over the odorous flats. Here and there, dun-colored stacks of marsh hay with sharpened domes, break the monotony of these salt levels. Wide-mouthed rivers stretch seaward; the broad mouth of the Presumscot makes an arm of the bay; farther south is Casco River fringed with black wharves, once the hermit settlement of Ingersoll. It is no wonder these beautiful waters, with their numerous coves, and inlets, and snug places for the sheltering of vessels, attracted the attention of the storm-beaten voyager of the early days. No doubt then, as now, the bay was possessed of the same delicate tones of light and shade, its grays, browns, yellows and purples, its emerald or slaty waters, its wood-embossed landscapes of ever-varying attraction. In these days, frequently on summer afternoons, dense low-hanging mists gather about the roadsteads, choking them entirely; throwing across the gateways of the offings, bars of dulled silver; or slowly creep between the islands, and with stealthy, hesitating movement roll away inland, leaving the worn crags and gray ledges more sharply defined than ever in the strong, clear sunlight. The dancing waters, the soft blue sky pictured with flying clouds that one sees only by the sea, and the snowy sails of the ships beating in, or out the narrow channels, are but parts of a picture to be seen from

the heights of the old town that has grown up within the shelter of this southernmost headland.

From the Merrimac to the Kennebec extended the Laconia Grant. It was a goodly country. Hither came many an adventurous man from the Massachusetts settlements, the tide setting noticeably to the eastward before the Plymouth Colony had obtained its foothold. Richmond's Island, Monhegan and Pemaquid were then prominent fishing stations, and had their influence in opening this territory to men of the type of George Cleeve, who, if ancient report be true, was a man of brave parts, shrewdness, grit, and untiring energy, and a considerable politician; for, outwardly a good subject of the king, he found no difficulty in espousing the cause of Cromwell. His service in Cromwell's army, — for he went from Casco to take up arms for the Commonwealth, — proved a profitable venture to himself, for it strengthened his title from Gorges by his purchase of the old charter rights from Rigby, one of Cromwell's officers.

When Cleeve returned to Casco, there came with him a young fellow who became an inmate of his household. There was another who became interested in this newcomer, we may believe more for companionship's sake than through any warmer interest, — for it is quite likely pretty Betsey Cleeve was as demure as a Puritan maid of those times should be. Alas for demureness and maidenly simplicity! It was not long before Betsey's heart went into the clearings with her lover, while his remained

with the red-cheeked girl, spinning wool and flax, or weaving the family homespun in the cumbrous wooden-loom. It is not unlikely this colonial courtship went as smoothly, and pleasantly, in the firelight of this log-sheltered hearth of two centuries and a half ago, smothered in deeps of drifting snows, as it does to-day within the parlors of the stately brown-stone fronts that overlook the site of this first love-making in these parts. Betsey's lover had one ad-



LONGFELLOW'S BIRTHPLACE

vantage young men do not have nowadays: there was no "other fellow" constantly fanning the flame of his uneasiness; and there is no intimation that the course of his affection did not run smoothly, — for it is a recorded fact that Elizabeth Cleeve became Mrs. Michael Mitton in due time, the first English marriage in this section: a very interesting event, in which the whole neighborhood, which then consisted of two families, no doubt actively participated.

Mitton was more fortunate in his romancing than the brave Standish.

In the case of John Winter against George Cleeve, one of the earliest and most important legal contests heard in the Courts of Provincial Maine, the deposition of William Gibbins, Mariner, dated September 8th, 1640, "saith that the River which runs vp by Mr. Arthur Mackworthes house was called by the name of Casco River for seventene yeares gone or there aboute."

From this it would seem that Gibbins was here about 1623. As Mr. Baxter says, it was "quite likely that Gibbins was one of Levett's men, and perhaps one of the ten, whom Levett left in charge of the 'strong house' which he built — perhaps at Machegonie — before his return home."

This "Casco River" was the Presumpscot. Here about 1635, Mackworth built a house. He was undoubtedly a companion of "factor Vines," who came over in 1630, to take up his grant at Saco. On the northeastern bank of the Presumpscot, was a point of land which the Indians called *Menikoe*; and it was here that the Mackworth manse was built, and which he dignified by the name of "Newton." It was a spacious house for the times according to tradition, and beautiful for location, — a breezy and sightly spot, commanding a wide view of this bay of many islands. Its Indian name was *Menikoe*, which in the language of the aborigine, meant the *place of pines*; and, although, in these days, one sees naught but fertile fields, and scattered growths of

deciduous trees, and runs of alders and dwarf birches; yet, in the time of Mackworth, here was, doubtless, a pine-clad rib of land that broke the low-rolling mists of the bay apart, to send them up the Presumpscot on the flood of the tide, or eastward, Pejepscot way. It was an enchanting, and an ideal country; and here Mackworth spent his days in gentlemanly leisure; meanwhile bringing up a numerous family, and doing a deal of entertaining. Mackworth was famous for his gracious hospitality, and Mistress Mackworth was a most charming helpmeet. It was he who made the delivery of seizin to Cleeve and Tucker in 1637, by "twig and turf," according to the old English custom, of what is now the charming city of Portland, or rather that part originally incorporated as such.

Mackworth's occupancy of these Presumpscot lands is still kept in mind by the rehabilitation of *Menikoe* into the corruption of Mackworth, — namely, commonplace Mackey, by which cognomen, the point and an island adjacent, are now known. And here is Martin's Point, where is now established the Government Marine Hospital, and which recalls Widow Martin; for here was the Martin farm, where young Benjamin Martin was killed by the Indians in one of their skulking excursions hereabout.

Cleeve may well be called the pioneer of this part of the Province, coming here with Tucker, as he did, in 1633, from Spurwinke two years earlier than Mackworth. Tucker was in a way a subordi-

nate or servant of Cleeve, who later brought a suit for an accounting for services in the Saco Court. Not much is heard of him after a year or so of the sojourning here. Cleeve seems to have been the man of affairs. Before the coming of Cleeve and Tucker, however, another had preceded them; for there was a goodly house on one of the islands adjacent to the mouth of Fore River, the tide stream which Gibbins confounded with the Presumpscot. This house was built by Christopher Levett, who came over here in 1623 in a vessel of his own, and who sailed up the Presumpscot, perhaps to the Falls. He made a considerable exploration of the coast hence, to the southward as far as the mouth of the Piscataqua, where he was the guest of one Thompson, perhaps the earliest settler about the immediate mouth of that picturesquely beautiful stream. He made written memoranda of his impressions of the country and his experiences. He had a commission, in which Capt. Robert Gorges, Capt. Francis West, and the Governor of New Plymouth were associated with him, "for the ordering and governing of New England." He came as one clothed with authority; but there was but little opportunity for the exercise of such, with only the defunct enterprise of Popham at Pemaquid, and the straggling hamlet on Cape Cod; with the bare possibility that Neale, as the agent for Gorges and Mason, under their patent of August, 1622, might have been laying the stone foundations of Mason's house around Quamphegan Falls on the Piscataqua. Undoubtedly Levett preceded Neale by

some time, as Levett was the guest of Thompson at Odiorne's Point; and Thompson left his cabin immediately upon Neale's coming, of which the latter took possession for himself.

One of his first acts upon his coming to Casco, was to ingratiate himself into the good graces of the Queen of Quack, — in other words, he procured a grant, upon his arrival, of the site of Casco Neck and four islands in the harbor, from the wife of the Sagamore of this locality. The "Sagamore's wife" is the "queen," undoubtedly, with whom Levett sailed to Quack, along with the prince, the dog, and the kettle. Levett gave this place the name of York; and Charles I. recognized it as York, as well, in the interest which he subsequently took in the affairs of Levett. It was here at Casco, and without doubt, on one of the four islands at the entrance to the harbor, that he built his house. There was a house on House Island for years before Cleeve came here, and there was no other house mentioned; therefore it is entirely rational to say that the improvements on House Island were those of Levett. Levett says he fortified his house. If he was so cautious as that, he could not, in the exercise of good judgment have selected a better, or safer, location. This forsaken cabin was used by fishermen for years after its abandonment by Levett's ten men who were left behind. It was in a degree isolated, and of limited area, and swept the harbor in all directions.

It must have been of some considerable dimensions, to accommodate its garrison of ten, who were

to see to its care and protection while he should sail to England for his family, and make his return. He makes a record that he "fortified it in a reasonable good fashion." He seems to have had not much knowledge of the natives, even by hearsay; for, by his relation it is evident he expected some interference. Levett's intent was evident. He found the country attractive; and he had decided to make it the scene of his future adventurings. That he did not return, was by reason of the unsettled state of international affairs between England and Spain. After some delay of a year or more, and owing to his inability to enlist the royal aid, he became discouraged. In 1627, he got the royal ear; and Charles I. ordered the churches of York to take a contribution to assist him in the building of a new city in the land which Levett had spied out. This city was to be called York. After that, the story of Levett is involved in obscurity, and nothing more is heard of him. His men at Casco scattered, the residence at House Island, set up with so many fond hopes, and in which he hoped to install his family, was given over to absence, and decay. But his labor was not lost; for that fair city of York which Charles saw building over-seas, became the famed Gorgeana of Accomintas; and it was about the waters of York River instead of Casco Bay, that these projected activities were to be in some degree realized.

At this time, and for twoscore years after the coming of Cleeve, here was the wilderness of the

aborigine. At best, Casco Neck was a thin and scattered hamlet, even as late as the beginning of the Indian forays of 1675; but in the days when Winter and Cleeve were pleading and repleading before Thomas Gorges, a half-dozen log-houses, squatted, here and there, between Fore River and Indian Cove, made up the tale of its inhabitants. It is a good three miles from one point to the other, and few of these huts were within sight each of the other. Except, where the conflagrations, started from the Indian camp-fires, had over-run the woodlands, or with here and there, a rough-set opening where the neighboring tribes grew their maize, the remainder of the country was an unbroken and unexplored wilderness. Casco Neck was almost an island at high tide, with an area of considerable extent; and from the water's edge, on the harbor front, the dense woods crept up over its somewhat elevated spine, to dip again to the flats of Back Cove. Amid these forests were swamps, which afforded ample lurking place for the savage.

Recalling Jocylyn's quaint relations of his sporting exploits along with Michael Mitton, and how a red shred of cloth was as good a bait as any, for the taking of fish, one can imagine these old-time worthies, like Cammock, and his contemporaries among the adjacent settlements, with their muskets and fishing-lines, starting out after fish, fowl, and larger game; jaunting up and down these shores, or through the woods of Cape Elizabeth, or the Neck. And how abundant a supply that must have been,

when the herring were piled in windrows along the Scarborough sands, so that one walked through them "half-way to his knees!"

The wild pigeons flew in clouds to darken the sun; and when the sun was down, they went to roost among the forest trees, loading their branches so they broke under their weight, and the settlers gathered them by torchlight, in bags. They were the pests of the early rye-fields; and, after a time, were netted like fish. The streams, unpolluted by the refuse from the sawmills, or factory chemicals, were thronged with salmon; and the red spot trout were so plenty that they could be caught with the hand, or kicked ashore with the foot. A bear-steak, or a haunch of venison, could be had by a shot almost from one of these cabin thresholds. The coves and inlets along the island or mainland shores, were the breeding-places of the succulent lobster, and were to be had for the picking up at every shallow tide. Mackerel and cod followed the shallows in schools; and on Back Cove that ran from Sandy Point westward, toward the Capisic River, and up into what was later, Brackett's woods, was the almost continuous sound of duck's wings along the water; for here were excellent feeding-grounds for sea-fowl; and among the grasses of the wide marshes they bred in countless numbers. Here was a hunter's paradise; and had it not been for this superabundance of natural food-supply, the settler's larder would have many a time run short. I have heard old men relate, how, in their boyhood, a bushel-

basket of large trout were taken from the brook in a few dips of a coarse hand-net; and which were pickled, or corned, in barrels, mackerel-fashion, and stored for winter use. Nor was this all. Every meadow had its otter-slide; and every brook, or considerable stream, its beaver-dam; and the fur-trade was most profitable. With the predatory wolf, the prowling catamount, and the treacherous, cat-like lynx, came an added element of personal danger that lent an adventurous cast to this frontier life.

Richmond's Island, through all these days, was an important trading station where numerous men were employed, and a quotation from Winter's accounts is suggestive, —

	£	s.	d.
"For 95 ducks at 4d. p duck from Benjamin atwell is	1	11	8
"foull from Myhell Myttinge of Casco, geese at 1s. pece, 4d. a pece for ducks, & 2d. a pece for taill, which amounted to	8	13	
"32 ducks at 4d. p duck is los. 8d., & 14 geese at 1s. p goose is 14s., from John Bouden of Blacke pointe, all is	1	4	8"

Epicurean times, when such gastronomic delectations were possible; and at, ye gods, what prices, when a pair of wild fowl in these days is cheap at a dollar and a half!

In these days one may spend his time between sun and sun, scouring the flats of Fore River, from its wide-flaring mouth, to where the silver thread of the Capisic comes trickling down to meet the tide;

or beat up the meadows beyond Martin's Point, and one may hardly see a blue-winged teal, a stray rail, or a snipe on ragged wing.

Mitton became a favorite with his wife's father, for the latter gave him considerable grants of land, notably of Peak's Island, which in the early days went by the name of Mountjoy's, and known still earlier as Pond Island, I believe. Cleeve gave him a



SIMONTON COVE

large tract of land on the Cape Elizabeth side of Fore River, where Mitton lived for some time. This is now identified as the Widgery Farm. It was on a point reaching into this stream, designated by Willis, as Clark's; but Mr. Baxter says this is an error.

There was no need in those days of an Annanias Club, with only the famous trio of Mitton, Jocylyn, and Cammock for story-tellers. These men were intimates; and their visits back and forth were of

great frequency. The distance between Casco and Black Point was not far, with a fair wind; and with plenty of aqua-vitæ, a crackling fore-stick, and such jolly fellowship, what roars of mirth, stories of Mer man and Triton, adventurous and startling exploits and marvels of escape and dangers, real or imagined, set the rafters of these rude shelters a-quiver. Jocylyn hints at some of these tales in his journal but they are only the bare threads from which the original webs were woven.

Men build their camps in the deeps of the wilderness in these days; but their experiences are hardly up to an expurgated edition of the racy originals with which Mitton and his acquaintance were once so familiar.

With now and then a new settler, the hamlet grew slowly. The Indians came and went; bringing in their furs, bartering them for "kill-devil," and such other things as answered their needs, or their fancy, and this place came to be a considerable trading-post, which aroused great jealousy in the mind of John Winter, the agent of Trelawney at Richmond's Island.

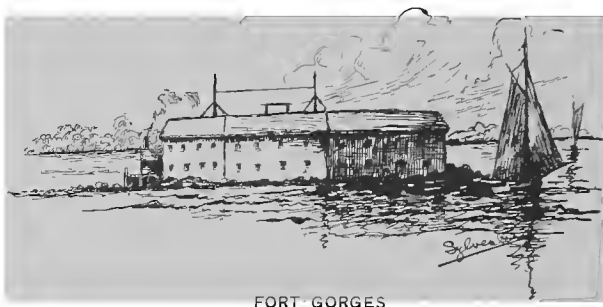
The first dwellings at Casco were around Machigonne Point, east of Clay Cove. If the curious would be better satisfied with the exact locality, he will find this old stamping-ground about the new terminal station of the Grand Trunk Railway. Eastward was the home of Mackworth. Richard Martin was at Martin's Point; and from thence keeping to the southward, and following the trend of the

shore around the base of the Western Promenade, and up Fore River and across to Stroudwater, was the course of the early extension of the settlement of Casco Neck. Across Fore River, in the vicinity of Fort Preble, was Purpooduc; and it was here the Phippens, Whites, Stannafords, Penleys, and Wallises lived. At Spurwinke, lived Robert Jordan, who ministered spiritually to the contingent at Winter's trading station; and who married the only daughter of Winter; and who, thereby, through his wife, enjoyed the emoluments of his father-in-law's absorption of the Trelawney Grants, the first land-steal of which we have any record in this new country; unless the aborigine may have had the original right by preëmption. According to Willis, five or six families occupied the territory between the eastern and western extremities of what is now the city proper. Cleeve's was to the east. Mitton was in the west; and Tucker's house was between the two. Falmouth town was of large area. All of these isolated localities, with Spurwinke as the western limit, were included in its jurisdiction. This was the status of the place about 1675, the total number of its families being about forty.

At this time, which was 1675, the thirteen settlements in the Dominion of Maine contained a population of perhaps six thousand, widely dispersed, and, for that reason, unable to successfully repel savage attack. After long years of peaceful intercourse a tragedy was to be enacted, whose run depended upon French muskets, French intrigue, and Indian savag-

ery. The stars in this real tragedy were all of local reputation except when Baron Castine left his Penobscot wigwam to play some leading part in the massacre that was sure to come.

King Philip, uneasy and jealous of the English settler, was slowly perfecting plans for his extermination. The English, guilty of constant encroachment upon the hunting-grounds of the Indians, had afforded sufficient provocation, which was augmented by the restrictions imposed upon the settlers by the General Court of Massachusetts, prohibiting the sale of arms



FORT GORGES

to the Indians, or the repairing of them for use by the Indians.

The Indian, after thirty years of acquaintance with the English musket, had become a stranger to the use of the bow and flint-head arrow. It was impossible to undo his education in the use of firearms. His living depended in great part upon the unerring aim of his musket. It was too late. Messengers carried the news of the coming of the commissioners to disarm the natives to every tribe on the northern fron-

tier; and a state of suspicion and hostility resulted which prepared the Indians, urged on by the French, who were jealous of the English advance toward Acadia, for the treacherous overtures of Philip's emissaries and to engage in the war, which broke out in the midsummer of 1675.

The first act in this tragedy, which, with few intervals of quiet, lasted forty years, was that of the New Meadows River, a Brunswick stream, a few miles to the eastward. A settler's house was robbed of its guns and ammunition, and his cattle killed. What would have happened to the settler and his son had they not fled on their horses is a matter of speculation. The settler's wife was unharmed. A few days later, Stogummor, better known as Falmouth in the colonial geography, was partly destroyed, and this was followed by an aggressive campaign on the settlers in these parts after the desultory style of Indian warfare. Bands of marauding savages were scattered over the province, burning, killing and making captives. The most hideous atrocities were committed at French instigation, and the settlements were demoralized; for the larger part of this, Castine and Pere Raslé were responsible. The seventh of October in this year was observed by the English colonies as a day of fasting and prayer, which might have been more profitably observed at an earlier period in the interest of the prevention of those acts of which the savages had abundant cause to complain, and the bitter fruits of which the settlers were now reaping. The first act of the trag-

edy extended over a period of three years, when the Peace of Casco was consummated, and Massachusetts took Maine under her colonial wing by a sort of proprietary purchase.

Marquette, Joliet and La Salle, with other missionaries, had penetrated the western wildernesses. Along the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes, and the Mississippi, to the Gulf, a chain of French posts had been established. The English regarded this extension of the French boundary, as threatening right under their charter from James I., by which they claimed all the territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific, south of a line drawn along the latitude of the north shore of Lake Erie, and thence westward. On the other hand, the French claimed the territory watered by the Great River, by reason of their being the earliest explorers and settlers. The French claim was certainly well-founded. Whatever cause combined to engage the two nations in war, this was a sufficient cause in those days of jealous acquisition of territory in the New World. Best known in history as King William's War, the war was marked by a wickedness and devastation never before known in the annals of Indian warfare, and falling heavily along the northwestern frontier of New England. Most of the remote settlements had been destroyed or abandoned. This settlement on Casco river was to share the fate of Dover, and Schenectady. During the summer of 1689, the depredations of the Indians were extended to the whole frontier. None knew how, or when the blow was to fall. Settlers were

hardly safe in the larger towns and settlements. Men carried their muskets slung to their backs as they wended their way to church, or wrought in the fields with plough or scythe. The low fences of rails, and ragged, uprooted stumps, which formed the primitive boundaries of their limited domains, and the thick shadows of the neighboring woodlands were constantly scrutinized for the hidden foe.

Acute to an abnormal degree, a literal translator of the hieroglyphics of nature, inured to exposure, fatigue and hunger, always alert, no vigilance could protect the settler from the craft and treachery of this nomad of the wilderness. Very early in the war, few settlers were to be found east of the Piscataqua. It was a war of extermination. Monhegan, a fishing station at the eastern limit of Casco Bay, offered five pounds for every Indian head. By proclamation, savages were outlawed.

Topographically, Casco was almost an island. The tides from the sea swept up the bay and through the narrow gap at the north end of the neck, up over the flats of Back Cove, a broad inlet making into the mainland and extending well back to the westward; while, on the south and west, were the deep waters of Casco River. This river swung round to the northward, so that at high tide the sea, east and west, almost met. The rough clearings of this earlier settlement had become fertile fields, that extended beyond the spine, or ridge, that ran midway the length of the peninsula and down to the edge of the salt creek that bounds the new city park with

its acres of ancient oaks, better known as Deerin Woods.

Cleeve was dead; Tucker had gone to Portsmouth Fisheries, lumber, and agriculture were the engagements of the people. The trade at Richmond Island had been diverted to Casco on the east; and York and Kittery on the west. Then came King Philip's War; and like a bolt from out the sky, the savage horde swept down upon this settlement; and with fire and axe the devastation was thorough and complete, in which thirty-four individuals were slain, or carried captive into the wilderness, among whom the inmates of the Brackett home were numbered. Thomas Brackett was killed, along with John Munjoy and Isaac Wakely, all leading men at the Neck. In 1678, a Peace Compact was entered into here, between the Colonial Government and the Indians; and slowly, those who escaped the ruthless tomahawk returned to their houseless acres. Two years later, Fort Loyall was erected near the foot of India Street; and in the latter part of that year, 1680, Governor Danforth came down from Boston, and a Court was held within its walls; and an orderly arrangement was effected, by which the settlers were to receive better protection. The record says, — "The fort was erected and the houselots ordered on a considerable part of Cleeve's cornfield." Or in other words, the settlement was compacted into semblance of solidarity.

A stone house was built on Munjoy Hill, Eastern Promenade, by Captain Lawrence. After this, the

second growth of the old town was rapid. Edward Tyng was the first commander of Fort Loyall, who was afterward appointed Governor of Annapolis; but sailing thither, he was captured by the French, and died in France, a prisoner of war. In 1690 the population was seven hundred; and Willis says, — "Of this number, about twenty-five families lived on the Neck, forty at Purpooduck, Spurwink, and Stroudwater; the remainder at Back Cove, Capisic, and Presumpscot."

The establishment of the stronghold at Casco, was a thorn in the French flesh. The French had long maintained a foothold at Norridgewack, and on the Penobscot, where Castine held sway; and it was the ultimate purpose of the French to absorb the entire Province of Maine. In order to accomplish this, the Indians must be incited to other and further atrocities against these frontier settlements. The authorities in Canada were prompt in their reports to the Home Government, and were fertile in their suggestions and plans; and the response of the Home Government was ready and generous. The French were most fortunate in the possession of these nomad allies; and under their schooling they were formidable, and much to be dreaded antagonists. Raslé at Norridgewack, was untiring in his devotion to the church, and let slip no opportunity to impress upon the untutored mind of the savage, that his sole errand in life was the complete and utter extirpation of the "Yengees" "from the face of New England, and more especially the coast of Maine."

He was especially diligent in inculcating daily the lessons of devotion to the Cause of the Church, which was primarily the extension of the Jesuit influence and secondarily, the widening of its territory. At this was legitimate enough, perhaps, but the barbarities practised by his uncouth and brutal tools were as well chargeable to the rude ideas of civilization, and its rights, common to the times. The underlying principle was aggrandizement. There was an immense profit in the trade of the New World and perhaps the acquisitions of Spain around the Gulf of Mexico, and the immense value of its mine of silver acquired under the Conquests of Pizarro and those who came after him, were at the bottom of the French cupidity. In this warfare, the French were hardly better than brigands.

And, again, the activity of the French, and the inactivity of the authorities of Massachusetts Bay were notable. There was a strain of meanness running through the administration at Boston, that could not but provoke the criticism of those to whom it should have lent its active interest. It was an administration for Revenue only. It levied taxes promptly upon its Provincial possessions; and was as prompt, and severe, in its collection of them; but when it came to the depleting of its treasury for the maintenance of a sufficient force to protect its frontier interests, its machinery moved with exceeding slowness, and generally not at all. Casco was a most promising colony; and, according to its location so far eastward, a rapidly growing one. Its

trade was important. Its people were orderly, industrious, and highly intelligent. It was a settlement to be nursed and protected; yet it was, in the main, left to its own devices in times of stress and extreme danger.

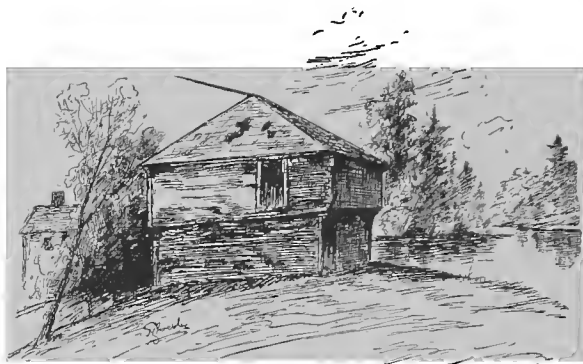
After Fort Loyall was built, its support became irksome to Massachusetts. The General Court did not care to pay out more than it received; and a glance at its now ancient records will show its disposition in the numerous orders, passed at one time and another, which were, however, of little real or solid benefit to the object of so much futile legislation. Here is one order, which would indicate the indifferent estimation of the General Court toward the Casco settlement:

"The survey or gennerall is ordered to deliver vnto Capt. Edward Ting for the use of Fort Loyall one barrell of powder of the *meanest* of the countries store and waist, and the value to be repayed by the Treasurer as soon as the quit-rents come in."

Casco was not alone in this neglectful experience. It was the same with all the settlements south, to Portsmouth. It was apparently a well-defined and understood policy, this ignoring of the rights of the settlements in the Province of Maine. And it was well adhered to.

It was decided by the French Government that the fort at Casco must be annihilated; and the later attack upon this place was the result of mature deliberations by the Court of Versailles. It was approved by Louis XIV.; and it was a part of the

general assault to be made on all the English settlements as far as New York. The English were to be driven out; and the *Fleur de lis* of France and the Bee-spangled banner of Louis, upheld and borne along upon the yells of the Indian devils, and guerdoned by the trailing smokes of the English cabins was to extend New France to the River of Hendril Hudson. Able militarists were despatched to head the wild forces of the Abenake woods; and after



OLD FORT HALIFAX

due preparation and equipment, the onslaught was to be made. This happened in 1690. As early as 1688 outbreaks occurred here and there; nor was the English Government unaware of the French purpose. The War of King William kept its pace. It was a sympathetic chord in the contest then going on between France and England, across the water James II. had been deposed. William and Mary had assumed the English throne. The revolution

which had accomplished this, drew Louis into the espousing of the cause of the Stuarts, and he thus became the aggressive defender of the dethroned James. It was the fight that always came, when Jesuit and Protestant found their interests at odds. While the fight was on across the seas, little regard was had for the interests of the colonists.

While this was going on, the saw-mills in the Provinces were taxed for the support of this fort at Casco; and the amount of the tax was around \$500. per annum. The uprising in Boston against the unpopular and tyrannical Sir Edmund Andros, who was Governor of New England at this time, resulted in his arrest there on the 18th of April, 1689, and afterward, his deportment to England for trial. Andros was represented at Fort Loyall by Captain Lockhart. Like his master, he was of the Jesuit faith, and his soldiers rebelled and deserted the fort, refusing to serve under him. About the Province similar episodes occurred in the several forts, leaving them defenceless, so hateful was the name of a Papist to the the ear of the settler. Papist and Indian were transposable terms. For fifty years, the venturous and hardy Fathers of the Church of Rome had traversed the wilderness, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the land of the Hurons; and southward, their outposts had been established on the Kennebec. The titled Castine had become the step-son of Madockawando, and had chosen his home among the wigwams of the Tarratines along the banks of the Penobscot. It was a piece of astute diplo-

macy; for through Castine, the French exercised unbounded sway over the savage tribes of New France. If the administration at Boston ever had any care for the interests of the settler in Maine, it was badly exhibited in the Andros expedition to the Penobscot in the spring of 1688, where he plundered Castine's residence, visiting his brutality likewise on the Indians whom he found there. This unwarranted and ill-advised proceeding, on the part of Andros, crystallized the purpose of Castine, who was something of a pacific by nature, into goading his savage allies to burn and kill upon all occasions, and made him a willing and active coadjutor of Frontenac, then Governor of Canada.

Frontenac had been to France. This same year so fraught with rebellion to Andros, he had returned. He brought explicit instructions to begin operations against New England, and New York. The plan of the French campaign had been thoroughly discussed; and the French and Indians in Canada were roused to a pitch of enthusiasm, especially the latter to whom Frontenac was, indeed, a father. The colonies were anxious, even fearful, and correspondingly depressed.

The first surprise was made upon a small settlement at Yarmouth, and not so far away but a fleet runner could reach Casco in little over an hour's time. There was a garrison-house here in process of construction, upon which the settlers were at work; but the enemy came too soon. Near by, two men had been killed while out hunting up their oxen

and immediately after, the assault was made on the workmen. The fight became a general one; the English retiring to the river, where they were protected by a high cliff. Here they made a decided stand. Across the river were other settlers who took the alarm. Among these was Capt. Walter Glendall. Suddenly the firing under the river bank ceased. Glendall, with a bravery common to the



AN OLD GARRISON HOUSE

settler of the time, secured a bag of powder and ball, and made for his boat, but was too late. Just as he was leaping into his boat, he was struck mortally; and throwing the bag with a wonderful strength, he shouted, — “I have lost my life in your service!” but before he died he heard the renewed shots from the river-side; and with the rattling of the musketry for his requiem, he fell into his boat, dead.

The Yarmouth settlers made a sturdy defence, and beat off their assailants, who retired to Lane's Island down the bay, to spend the night in an uproarious carousal. These settlers fled to the islands, and finally escaped to Boston. This was in mid-August of 1688.

Immediately after this, George Andros of Boston raised a force of seven hundred men, with which he went as far as Pemaquid. Nothing was accomplished; yet there was something in the raising and disposition of a force of such numbers, that augured a breaking away from the indifference that had so long been the Massachusetts policy. The Government that succeeded him dropped, at once, back into the same lethargic disposition, from which Andros seemed to have broken away; and whatever their conviction may have been as to the importance of maintaining a strong post at Casco, it merged into acute atrophy. With the successful holding out of Fort Loyall, the eastern frontier would have operated as a menace to invading forces; and would, in some degree, have served as a check to the ravage that swept over Cape Neddock, and up over the back-lots of Kittery. As it was, its defence was left to the brawn and courage of the Casco settlers after a fashion. After repeated demand, Massachusetts did send Captain Church and a small troop of soldiers and friendly Indians, and a pitched battle was had, October, 1689, in what is now Deering Park. After a stiff rencounter, Church won out and the Indians retired to their wilds beyond the

Penobscot. Rejoicing in their success, the settlers knew, that with the returning springtime, the butchery would be renewed; and Church, assuring them that he would come again, marched his force back to Boston, while the settlers kept to their firesides for the winter, in comparative safety.

A small company of soldiers was left in the fort,



A BIT OF DEERING PARK

under Captain Willard. But Frontenac was not idle. His plans were soon to be put into activity. Three parties were to be sent out; and the first set out for Schenectady, which was destroyed in February, following. Of all the horrible butcheries that history records, that is undoubtedly the worst.

Another detachment, under Hartel, started by the way of Three Rivers the last days in January. In March they were at Salmon Falls, New Hampshire. This was a midnight assault. Salmon Falls was burned, and its settlers slaughtered in cold blood. This attack, however, resulted in a retreat, and the Indians made their way to the Kennebec to meet the force which was to make Casco its ultimate destination.

This was headed by Portneuf. He led his force overland to the head-waters of the Kennebec, and thence, down stream, adding to his contingent from every village; keeping on, until he met St. Castin and *Madockawando*. Here they were also joined by Hartel, and the combined forces camped at Merry Meeting Bay, where their plans for the assault on Fort Loyall were finally perfected.

Fort Loyall was in a perilous state. Sir William Phipps had embarked on his expedition against Nova Scotia — as if there were not sufficient need to keep whatever of military force that was to be had, at home — and had taken Captain Willard and his soldiers along with him. Willard was succeeded by Sylvanus Davis, whom Willis describes as the most energetic man of his time. This was in May five days before the combined forces of the French and Indians appeared under the walls of the fort. At this time there were not seventy-five available men in the whole town capable of making a defence. These were to be opposed to about five hundred of the allied enemy, who came into Casco Bay in canoes

Phipps had just sailed down the bay on his way to Arcadie, and he had been discovered by the invaders, who, with the cautious habit peculiarly savage in its nature, waited until the Phipps fleet should have got four or five days' sail away.

A party of one hundred militia, with a few of the men from Fort Loyall, scoured the adjacent country for them. While they were away, some thirty young men, with more bravery than wit, threw out a skirmish line over Munjoy's hill, to see if they could discover any indication of the enemy. The crest of this hill was perhaps a half-mile from the fort. Here was a lane embowered in trees that led to a cabin in the edge of the woods. Here was a herd of cattle; and the young men noticed them. The kine were staring in a startled fashion at the fence which surrounded the enclosure. With a loud cry the whole party rushed at the barrier, to meet a blaze of musketry that killed fourteen of them. Those who got off unharmed, took to their heels with such success that they got to the fort safely. This party was under the command of Lieut. Thaddeus Clark. This was on the fifteenth of May, 1690; and immediately after the ambush of Clark's men on Munjoy hill, the savages made a general attack on the houses in the village, wherever the inmates had not had time to get to the fort, — a series of onslaughts which continued through that day. During the night the settlers mostly got into the fort.

The next morning the assault began. The enemy

came out into the open and summoned the fort to surrender.

Captain Davis shouted back, in reply, — “We shall defend ourselves to the death.”

Then the settlement was looted. Here and there the flames broke through the roofs, and the air was thick with smoke and war-whoops, and the booming of the fort cannon. So the first day passed without incident, other than the demoniac uproar among the French and Indians outside the fort walls, and the determined attitude of the besieged. On the second day, the French began a regular approach by trenching, or mining. Surrender was inevitable; but the little garrison held out. Then an ox-cart, heaped with combustibles, and lighted, was pushed up to the wooden wall of the fort, which was at once in a fierce blaze. The white flag was then shown from the fort.

“Are there any French among you, — and will you give quarter?” shouted Davis.

“Yes, and we will give good quarters,” was the reply.

Then Davis surrendered to Burneffe, who had charge of the combined forces; and the usual scene of butchery began. The terms of the capitulation were violated, and the prisoners were unhesitatingly turned over to the savages, when the gory tragedy of Schenectady was enacted anew. Only a few were left alive, some ten or twelve, and these were carried captive to Canada. Everything was burned or razed to the ground; after which, this horde of French and Indian devils returned to Quebec.

This downfall of Fort Loyall completed the tale of disaster to this section of the Province of Maine; for, after this, all the garrisons east of Wells were abandoned.

If the Phipps expedition had sailed earlier in the season, perhaps this settlement of Casco would have remained unmolested; as, not long afterward, the French ceased their operations in Maine, having enough to do in opposing the invasion of their own Province.

For fourteen years after, Casco was left to the dominancy of Nature. If there were anyone here,



THE BAY

it must have been the hermit Ingersoll. There is a tradition that he remained among the ruins. At this day one can hardly imagine these things, as one looks down the bay up which this flotilla came; yet it all came to pass, as it is written.

The story of the capture of the garrison at Casco must needs be a short one, but the environment is interesting. Here was a mimic stage, thronged with actors, the plot of the play beginning with the French Occupation, and continuing down through years of

international quarrel. The French Court was corrupt and conscienceless. The English were stubborn and stolid. Both were intensely selfish. It was the English game of shuttle-cock and battle-doon and the colonists were the unfortunates to bear the buffets and misfortunes of the contest. Perhaps the French were more considerate of those who had sailed away from the sunny slopes of France, than was England of her Puritan fomenters of religious discord and dissent. Whichever way it was, the



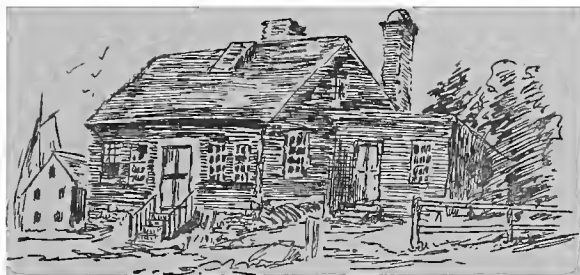
THE COX HOUSE

English settler would have been exterminated, but for his bull-dog tenacity, and his like stolid disregard for everything but the preservation of the new State, which, even then, he saw with prophetic vision.

The trail has been taken at its beginning, and has been followed, as at a gallop; for one can hardly span a period of two generations, within so narrow a boundary as has marked this glimpse of the Casco of Cleeve.

The treaty of Ryswick, 1697, terminated the war

with neither peace, nor safety, to the colonists. Europe was constantly disturbed by wars, as pregnant with disaster to the American colonists as to the home country. With the advent of the Spanish succession controversy came the wars of Queen Anne. The French were particularly active. One of the results was the Boston expedition against Acadia, which place was devastated and its peasantry driven into exile: a never-to-be-forgotten event, — for the story of Evangeline and her wandering lover thrills



McLELLAN HOUSE

with a pathos which will live as long as the world has a language. The treaty of Utrecht, 1713, was followed by thirty years of peace; and the country about this beautiful bay was again repopled.

Recalling something of the history of the times, the death of Charles VI, emperor of Germany, became the occasion of a fierce war for the Austrian succession, in which all the European powers and their colonies became actively engaged. Frederick, the youthful king of Prussia, struck the first blow in

his attempt to secure Silesia, and succeeded in enlisting a powerful aid in his support. France joined the alliance; and England, four years after, declared war against France. The Massachusetts colonists, apprehending danger, and anticipating this event by two years, had, as early as 1742, ordered the erection of fortifications at Falmouth Neck for the defense of the harbor; and a fort was built upon the site of old Fort Loyall. In May, two years later, came the conflict which let loose, from their swamps and forest lairs, the subtle and ever active enemy of the English settler, — the foe characterized by Cotton Mather as “half-one and half t’other, half-Indianized French and half-Frenchified Indians,” — whose depredations were to cease only with Harmon’s capture on Norridgewock, and the battle of Lovewell’s Pond. This war was known as King George’s, in America. The principal event in it, was the capture of Louisbourg, the great stronghold of French America, by Sir William Pepperell. The war was terminated by the treaty of Aix la Chapelle. Of the subsequent hostilities, Canada was the theatre.

From the bluffs of this old town a beautiful panorama of sea and shore, miles in extent, attracts the attention of the sight-seeing visitor. Behind, are the roofs of a charming city; and before, is the bay full of white sails of yachts and ships; while the horizon of the sea is hazy with the trailing smokes of incoming and outgoing steamers. Instead of the single dun-colored sail of Cleeve, there are ships from far Cathay and from all the world; and there are islands by the

score, dotted with summer cottages and hotels and the white tents of the campers. In olden time, these islands offered great attractions to the settlers, with their picturesque beauty, their large areas, bold cliffs and variety of scenery. They were the great resorts for sea-fowl, whose spring migrations reached their height about the middle of May, when the ledges afforded good shooting. Now, one sees nothing but the brown sea-birds or sand-birds, with an



A FRUITERER

occasional "ring-neck" or "yellow-leg," whirling along the flats with a peculiar, quick rolling motion, like a flurry of leaves in the autumn wind. The woods and rocks abound in charming nooks, their floors carpeted with trailing vines and soft mosses, seamed with byways and old roads, choked with half-grown bushes and tall, flaunting weeds. The unfenced island pastures are full of delicate ferns and lichens, with here and there, among the saucer-shaped American yew, spots of arbutus growing lux-

uriantly, with great waxen green leaves, blooming in the early spring, even while the winter snows linger among the hillocks. Tall, gaunt mulleins are scattered about, sentinel-like, among the gray boulders and over the ledges, in sunny spots, trail masses of the blackberry vine, with richly colored stems and leaves, and later in the summer, laden with juicy dusky fruit. On the ledges, clumps of fireweed reach



THE HARBOR

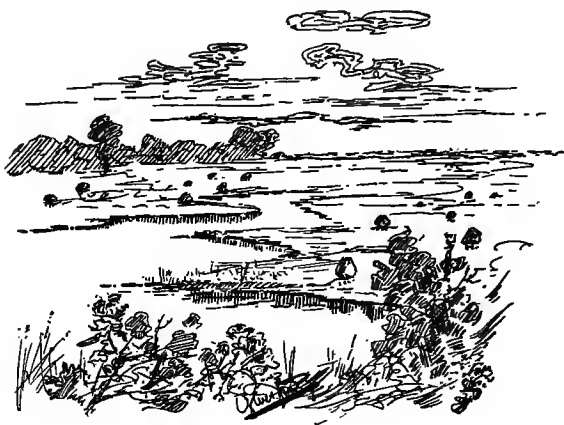
up their tall, lance-like stalks, flaunting their spiky blossoms in the sunlight, making one think of crimson banners streaked with floss of ripened seeds. As the wind comes up with the sun, their downy embroidery in myriads of tiny shreds is blown over the pastures, and out upon the blue waters, argosies to Nowhere.

The outlook is a peculiarly pleasing one, overlooking as it does the broad expanse of the bay

with all its variety of natural adornment. To the north and west, beyond the roofs of old Stroudwater, are patches of forest, making a rare setting for hundreds of thrifty farms that reach far inland and along the shores of the bay, and forming the suburbs of the city. Eastward the dark line of Harpswell makes the limit of vision, broad stretches of water intervening. Overhead the gulls wheel in silent, graceful flight; and along the horizon of the sea, soft, bright-colored clouds are piled low down upon the gray waters, against which the sunlit sails of the coasters and fishing-fleets are clearly outlined. When the storm-signal is up, the fishing smacks may be counted by scores in the offings, or within the shelter of the numerous island roads, or under the lee of the gray old forts. The dredgers ply their work with slow and lazy movement, the black smoke drifting away from their dingy stacks in dense ragged ribbons as the shovels lift loads of mud from the deeps of the channels. A different spectacle certainly is this from that which might have been witnessed here a hundred and seventy years ago, when the bay under the eastern promontory of the Neck was thronged with flotillas of gayly decorated Indians from all parts of the Maine Province, representing the great Etchemin family by scores of Sagamores and their accompanying delegations, — an occasion graced by the presence of the governors of both Massachusetts and New Hampshire, all having come together to solemnize the Dummer treaty.

A few miles southward are the marshes of Scar-

borough, where the outlaw Bonython and his comely daughter made their rude home; and where, as well the former held some sway after a savage sort, among the Saco tribes. Ruth Bonython was a wilding flower of rare and modest beauty, and equally seductive charm; and with all the passions of a savage she loved as other maidens are like to do; yet, a



OFF MARTIN'S POINT

we have left of that, to her, sweet passion, is lost in the glamor of untold romance. It was the old story of the times, — a jealous lover, a rival among the Saco sagamores, a story of hate and treachery and that, too, lost, or submerged in a dark tragedy that lives only among the silences of the woods and fields that hem the yellow marsh-lands to the sea. Whittier has hallowed the womanhood of Ruth Bonython in poetic fancy, a legend of fascinating and romantic character.

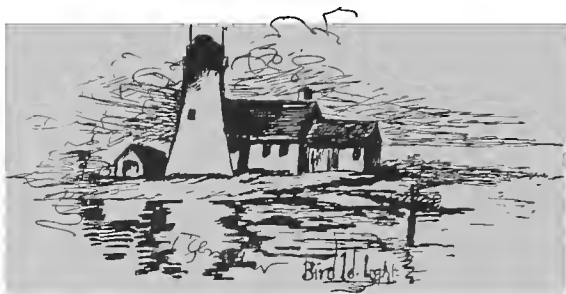
Mogg Megone, whose love for Ruth Bonython cost her, her own and her lover's life, lived but a few miles away from the Bonython home. They were neighbors, with a strip of woods between. His were the shades of gloomy silence among the Druid-like shafts of the giant pines and hemlocks; and Ruth Bonython's, the reaches of open lands that lost themselves in the salt-marsh grasses seamed with shallow creeks, sinuous, each a filament of translucency to catch and play riot with every fleeting hue of the sky, like a pile of rich yellow stuffs overshot with threads of silver and azure, and all this headed against the restless sea.

But, here is Sagamore Bonython's epitaph, —

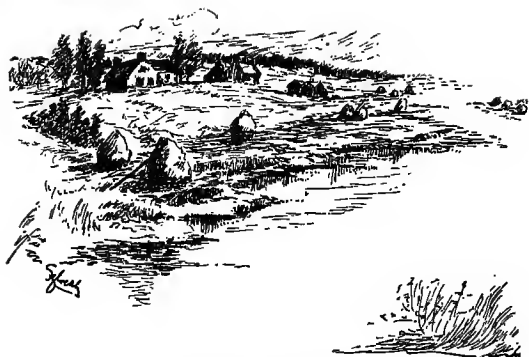
"Here lies Bonython,
Sagamore of Saco;
He lived a rogue,
He died a knave,
And went to Hobomoko."

There is nothing in all this to suggest the site of a town once so utterly blotted out, that after a half-generation, no vestige of its former self could be found, the culmination of a tragedy of which this sketch affords but the merest outline. Instead of a wilderness, here is a beautiful city, all of the approaches to which, by land, are of incomparable beauty. And it is the same, whether one comes through the winding avenues of its suburbs, or through some one of the many gateways where the countless islands stand in the waters like pickets, the

shores serrated with low-bastioned forts, each over topped by giddily-poised derricks that lean as lazily against the sky; there is enough to fascinate the stranger so that his indifferent sojourning of hours is like to become one of days and weeks, even.



STOGUMMOR



STOGUMMOR



ALL that part, purpart, and portion of land, beginning at the farthermost point of a neck of land called by the Indians Machigonne, and now forever and henceforth to be called or known by the name of Stogummor, and so along the same as it tendeth to the first fall of a little river issuing out of a very small pond, and from thence overland to the Falls of Pesumsca, being the first falls in that river, upon a straight line, containing by estimation from fall to fall as aforesaid about one English mile, which together with said neck of land which the said George Cleeve and Richard Tucker have planted for divers years already expired is estimated in the whole to be fifteen hundred acres or thereabouts; as also one island — known by the name of Hogg Island — to the end and full term of two thousand years, fully to be completed and ended."

So read a bit of faded blue paper, upon which

these lines were traced in a delicate hand and with a wonderful regularity, the beautiful characters of which had bleached into an almost invisible yellow in some parts, so that I had much difficulty in deciphering that which has just passed under the reader's eye; and even this was fast being destroyed



F. de Gorges

George Clarke

Ruth Tucker

Gorges Seal and autograph
Clarke and Tucker's autographs

by the mischievous mice, for its edges were gnawed on all sides, — so even that they reminded me of a kind of handiwork my mother used to do with her pinkin-iron.

This paper though mutilated was dated in the early part of the year 1636, and bore the appearance of being quite ancient though it could

hardly have been the original indenture, lacking as it did the handsome seal of Gorges, and his scrawling signature as well; for this old pine chest would be hardly the proper depository, even if it were held among the treasures of this old-time hostelry, for so distinguished a document, in which were originally described the ancient boundaries of Stogummor, now the site of

a certain fair city; but it was an accurate copy certainly of the descriptive part of the original lease from Sir Ferd. Gorges to the first two settlers of this part of the country, — for which, considerable tract of country, but a hundred pounds were paid, with a small annual rental besides. The consideration for so much land, — and there were several square miles of it, — seems small indeed; but there had been difficulty in effecting a settlement on this same spot only two years before by some adventurers who came over from the city of London in the good ship *Plough*, only to return a few months later, a disheartened and half-starved colony, — which may have had something to do with the matter; unless the fact that the Council of Plymouth had made so many land-grants to one person and another, the boundaries of which overlapped, plunging everybody into land controversy who claimed an acre of land along the coast, furnished a stronger and better reason. Land titles were much in doubt, and Indian deeds were in many instances preferred by settlers to deeds from the English proprietors. I have in mind a populous township at the eastern extremity of the great bay of which this purchase made the southern coast trend, that was once deeded by Sachem Robin Hood for a hogshead of corn and thirty pumpkins. This lease was in fact equivalent to a fee simple, in legal parlance, the seizin to which was no doubt made in the old-fashioned way, by the lessor or his agent giving to the lessee a twig or bit of earth taken from the premises conveyed, — a custom grown obsolete

in these days of crowded populations and subdivide titles.

The entire coast-line of Maine is remarkable for its historic landmarks, its islands, inlets and wide mouthed rivers, and their old-time peoples, whose history is one of inexorable living; for it was more than strenuous, environed with such a multitude of precarious circumstance. Cabot had sailed past its headlands. "Captyne" John Smith of Virginia fame had fished in its deep bays, and had filled the sail of his ships with its pine-flavored land breezes, and drenched them in its dripping, drifting mists; and later, it became closely identified with the settlements of New France. It was a part of that Acadie whose little village of Grand Pré has become the saddest, and yet the sweetest land of romance of the New World. The floors of its almost pathless woods were seamed with a network of trails, — bewildering almost, as those of Dædalian Crete, — that marked the French Occupation.

About the first decade of the seventeenth century the pioneer Jesuits, Quentin and DuThet, fired with holy zeal for the Church, and with a laudable ambition in the behalf of the French king, had crossed the seas with other French adventurers, and had planted the Cross on what Champlain had named "The Isle of Monts Deserts." Here was established the first Mission on the Maine coast, the Mission of St. Sauveur; and which was shortly after completely obliterated by Argall in one of his buccaneering forays; which, to be more exact, was in the summer

of 1617. Du Thet was killed, matchlock in hand; and the only memorial of this ill-starred venture of the Church, are the crags and wooded slopes that loom and tower above the waters that bore its vestments hither.

Sieur De Champlain had wintered and explored amid its deeps of winter snows; had stalked its deer and moose through its wilderness of dusky spruce, — the same old forest giants that to-day cast their gloomy shadows across the waters of the upper Penobscot, — for here, in the heart of this densely wooded inland, was old *Norridgewack*, a French outpost, and afterward the scene of the Jesuit Raslé's mission work.

It was here in these deeps of shaggy gloom that this church diplomat gathered his settlement of Indians to school them in the white man's ways of worship, and as well his art in war. It was here he built his chapel devoted to priestly service; matin and vesper, which to the untutored savage were but mystic rites; and by which Raslé held in leash the "half-Frenchified Indians," as Mather styled them, and who were let loose at one time and another upon the English settlements from St. George to York, with *Madockawando* or Castine at their head. Raslé's rude chapel was a most convenient rendezvous for the perpetrators of these savageries, and which was partly destroyed by Westbrook's Penobscot expedition, and a year or so later, completely obliterated by Harmon of York.

Eastward, where the Penobscot widens out into

the Bay, yet hardly so far down as the *Havens*, th wigwam fires of Baron Castine burned, and with s steady a glow, that the waters, even now, thereabout are tinged with the romance of the dusky wife wh fed them, and whose heart was no less warm toward her titled French lover.

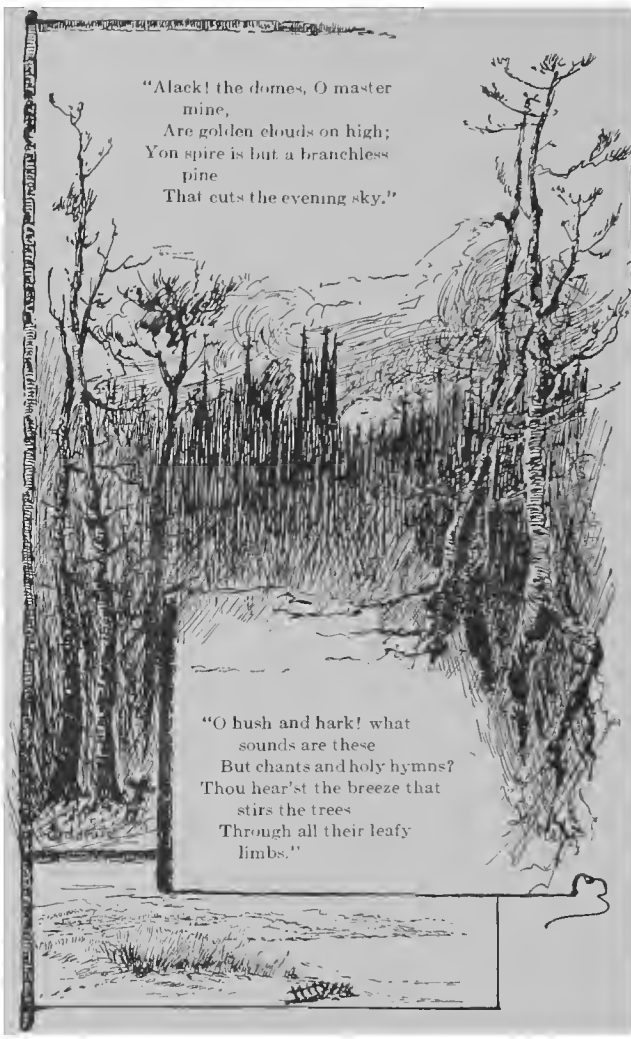
And, why not!

Here was a Realm of Romance, with all the elements of love, devotion, intrigue, treachery, and conflict; for the beautiful Penobscot was the highway to that mythical *Norombegua*, whose gleaming tower were the Will-o'-the-wisp of many a perilous New World pilgrimage and as delusive search; for it was hither in quest of this Eldorado of the pathless woods that Sir Humphrey Gilbert was sailing, in the brave ship *Admiral* when it foundered off Cape Sable in an autumnal gale, and which he abandoned for a "little frigate" that afterward met the same fate in a furious storm off the Azores. Nothing was ever afterward heard of her captain, or crew, after the waves had hidden the glow of their binnacle lamp from sight.

From the days of Hieronymas da Verrazano, who made maps in 1529, this lost city of *Norombegua* became the vainly sought-for Mecca of many a knightly soul, whose devotions, tinged first with desire, were finally absorbed in a great purpose, that saw, in the golden sunsets that set the wilderness treetops a-swirl in a sea of molten glory, visions akin to those of John at Patmos, when the old heavens were rolled up as a scroll and he saw a new heaven, and a new earth — the simple memorial of which was a rud

cross that marked the spot of that revelation of the Heavenly City to the New World pilgrim. Such a cross was found by Champlain. Very old and mossy it was; and buried in the deeps of the Penobscot woods; the only relic of this city of barbaric splendor, with its towers and roofs and domes of gold aglow with the living light of the sun. An *ignus fatuus* it proved to be: an empty dream; a splendid fable. But the legend on this old isolated cross — there was none. His days of toilsome search ended, the story was lost, buried with him, whose last resting-place some faithful henchman had marked with one of the fleeting elements of Time. Only the finger of God had traced his epitaph in the tender, graceful hieroglyphics of the vagrant mosses and lichens, that, like lover's kisses, clung to this emblem of a more sacred memory.

David Ingraham, one of John Hopkins' sailors, who had been set on shore, and deserted somewhere about the Gulf of Mexico, along with a hundred others of his companions, and who found his way northward along the coast and over the Indian trails to St. John, imagined he saw those roofs of gold upheld by their pillars of silver; but the strange sights and the wonderful *Norombegua* of which he told the marvelling Londoners on whose behalf Gosnold, and Martin Pring became explorers, were never seen by mortal eye. It was a splendid dream of a rich and magnificent city; a New World Babylon; which, had it been realized, might have been classed as the eighth wonder of the world, worthy of the fairest legendary



"Alack! the domes, O master
mine,
Are golden clouds on high;
Yon spire is but a branchless
pine
That cuts the evening sky."

"O hush and hark! what
sounds are these
But chants and holy hymns?
Thou hear'st the breeze that
stirs the trees
Through all their leafy
limbs."

setting, such as a Longfellow or Whittier might fabric out of a forest wilderness whose tapering spires and massy domes of tree-tops leaned sheer against,

“The embers of the sunset’s fires
Along the clouds burned down, —”

and one can say with Whittier’s Norman henchman to his master,

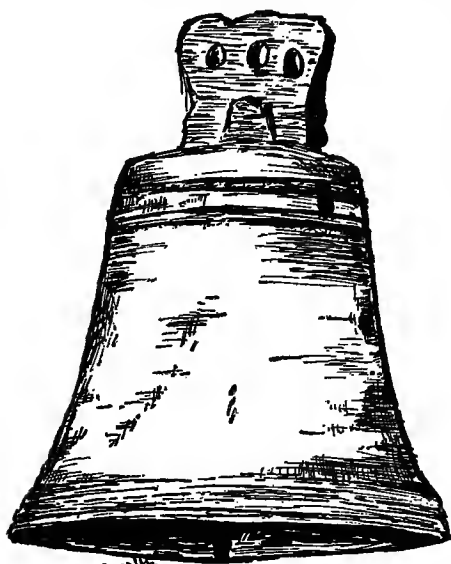
“Is it a chapel bell that fills
The air with its low tune? ’
‘Thou hear’st the tinkle of the rills,
The insect’s vesper drone.’”

Thus *Norombegua* has ever been amid the moss-festooned hemlocks of this land of shadows and beaded lakes, a shadow and a dream. Had the explorers traversed this same wilderness a century and a half later, they might have heard “the Voice of One crying in the wilderness,” and mayhap his master, as well; and had they followed its challenge into the deeper glooms of the forest, they, like Ingram, might have told of another city where *Te Deums* and *Magnificats* were the gold and silver of the realm — a city of God’s own adoption whose vespers were rung by the spirits of the dead; for, here, amid the ancient grandeur of these Penobscot woods are the ashes of the old *Norridgewack* Mission, where, under the roots of a hoary hemlock that had kept the calendar of the centuries, burdened to its death with the keeping of its weird secrets of Indian savagery, of sack and fire-lit ruins, and that had fallen, a prey to a

century of remorse, was found the Jesuit Raslé chapel bell whose first response to the touch of the stranger was a challenge, that became momentarily requiem, to die away in a soft, sweet *benedicite*.

O, the speech of Raslé's chapel-bell!

I have listened to its weird vibrations; and if its first notes unconsciously quickened the pulsing of



Raslé's

Raslé's Chapel Bell.

my life currents — those which followed gave me a singular sense of chill, like one's contact with some cold, uncanny thing after the dusk has fallen — a bar of spider web across the face, or the touch of some harmless crawling thing that makes one's hands the accidental highway

of its predatory excursion. Ah! but those long unawakened voicings — abrupt, imperious, militant — softly pleading? hardly; but rather the rasping utterance of a bigot soul, whose nakedness is but scantily concealed by the worn shreds of its ascetic garb. It

heart is gone, and its speech is hollow as if from the fleshless lips of a skull, and as thin as the cerements of the long-buried dead; and as hopeless as the cause for which it once stood. As the dim light of the lofty-ceiled room where it reposes in silence, but for the touch of strange hands, falls upon it, visions of ascetic vigil, savage tumult and massacre, yes, and misguided prayer are painted upon its bronze sides. Every dent and scar upon its time-worn surface are epics of adventure and war waiting to be translated — love lyrics, too, and low-voiced chants, and songs of triumph and defeat smothered in the smokes of countless council-fires. Swarthy faces glower and scowl at one, until one turns away involuntarily under the stress of such vivid imagery. For a century one may believe this old bell has swung amid the gloomy naves of these primeval forests,

“God’s first temples,”

tolled by every surging tempest; but vainly has it called to the disembodied spirits it once knew so well. A Wandering Jew, cast in lasting bronze, haunting secrets hide within the cavern where hangs its silent tongue; secrets weird, uncanny; and no wonder it cries out in sharp agony at every alien touch. Who knows but that Raslé’s restless soul is as yet unreleased from its brazen thrall? The Book of Revelation was closed with Patmian John, and from now on, to the end of Time, we can only look and dream over the treasures of the past that have come down to us through such stress of exposure and hardship,

while the imagination runs riot for the lack of something more authentic.

So much of a digression from the matter outlined at the opening of this chapter may be pardoned, for a mental pilgrimage across this old-time Dominion of Maine, with so much of legend and romance lingering about one's footsteps, is not without its charm. But to return to its more southerly part, to Stogum

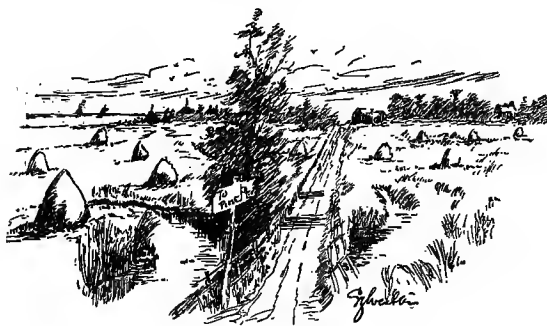
mor, which soon became the easterly outpost of the earlier English colonization the student of early



New
Eng
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of the English, to have followed close upon the heel of a settlement upon the Saco River, which may be credited to the enterprise and daring of Richard Vines, who was somewhat of an adventurer; and who said to have lost his life in a drunken brawl in Virginia some years afterward. Here, upon the Saco River, rude mills were erected, and with a few like rude dwellings, they formed the primary settlement of the English in the wilderness then known to the Massachusetts Bay Colony as the Province of Maine.

As the eastern-bound traveller leaves the Saco of to-day behind him, long barrens of shifting sands and reaches of ocean shore widen out along his pathway. The broadly-dyked marshes, fringed with stunted Norway pine growth, through which, with many a twist and turn, come winding down the waters of the Nonsuch and Spurwink, that rush in with every tide, to slink away a bit later with scarcely



TO PINE POINT

perceptible ebb; the hazy line of distant woods almost as blue as the sky that reaches so tenderly down to meet it, and the salt sea-winds, combine to arouse the most pleasurable sensations, impelling one to lay aside reading matter, and, with car window wide open, to drink to the full the enjoyment of the constantly changing scenery that makes the exquisite charm of the breezy lowlands of old Scarboro. A ride over these marshes flecked with the blue waters of their salt creeks, with their flights of sea-birds, their peaked stacks of brown marsh hay, their shift-

ing shadows of flying clouds, with the low-browed farmhouses along their uplands, is one of increasing interest; for hereabout, and just south of the land described in the Gorges lease as Casco Neck, lived two men, who, within two years and a half after they had built their log cabins upon the Scarboro clearings left them to become the pioneer settlers of so-called Stogummor. It was about these low, green, salt marsh levels, where in the time of Mary Garvin,

“Westward on the sea winds
That damp and gusty grew,
Over cedars darkening inland
The smokes of Spurrwink blew,”

that George Cleeve lived. Here his narrow acre were cleared. Here he planted his corn among the blackened stumps of the newly burnt lands.

One late summer day in 1633, a small vessel appeared off Poodack shore, trimming her sails past this bold cape of many islands, beating up the lower roadstead of Casco Bay, with Hogg Island over her starboard rail. A motley freight comprised her bill of lading, if she had any, which is doubtful, as this voyage took place before the day of custom-houses. Men, women and cattle, and rude utensils and furniture were huddled together under the sheltered coolness of her dun-colored sails, their soft gray shadow deepening and lengthening as the afternoon wore on. Instead of broad acres of roofs, with scores of stately towers and mellow haze of low-lying smokes, to greet this strange wayfarer of the sea; instead of slips and

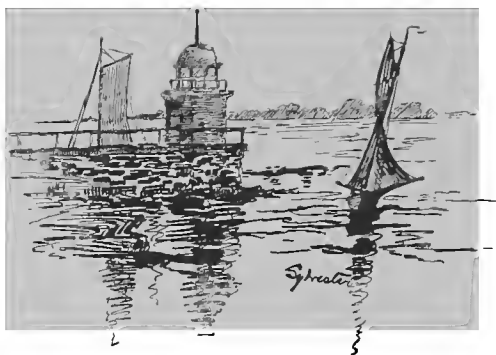
spacious docks, only a rib of yellow sand, — and overlooking it, a long ridge of woodland lay outstretched under the summer sun. A New World wilderness of forest-clad peninsula, with many a morass, and whortleberry swamp, and run of sparkling spring water within its dense growths of oak and pine; the roaming-ground of wild beasts; and of Mogg Megone, who in after days sold a part of it to Sagamore Boynton in consideration that his pale-faced daughter should

“sit in the Sachem’s door,
And braid the mats for his wigwam floor,
And broil his fish and tender fawn,
And weave his wampum and grind his corn;”

a thing which never came to pass, though the deed was made, and Mogg’s signature of a hunter’s bow duly affixed.

Cleeve might have noted, as he rode in on the flood of the tide, once over the rocks of Staniford Ledge, at his right, and standing boldly out on the verdant incline of House Island, Christopher Levett’s house, built some dozen years before. There may have been no verdant fields, but rather a tangle of bush and jungle that always comes to abandoned places. The Levett house may have been hidden by the low spruce growths that were common to these patches of land amid seas. It may have, in that time, rotted down, or have been overwhelmed by some one of the autumnal gales that were wont to sweep landward from the Gulf Stream. It is natural to sup-

pose that the tooth of Time would not neglect so fair a prey; and yet, in those far-off days, the habitations of men were most solidly constructed of hewn logs; and the roofs were made tight; and the shingles were riven and shaved; and they should have been good for a century, at least, — but there were other vicissitudes, of fire, of savage retaliation upon so helpless and lonely a vestige of a feared and hated intruder. That Cleeve made no mention of it



NEAR STANIFORD LEDGE

is perhaps singular. But Cleeve was a busy man with grave and weighty projects on hand. He was occupied with his own acres, with John Winter sowing tares even within the shadow of the Cleeve doorstep. He might have mentioned it a hundred times and the telling of it might not have got beyond the kitchen walls; but that it was there is something not to be doubted for a moment; for Levett's own story is as authentic as anything written of those

early days. It is at least a cheerful thing to think of, as all old rooftrees are, with so much of mystery and romance lurking in the dusky corners of their olden garrets amid the dust and webs of the spider.

Two years after the murder of Bagnall, and the date of the tragedy is put down as Oct. 3, 1631, the Council of Plymouth granted to Robert Trelawney and Moses Goodyear, merchants of Ports-



A FINE OLD TOWN

mouth, Eng., Richmond island; and from the ruins of Bagnall's cabin arose that of John Winter, as Trelawney's agent, a man who, if history tells the truth, was not less scrupulous than his predecessor, though more politic. But George Richmon and Walter Bagnall were the first white men, with the exception of Levett's brief sojourn at House Island, to occupy any part of what was afterward known as Falmouth, living at Richmond's Island as early as 1628. Where Bagnall came from, or who he was, is uncertain.

Sainsbury in his "Calendar of Colonial Papers," says "Dec. 2, 1631, Patents to Walter Bagnall for a small island called Richmond, with 1,500 acres of land." Winthrop says, "He lived alone upon his island, and in three years had accumulated about £400 by his trade with the Indians, whom he much wronged."

Up the harbor came the little vessel, to the tawny sands that then lay so still and peaceful under the



PUR POODACK

shelter of their lofty promontory. It was Cleeve who had sailed hither from Scarboro marshes, hoping to avoid hereafter the covetous interference of Tre lawney's agent; and it was Cleeve's destiny to lay here the foundation of a memorable old town.

What a fine old town it is! To the north ebb and flow the broad waters of an ocean inlet; eastward is the island-crowded bay, that reaches almost to Pemaquid; on the south is an estuary of the sea that runs west and south around its curving shores making at high tide almost an island of this wild

country of the old days, the metes and bounds of which the reader has already scanned;

“Which stretches away on either hand,
As far about as my feet can stray
In the half of a gentle summer’s day;”

and which held the romance of old Stogummor.



A RELIC



A RELIC



IF my reader will go with me to an old harbor, not less ancient and historic than many others along the New England coast, reckoned quite famous; nor less distinguished because an adventurer, one Capt. John Smith of Virginia, should have anchored within the shelter of its charming islands and broad, peaceful roads, more than two centuries ago, much of the old-time landmark will be discovered; and signs of a period when plain living and unpretentious comfort, were as much the accompaniments of prosperity and forehandedness, as are some of the more garish externals of to-day; easily recog-

nized as standing for a real or simulated gentility whose occupation, is as much, the keeping up of prosperous appearances, as the profitable spending of genteel leisure.

Now, a flourishing suburb of a fair and flourishing city, as it was in more ancient times a place of some local importance, once provincial, *Pur Poodack* is as good a place as any in which to pitch one's tent for a few days in midsummer; for not only do the winds blow freshly from the sea, bringing the sound of the tide with it, but right here upon this neck of land, named in honor of good Queen Bess, are scores of beautiful summer cottages and sightly locations yet to be occupied, and countless beauties and suggestions of rare color of landscape and water. Everything hereabout has the genuine New England flavor. The city across the tide-river is a typical New England city, with all of New England's conservatism and slow adoption of new things; adhering to the old-fashioned principles of economy with steadiness marvellous in these days of swift progression; with as much money and brains as of anything else. A quarter of an hour's walk or ride from town will bring one in sight of homely homestead and ancient orchards; homesteads whose cellars were excavated before the first foundation stone was laid in the more pretentious metropolis of the state surroundings not less interesting than quaint and ancient-looking, possessing a charm and value to the true New Englander that words and figure fail to express, so loyal is the heart to the homely

commonplaces that made up the delights of earlier days.

Beautiful, old-fashioned New England has abundant charm for all her children, and of all her varied scenery none is more beautiful and attractive than the indented coast line and the inland bordering upon it of southwestern Maine. From the highlands of the city that overlook and shelter the low domain which is in part the subject of this sketch, and



FORE RIVER

which lies just across a stream, or estuary, always called by the unpoetic name of Fore River, looking due west, the eye spans the easterly approaches to the mountains of New Hampshire, comprised in countless suggestions of meadows, yellowish streaks of green; slender, winding threads of river-fog that spread out into mazy ribbons, and follow, in and out the wanderings of many a wayward stream, the charm of their restful valleys; with hill-slope upon hill-slope rising in regular gradation, broken only by their revelation of granite buttress amid their wood-

clad beauty. Here and there are thrifty farms and cosey homesteads blown over by summer gales fresh from the western mountains, or swept inland from the big ocean, with scents of appetizing flavor and salt sands and wide-spreading marsh; or beaten in winter by storms that pile the drifts to hide the low eaves of the farmhouses that lie in the pathway of the north winds.

From this outlook one can hardly see the great lake of the *Sokoki*, named after an Indian tribe which flourished about its shores some two centuries ago, but now known by the equally euphonious name of *Sebago*; but one can see where it is; and on a clear day, one does not find it difficult to make out the low trail of mist that locates this sheet of water somewhat to the north of the direct line to the white capped summit of Mount Washington.

The imagination is not taxed severely if its gundalows with their ungainly sails seem to be outlined against the far-off horizon, as we know they must be; for there was in the days gone by no inconsiderable water traffic passing up and down this inland water way. These clumsy affairs seemed then not at all incongruous or out of place; but rather to lend a poetic charm and interest to this out-of-the-way sheet of water, and a certain quality of romance as well; when it was known that these same gundalows had been anchored under the shadows of these same highlands in the quiet harbor of Pur Poodack, moored not unlikely beside some ship from "furrin parts." In this manner, they had, in some sort, attained

the prestige of having scraped an acquaintance with the outer world, which gave them a certain quality of distinction, in spite of the long highway of homely canal, with the tow horses, the clumsy, leaky locks and creaking timbers; and for all this tardy movement to reach this inland destination with one cargo after another of West India goods. Such household necessities as could not be gleaned from the fields, or turned out of the old hand-loom, or realized from other means common to the times and locality, came by canal. These "necessities" were most likely comprised in the two staples of molasses and Jamaica rum, the latter of which was used upon all occasions from birth to burial.

But one sees nowadays from this outlook more than this panorama of treetop and rolling green. At the foot of this bold bluff is a white streak of highway, that runs around the town like a swathing band, to hold its roofs together. Just outside this white dusty line, over which somebody seems to be constantly travelling, around to the south and west, is the estuary, or tidal river that separates the larger town from the lesser, which is spanned by numerous bridges that radiate from the city like the spokes of a huge wheel. Its shores are far apart, and the bright foliage of birch and willow shows brilliantly against the heavier masses of woodland, of darker pine and hemlock, that tower above them. The contours of these shores, curving landward as they do, make a natural basin, a little lake when the tide is at its flood; and here are ships at anchor, that have

come no doubt for their cargoes of brick, for along these flats are abundant clayey lands, and sand, and pine woods, with which to burn them into hard building material. Ships were once built at the head of this salt-water creek; and these forest-lined banks in



THE OLD SHIPYARD

the old privateering days concealed many a Yankee sloop from his Majesty's men-o'-war, which had captured many a richly-loaded prize, and taken it into Boston, Salem or Newburyport, much to the chagrin of English cruisers, and much to the profit of these bold highwaymen of the sea.

The blue waters of the sea disappear at low tide leaving the flats bare; and down these, the slender stream of the Capisic river flows, winding in and out a thread of silver, to find its way slowly into the broad basin where the coasters are anchored; and where, years ago, the canal, long since abandoned, led its inland ships and gundalows into the harbor. The old towpath, not yet overgrown and hidden within its fringe of rank alders, may still be traced along the east side of the creek. It is a pleasant place to wander, for along the margin of the old canal there is

many a bit of beautiful landscape that meets one in a surprising sort of a way. The tide runs far up into the woods among the farming lands; and the stream is notched and ragged, with many a slender ribbon



THE BRIDGE OVER THE CANAL

of woods running out into its silver current; and many a reach of yellow marsh, rusty with briny incrustations, making into the pasture-lands or the low fields, often up to the gardens of the farmhouses,

making rare pictures whichever way one may turn. The canal follows the creek within the shadows of the woods, and where one does not care to follow for the underbrush, and tangle of thick sapling pines; but one turns to the slow-running creek, a dignified enough stream at times, when the tide is in; when it is out, it is a mass of black ooze and mud, with here and there streaks of light-green grasses, that lend to the flats the rare color that only the salt water can impart.

There does not seem to be the romance about this stream that one might expect. It is not a highway to any place in particular. It leads, in fact, nowhere; and its life is only such as is lent to it by the sea during parts of the day. When the tide is at its flood it is a stream of liquid silver, and within its setting of autumn haze, one understands Corot. I never felt any interest in making the discovery of its upper limits, which could not be far away; and as for there being any secret springs, or life-giving or life-sustaining brooks flowing into the marshes that dam its farther progress into the interior, it did not seem possible there could be any, from the knowledge I had of the country. As for its consequence, it seemed to me to be of small consideration, unless it turned the old salt-mill by the old post-road to Boston before the days of the railroads.

But whether this river made by the sea has anything of history or not, does not much matter nowadays, so long as its banks are full twice a day; and an occasional salt-laden schooner may reach the

dilapidated wharf with its dilapidated old mill; with only the great white gulls sailing up and down its length to keep it company. There are plenty of rail and teal about these marshes all summer long, with plenty of boys no doubt after them; and later in the



THE SALT-MILL

season, flocks of sand-peeps and plover, and occasionally a few snipe, find abundant feeding ground over these wide areas of marsh, going up with the tide and down with it, much as a bit of driftwood does, — a dancing sort of a life.

From this swathing-band of white, the old trail stretches out to a little hamlet as old as any in this region, which its dwellers call Stroudwater. Where it got its name I cannot tell, unless it was named after another older hamlet in English Gloucestershire. Spanning the deeps and shallows of this wide waterway comes the dusty highway, — which less than a century ago was the way to all the big towns south; and over this old, gray bridge went the rattling

coaches, by the way of York and Portsmouth, on their journey to Boston town. Through this single narrow street of this most ancient hamlet, came, and went, all the travel from this section. It was the great artery, a hundred years ago, of provincial travel, and has not yet lost entirely its provincial flavor, as one finds who stops to look at the old houses beside it, that belong to the ante-Revolutionary period, and are still in a state of good preserva-



ODD, PEAKED GABLES

tion; houses which in these modern times afford curious and interesting specimens of early American architecture.

As one goes through the streets and byways of this strange town, there is always a curiosity to know something of its history; something of its quaint and ancient belongings; especially if there be hints along its thoroughfares in the guise of odd peaked gables

dormer windows with the smallest of small panes of glass, whose color is the seal of their antiquity; low overhanging eaves, and curiously cut-up roofs, with huge square chimneys atop of all.

There is much of suggestion oftentimes in what one discovers of this sort, which spins the thread upon which may be strung rare bits of information. I never meet an old man, withered and wrinkled and bent, without asking myself hosts of questions about him; questions of the old-fashioned sort, which are not less fascinating because they do not bring immediate answer. It is the same with these old things which an old race has left behind. Stroudwater long ago lost its place in the line; and only its nearness to the city, which it can serve as a suburb, gives it value.

The village, the only ancient suburb relict of old Falmouth, possesses a peculiar charm. With its face to the east, half-hidden among the wide-topped elms that line its streets, it is a place of the Sleepy Hollow sort, with its lack of industry and its drowsy silence; save by the old salt mill — which never goes except with the tide. Quaint and ancient, full of restfulness and content, its old importance lingers only in traditions; yet the new race, who walk its ancient ways under the shadows of its ancient elms, and sleep under its ancient roof-trees, and who have inherited its ancient acres, are not unmindful of its prestige.

If one had waited beside the old tavern, that on a January of a hundred years ago stood near the centre

of provincial Falmouth, he would have seen the rud placard which informed the traveller concerning "stage" that was about to leave this old hostelry for the first time. "Those ladies and gentlemen who choose the expeditious way of stage travelling will please to lodge their names with Mr. Motley. Price



for one passage the whole distance, twenty shillings.' It is the first day of departure. With many a flourish of the whip the lumbering vehicle that served as a coach takes an early leave of the tavern folk. With parting halloo the cumbersome affair creeps up the main street of the town, past Ryerson's tavern, &

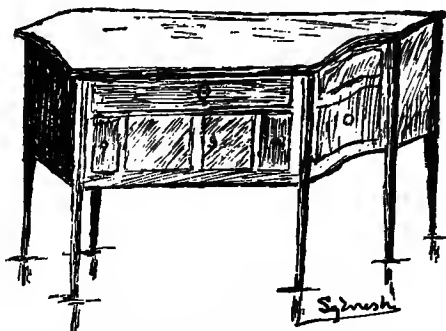
dilapidated rookery even then, to rattle down Haggett's hill; thence past the narrow Capisic, and through this hamlet, on its way to Portsmouth, rousing the people as it goes, with the loud twang of the driver's horn. Over the marsh, past the salt mill comes the old coach, to the abrupt rise in the highway that commences even at the edge of the creek, and that goes up the sharp incline of the hill as straight as a taut chalk-line; now as then, to go through the village under the tall elms that line the roadside, with branches sweeping down over the gray roofs of the century-old dwellings. The stage has dropped its traveller, mayhap, at "the fork of the roads." One road runs past the ancient cemetery, — the other keeps on southward to old Portsmouth.

In this fork is the Means house, — an antique habitation, with sharp angular roof and sides of wood, clapboarded, and painted red. It is a charming reminder of the old days. It is not of the Pompeiian hue, or any other of the fashionable shades of red, but the old-fashioned red of the plain, durable, unpretentious sort that one sees on barndoops in the country; even now, when the farm economy does not allow of so much expenditure of paint as to cover the whole barn, — or that one finds on the rear of the farmhouse, while the front is painted a brilliant white.

The gables of this old house are of brick, laid in yellow clay; while its window-panes are of the diminutive sort. Inside are the high wainscotings and

huge fireplaces, — a treasure house it is of suggestion for the antiquarian.

No special history or romance attaches to this house of the Revolutionary period. Its ancientness is its certificate of character, while its weather-beaten lineaments lend it dignity. Built by Capt. James Means, at the end of the Revolution, it was furnished with good old English furniture, brought from over the sea in some stanch vessel, built may



THE MEANS SIDE-BOARD

hap within a gunshot of the old house, — of all which furniture there remain only a mahogany sideboard, and a massive chair, which take on some added interest from the fact that upon Lafayette's last visit to America he dined with Captain Means; and these old-fashioned reminders of an old-fashioned day were used by the distinguished man, who thus honored this hero of the entire Revolutionary conflict. It is something, that this Sleepy Hollow of Stroudwater remembers the inci-

dent, to repeat it with much pride to such as stop for a moment's chat with the dwellers in its old-fashioned houses.

Behind the Means house, just across the road that follows the ridge to the northward, is another mansion, no less distinguished — from the fact that it was built a century and a half ago by one Tate; who came here, and laid the foundation when Stroudwater was a wilderness. It is a gambrel-roof affair, with a huge pile of brick chimney in its centre; its clapboards are worn with rain and sleet, unpainted and iron-gray in the sunlight; deserted and silent, one indulges in many a curious reverie as to the people whose footsteps once roused the echoes of its now untenanted halls. The interior is barren of its old-time furnishings, but throughout are very human finger-marks.

A narrow carved staircase in the hall, and a buffet in the corner of the parlor, are unique and beautiful; graced with its old-fashioned blue Dutch ware, the latter must have been more beautiful. Made of pine, and wrought entirely by hand with the rude tools of the time, one wonders at the excellent art and the elaborateness of the buffet of a quaint shell pattern, which well matches the wainscoting, shoulder-high about the room. The windows, the same that have been here since the house was built, are of good size and well glazed. The architecture of the front door is ambitious and noticeable; and there is a flavor of old-time aristocracy about the entrance to this ancient mansion, standing alone, with its silent knocker

that has no friend to sound its alarm; with its memories of olden days looking out its blurred panes, a pair of eyes tired with looking in vain for the old forms that darkened them so many years ago, and that will never come back.

I have passed this house in the darkness of the night, and it seemed to me as if its dwellers in provincial days must be there in spirit, if not in body. It was an uncanny thought, yet I doubt if I should have been much startled had I seen them.



THE TATE HOUSE

flickering candle-flames reflecting their dim light upon the windows that looked out upon the highway. I have no difficulty in re-peopling these old houses. I think their inmates must have been like other people; less selfish perhaps, more quaint in speech and manner, but men and women, like our

selves, with likes and dislikes, and with secrets, may be.

The romances of their old homes which one encounters in one place and another along the older highways, snugly ensconced within the shelter of some tree-shadowed hillside, as if shrinking from the gaze of passers-by, their roof-trees grown decrepit, sagging deeper with each succeeding year, as if tired of so long holding up their mossy roofs, are buried romances; but these places held many a simple life, and knew many a grand deed which has never been written, except upon the hearts of those who knew their dwellers, or in the Great Book. One feels a touch of pity at the sight of their windows looking outward with a dull vacant stare of half-conscious apathy at the world's desertion. At other times there seems to be just a hint of suspicion lingering about them, as if it were hardly the thing to be left with only a pair of ragged Lombardy poplars to tell the story of one's decayed gentility; and again, there are traces of the old importance in the flashing panes of some ancient, two-story, hip-roofed mansion hedged about with the gnarled apple-trees that knew the old house in its younger days, and knew the young life going in and out over its century-old threshold. These old houses have big, warm hearts for those who know them best; and a life of comfort for the dwellers in them.

This house in particular has been a remarkable one in its day. Its superior architecture was the badge of an old-time aristocracy that placed it far above

the plebeian dwellings that in after years grew up within sight of its one red chimney. Singular to



DOOR OF TATE HOUSE

record, the heart fires of these plebeian dwelling still have a cheerful welcome for the comer, while the hearth of this deserted aristocrat is cold and fireless and stark, an ever-forsaken. All attempts to keep up appearances are laid aside; even the front yard fence, — for I know there must have been in those prim Puritan days something of the sort which the house drew about itself to keep the common herd away from its privacy

— is simply indicated by the huge elms, a row that overshadow its front windows, growing in the side of the highway that has for so many years led past its worn, but footless threshold. The gray

shingles on the roof are thin from years of exposure; and curled, and split, and twisted into forlorn shape, laying bare the roof boards; and making bad leaks, and flooding ceilings when the rains come. I noticed on the door of the front entrance, the old brass knocker which had the semblance of iron, so black was it from want of use or scouring. I wondered how long ago it was last used to warn the house of a ceremonious caller, or of the coming of some stranger who wished for its hospitality. Once within its narrow doorway, a strange feeling stole over me as my footsteps resounded through the vacant rooms; while the stairs leading to the chambers creaked with such noisy answer to my passage over them, that it seemed as if my intrusion upon the long silence were resented by some indignant spirit. There was a strange smell of dampness, and sense of uninhabitableness about the place, that made these impressions all the more vivid; yet it gave me a certain pleasure to imagine myself not alone; but attended and entertained by my unseen host, who must, in some way, have had his eye upon the property all these years, that it should have been so well preserved. There was a big pile of straw in one of the chambers, and this was the only sign of humanity about the place; unless the one or two charred sticks of firewood that I had seen upon the broad hearth of the kitchen below told of the fire once kindled there. All the rooms below were wainscoted to the height of the eye; and of them all, the parlor had the greatest charm, with its buffet and



THE BUFFET

deep window-seats, and ample fireplace, with high old-fashioned mantel. The woodwork had been painted white originally, and the gloss had not de-

parted from the paint wholly at this late day. What a handsome old room it must have been at one time, furnished with oddly-patterned furniture, no doubt brought from old England with much trouble and expense! If the furnishings of this room were in accordance with the simple elegance the carpenters gave it, it must have been a luxurious apartment, with the antique brass-dogs to hold the blazing fire on the hearth; a half dozen tallow dips held bravely up in as many brass candlesticks; all polished to their brightest; and the customary mug of flip warming upon the ruddy coals, with a bit of grated cinnamon sprinkled on the top to give it a foreign flavor. The round, brass-mounted, brightly polished mahogany table, drawn into the centre of the room, on either side of which were goodman Tate and his equally ancient dame, completed the picture. The crackle of the fire, the questioning purr of the house cat, and the sizzle of the hot teakettle depending from the black crane, make the music of this fire-side, and its company as well; unless some belated traveller has come in to warm himself in the blaze; or to inquire the way to Broad's tavern, which was in fact just over the hill, but which, on a dark night might as well have been a league away, for the matter of one's seeing its fire-lighted windows from the highway at this point. There was much to think of in the way of personal history of the builder of this great house, great in the days of its building, and who became the founder of a notable family. He was the successor of Colonel Westbrook as mast-agent

of the king, coming hither prior to 1756. His family extraction was of the most unexceptionable quality and character; being a direct descendant of the De La Prey Abbey Tates of Northamptonshire, England. Of his three nephews, it may be said in passing two were in turn, High Sheriffs and Lord Mayors of London; and the other was an Ambassador of Henry VIII. to the Court of France. George Tate was at one time a seaman on the first frigate built by Peter the Great, who learned the carpenter's trade at Saardam, Holland, and who afterward went to London to learn the art of ship-building, so he might the better direct personally the erection of his own navy, and the building of the fortifications about St. Petersburg. After that he came to Maine, a purchasing agent for the Russian Peter, to buy the spars for the new Russian Navy.

George Tate of Stroudwater, his service with Peter the Great completed, set himself to the founding of a family. The result was four sons. Three of these became seafaring men, and became notable in their chosen spheres of action. Of these, George, the third son, distinguished himself above the others. He entered the Russian naval service in 1770, obtaining the appointment as lieutenant under Catherine II. His English pluck stood him in good stead for his advance was rapid; and he particularly distinguished himself in the wars with the Turks.

In 1790 the Russians laid siege to Ismail fortress at the mouth of the Danube. In the final storming of the fort by which the place was captured with an

immense booty, young Tate was wounded. The famous Suwarrow was in command, and Tate was promoted, receiving from the Empress Catherine a medal. He was also made an Admiral, and as a further evidence of her royal favor, she presented him with her miniature set with diamonds. Subsequently, the Emperor Alexander created him First Admiral, and made him a member of the Russian senate. He was the recipient of several distinguished orders from the sovereigns to whom he rendered service at one time or another. He afterwards became a Rear-Admiral, and for all his foreign service, did not forget his friends at home, among whom were to be reckoned the Deerings, and Kents. He died in 1821, having never married, and as the "Gentleman's Magazine," London, said, "fulle of years and honors." Robert, the fourth son, was the grandfather of the wife of Joseph Walker, a distinguished and beloved citizen of Portland in his lifetime.

The elder Tates were of a hardy and resolute character, energetic and thrifty; and their careers were of the strenuous sort that went to the building up of that kind of manhood which has made New England famous; and to-day, the descendants of the king's mast-agent may be found living within a stone's throw of the old mansion built nearly one hundred and sixty years ago. The date of its erection is set around 1755, and its builder died at Falmouth in 1794, and is remembered as one of the founders of the first Episcopal Church in Portland, and who served as one of its first wardens.

I imagine a great many things might have happened to a pioneer in these parts out of the common of adventure and perilous episode; and among them comes to mind one that became a tragedy of the most unfortunate sort. The story was related to me on the spot, and to make more sure of the reality I go to the door that looks out upon the tangle of a long disused garden where stood in the days of yore the



family storehouse. Here is a veritable tangle of briars, or should be according to the eternal fitness of things, with so much of neglect and abandonment. A small frame structure is still standing, which was shown

to me by my cicerone, as the old storehouse; and as a place which had come to be avoided after nightfall by reason of the grewsome tale which hung thereby; and which, old and weather-worn as it is, has a peculiar fascination for me. The conjuring process begins, and the picture is limned; and the only regret I have in mind is, that the thief did not get what was intended for him, — an unchristian feeling, undoubtedly, but honest enough, withal.

It is cold and damp these first days of May, and I go to the straw-pile in the long-ago forsaken chamber. How the straw happened to be there I do not know; however, it is damp enough and mouldy enough to

discourage anyone in search of fuel. The old bellows that once hung to the chimney-jamb is gone; but I manage to get the charred wood in the kitchen fireplace into a feeble blaze for company's sake; but only a smoke smudge answers my diligent effort; a smoke which hangs about the mouth of the dusky flue, as if it were uncertain whether to go up or not. Whether it does the one thing or the other, I hardly know, so deeply am I involved in one vagary and another.

In this, as in all patrician households of the time, there were huge fireplaces, and all else was kept up on the same generous scale. Huge hampers of groceries were brought from over the ocean, that were on extra occasions to be drawn upon and enjoyed; and the Tates were, like most of their neighbors, abundantly provided with luxuries, and those which were brought, or sent by the admiral, were treasured in high degree; and were said to have been deposited in this selfsame outhouse along with the commoner stores for the family table. This might have been a safer depository in those days than now, when its sagging door, warped and split by the weather, hangs by a single old hand-wrought hinge to its hewn pine lintel, leaving the floorless, barren interior to be invaded by every vagrant wind.

Unfortunately for the goodman's peace of mind and the good wife's comfort, this precious store of luxuries was being unaccountably depleted.

Was there a thief?

One loss after another occurs, until one of the

boys, taking the law into his own hands, set a spring gun at the storehouse door, hoping thereby to detect the culprit from further cherishing sinister design upon these expensive delicacies. These were not over honest times, to be sure, but in this pioneer settlement of Stroudwater, all were counted honest, for here was a reputable community. None was more so.

But William Tate counted wrongly on his victim.

The next morning goodwife Tate sent black Betty to the storehouse for some needed supplies; but the servant, fearful of the gun, returned without having performed her errand; whereupon, the goodwife took it upon herself to get what she desired; and though conscious of the danger, and doubtless exercising the utmost care, was killed by the deadly device.

It is a barren thread upon which to hang so tragic a legend; but, as is frequently the case in these late times, the accident dilated into a hideous crime; and the community did not hesitate to accuse young Tate of having had evil designs upon his mother, looking upon the alleged losses as a myth, a specious ruse to cover up a matricidal intent.

The old man who had the key to the front door and who kindly unlocked it for me, knew but little more than the sombre outline I have here repeated. He did not know where the young man Tate was apprehended, only that the ancient Court record showed the finding of an indictment upon which a subsequent arrest was made, and a trial was had before good men and true of the Province; and that a ver-

dict of "Guilty," was declared, and a sentence of death was imposed. As if that were not enough, after all.

To my own mind, the apprehension should have been here in this old kitchen, in the small hours of the night, when its silences lent a sharper edge to remorse; or when the storm beset the old roof-tree with imperious accusation; and the howling winds beat against the windows; or rattled up the side of the house, along the roof and down the chimney, driving the dense smoke into the low-ceiled room, to the great discomfort of its tenant, until his eyes wept tears of smarting annoyance; while great floods of wet came down the throat of the huge chimney to put out the last vestige of fire in the wide fireplace.

It is reasonable to believe that young Tate suffered sufficiently, — he would have been doubly inhuman had he not done so; but to my mind, he should have been afraid of the dark.

He should have piled the fire higher with fuel. Its flame should have been made to have leapt up the chimney-throat with a louder and more angry roaring. The winds should have risen higher, and the rain should have fallen in floods. He should have gotten quickly into the way of seeing things, in the dancing shadows on the walls, that were uncanny and awesome; but there is no evidence of these facts. So far as he was concerned, the offense was of a purely technical character; but the law was like that of the Medes and Persians, and a verdict for the Crown was a foregone conclusion. Luckily for him, the

king was the Court of Last Resort, and the royal pardon was not difficult to obtain. In time it has been brought across the seas; and William Tate absolved, was restored to his estates and his character, and the companionship and respect of his fel-



THE TATE HOMESTEAD

lows; for William was a merchant who had his education in England, and well-known for his honesty and kindheartedness; and if one desires to see one of his landmarks, one has only to glance at the old store where Mr. Andrew Hawes still carries on the trade begun by William Tate and continued by Robert Tate, his son, the father of the Tates now living at Stroudwater. George also built ships here.

But this all happened before the days of sleuth newspaper reporters, staring headlines and private detectives, — otherwise, what might one not have looked for, all for the sake of a breakfast-table story.

But the sun is getting down in the sky, and the shadows are creeping over the kitchen-floor and up the side of the fireplace. I realize that I have been here a great while; and a shiver creeps over me. A moment more, and I have passed through the ancient parlor into the hall, laying my hand for a moment upon the carved balustrade, and stepping from the



HAUNTED

worn doorstep out into the wholesome air, full of salt smell from the marshes with the tide well out, and just a bit a-tremble with the whirl of the big stones of the old salt-mill at the bridge. I look back at the house, and my cicerone has closed the door; the knocker jars a trifle as it is shut. I look at the old rookery, of once grand traditions, with the wish that I might have known its builder personally; but its dusty window-panes have no ray of intelligence; and from the flat doorstone to the top of the crum-

bling chimney, the gray memorial of the old colonial days is silent and inscrutable. There is a strange persistence about it, for I turn a half a dozen times to take a parting look of a place I have not seen from that day to this. If there had been anything in the old house to have rummaged a bit, it might have seemed more human. There was nothing but the hazy memories of those whose disembodied spirits seem still to linger here; and this must account for the feeling that dogged my footsteps down the road until the thick elms had built a barrier to hide all but its ruddy chimney, which seemed to catch a cheerful tinge from the deep glow of the setting sun.



HARROW HOUSE



HARROW HOUSE



ARROW HOUSE was the name of the old-time manor that covered many of the Stroud-water acres in the days when Harmon of York, Moulton of Wells, and the Jesuit, Raslé, with his "Frenchified Indians," were the chief actors on the local stage.

It was the old manse of Col. Thomas M. Westbrook, who, in his latter life, made it his home when he was not about the king's affairs, branding the giants of the woods with the "broad arrow," or hunting "redskins" in the wilds of Norridgewock. It was here he died; and the ancient manor by the edge of Fore River did not long survive its master.

Down the highway, a little back from this broad, glimmering tide-river over which I have come, and over the hill from the house I have described, is a rollicking stream of perennial spring water, that comes from somewhere out in the depths of Westbrook's thick pine woods, to find its way blocked by a narrow, but lofty, dam across the deep, dark flume:

that makes the bed of the stream, — a dam full of seams and crevices, through which a score of tiny streams find their way, to fall among the black rocks far below with graceful poise and noisy rhythm and spatter of drops that catch from sun and sky swift reflections of glorious color. It is a deep channel that one looks down into from the sagging rails of the dilapidated bridge; a channel that has been



THE GRIST MILL

made, in the years gone by, by these waters rushing without let or hindrance through this schistose ledge that shows the dip of its stratified formation the whole of the way back, from the wet sands of the creek, with its acres of drooping, marsh grass, to this crest of the upland, where it furnishes the foundation to the old corn mill. To this old mill the country

folk come even now with their corn and wheat grist, paying the miller his toll of a tenth for the grinding. One may see the same ancient, wide-mouthed hoppers, into which the bags of grain are emptied; or, if one likes the feeling of the meal as it comes hot from the great burr-stones, whose whirring sets the mill-timbers a-tremble, he may catch it as it drops from the tiny tin cups on their endless belt of leather, emptying their burdens into the meal box, whence it is filled into the wide-open bags with a battered tin scoop of a pattern as ancient as the mill itself. Here are methods, and appliances, as quaint and old-fashioned as were our ancestors when these lands were first put to raising corn and wheat; and a strange bit of the old way of doing things it is, to be found within sight of the roofs and spires of a bustling city.

Northward from the highway across Fore River is another old mill of great antiquity, as things go hereabout. It is perched high up the side of the narrow gorge among the gray birches; the only thing left of its stout dam, and the wharf that kept it company, but little of which latter now remains. The tide at its flood creeps up to lap the wobbly-looking piles, as it has every day for a century and a half; and the west wind blows the white caps beyond, to meet the trickling silver of the Capisc as it filters through the slippery rocks that run, ever narrowing up, and into the gray shadows of the ravine that shows beyond, the low roof of a weather-stained farmhouse of the old régime. This is in such thor-

ough keeping with the old mill of the Capisic, there is such a consonance of ancientness, that one takes a swift journey to dreamland, to come back as empty handed as one went.

This old mill is doubtless a close follower of the grist mill built by one Ingersoll along with the second settlement of Stogummor. Ingersoll's mill was destroyed in the first Indian war, and there is every reason to believe that this structure was the next to serve the hardy settler with his salt and meal. It must have been a famous place in the old days, when a ride on horseback to mill, and back, over the narrow trails with the "blazed" trees for guideboards was the whole of a day's journey. What stories its old beams and walls might tell had they the tongues of men — stories of perilous times and episodes! For a hundred and forty years it has stood, the relic of busier days, deserted by man and all else — unless the swallows build under its eaves — with the flavor of scraps of horn to savor its breath; for here were manufactured combs less than a century ago. When that industry was abandoned, the place was deserted altogether. It is a rare study for the sketcher. The old, moss-grown roof is as staunch as ever, with its roof-tree of pumpkin-pine upheld by huge and sturdy rafters, though the old, shrunk window-sashes rattle in the wind, and the winter snows find their way through the creviced walls and over the silent flooring. The sea-green window-pane lights up with the same red blaze of sunset as of old a warm fellowship in the gray setting of a weather

beaten, weather-stained decrepitude, — for this old building is just that; with a huge shaft of its overshot wheel pulled from its pit, and rotting at its very threshold; while the leaky old flume is as completely absent as if it had never existed. The clumsy burr-stones are gone, and their song is the song of silence.

To look one way from this old bridge, is to see this arm of the sea filled to its brim of willow-fringed marsh by the inflowing tide; its farther margin fretted by low black wharves, that set hardly above high-water mark; with their black warehouses, above the roofs of which are the thick-set spars of the vessels, and rising above them all, the smoky chimneys and glistening roofs of the seaport town. To turn one's back upon this picture of sea, and ships, and houses, is to see the old post-road winding up the hill to Broad's tavern, that lies just beyond its farther slope. It is an old, worn country road, with grass growing close down to the deep ruts made by the teams that are constantly going and coming through the day; with deep ditches outside these grassy margins; with rills of melted snow water trickling down their muddy banks, and rambling walls of cobble stone surmounting all; over which lean the outposts of the straggling orchards on either side, — all leading up, up to the hilltop, till they meet the bluest of blue sky. Just above this old grist-mill is the green cup of the mill-pond, with its placid sheet of water just a bit ruffled by the wind that is blowing up from the south on this spring day; for I have chosen what the countrymen designate as "mud time" in the calendar of

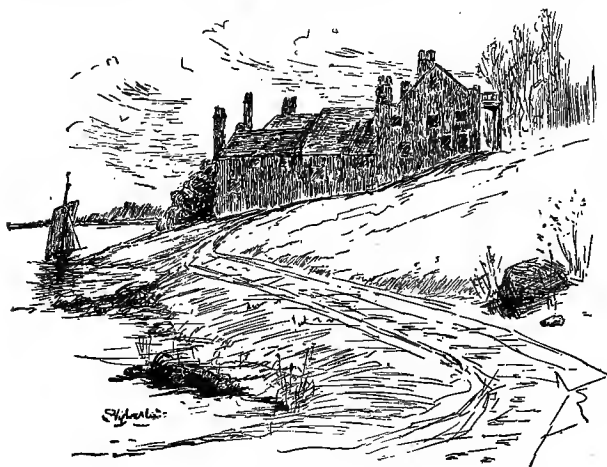
the year as the day for my outing. Beyond the foreground lay a middle ground of meadow land with its brook drowsy with the slow pace the sluggish mill-pond compels it to take. Its pathway, with all the modesty one is likely to find in nature, court the leafless tangles of the black alders, or of the yellow-green catkins that flaunt their new-born color not only in this bit of meadow, but in every other wet place as well. Smooth sloping farm-lands, the



THE MEADOW

reach away in gentle undulations to the woods, then the meadow in; and just back of the mill, peeping over the crest of the higher lands, is the red chimney of a farmhouse, with its blue ribbon of smoke lazily curling upward into the tops of the elms that reach out widely above it. The whole has a decidedly English aspect. It is one of Birket Foster's bits of landscape; a quiet composition enough, and made up of warm tones, for all there are patches of snow in the edges of the woods and hints of lingering frosts in the roads. Here it is: a bit of meadow, a glint of running water, with a boy and his alder fishpole beside it, — but it is too early to catch trout; a girl with ruddy cheeks and wind-blown hair to keep him

sympathizing company; a house-roof and a glimpse of chimney through the thick tops of the willow hedges; a stately elm, and over all, a patch of blue sky. Had it come from Birket Foster's brush, it would have seemed hardly less real than Nature's own sketching. It is a delightful sketch for one to



A VISION OF HARROW HOUSE

carry in his mental portfolio; for to look at it, is to hear the splash and spatter of this river in miniature, and feel the spring winds drinking up the dampness in the roads and fields, blowing up the runs and over the uplands with a marvellous quality of vigor and freshness.

There is more room in these parts, now, than when the builder of Harrow House came here something less than two hundred years ago. The woods are not so thick, and the farming lands are in sight every-

where. There are wood-lots, but no forests; the field and pasture acreage exceeds that of the woodland by a large percentage. There is more breathing space; and from the rise in the highway toward the Broad Tavern the outlook is a far-reaching one. The fields slope to the southward with a gentle inclination, ending in a slender cape of thick pine growth



THE SITE OF HARROW HOUSE

that reaches out its darkly-foliaged finger into the bright waters of the river basin. It is evident that these park-like areas about the shores of this inland sea, with its nearness to the larger sea beyond the land of Pur Poodack, led the people who came from England into this part of the Province of Maine, with

their English-bred inclination toward beautiful estates, to select these lands in the vicinage of Stroud-water most frequently as mansion sites, — as one may discover by a visit to this region.

Here was the grand residence of Colonel Westbrook, which bore the aristocratic, and English-like title of Harrow House. Harrow House has not been in existence since the memory of the oldest inhabitant; but down on this point of land by the river, overshadowed by a dense growth of pines, dark and silent, is still pointed out to the curious wayfarer the ruined walls of its old cellar, now overgrown with dwarf birch trees, and choked with dead vines of briars. It must have been a noble place when its distinguished dweller of the earlier colonial days kept open house here, and entertained with princely hospitality, as befitted a man in his station.

It was while living here that Westbrook commanded the Penobscot expedition, which brought home among its numerous trophies the papers of the Jesuit Raslé, upon the destruction of Norridgewock.

This exploit brought him, no doubt, the further distinction of becoming chief-in-command of the frontier forces. He was at one time His Majesty's mast-agent; and I have heard old men who knew these woods well in more primitive days, say they had seen, long after the Revolution, the king's broad





KING'S ARROW

arrow upon not few of the towering monarchs of the forests hereabouts undoubtedly put there by Westbrook's hand. There were many yards upon the shore that looked eastward upon this bit of ocean, and it would seem reasonable that more than one good ship came into the shelter of these waters to step new mast, or to replace her lost or disabled spar. How much it must have differed in those far-off days with its rude activities, from what is to-day, with its drowsy woodland silences and deserted shores!

Among the

grievances, real or imagined, that were entertained by the colonists about the time the term "Boston Rebel" began to be used, was the putting of the "broad arrow" of the king upon the best and tallest trees in the forest. Westbrook, for all I know, may have had his assistants in this work of labelling these pine monarchs of the king's choice; but I have no hint of such a fact historically, — and I imagine he must have been too busy in the woods most of the time, had this been the case, to go Indian hunting among the wilds of Norridgewock, if the seal of the royal injunction were to be found upon every shapely pine or spruce. But the complaint must have been in some sort magnified by the owners of these immense forests, that in those days might be called limitless, — days when the rarest of pumpkin pine was not only used for spars and masts, and in the construction of houses whose lightest roof timbers were not less than a foot square; and when nothing that betrayed the slightest sign of a knot or stain of pitch was eligible for the inside finish, or even the outside dress of the house, and when things were made to last "a hundred years to a day;" not only this, but when the stateliest trees were wantonly felled for firewood, or to make the clearings about the settlement a bit more ample; or to add to the acres about the log-house, — trees — the massive trunks of which, priceless in these days of threatened scarcity and drought among the pine woods, were left prone and helpless along the field fences, or strewn about the back-lots that are white with rye every August; or in

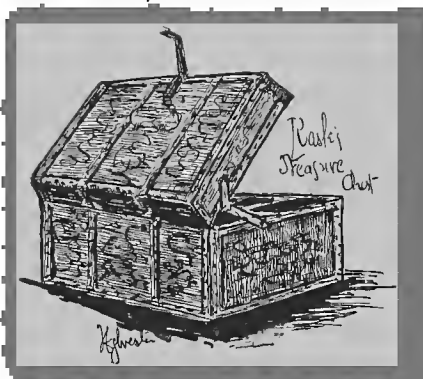
the woods among the underbrush; to be the source of much curious questioning on the part of strangers to the topography of the home acres, who discover for the first time these dumb witnesses of the vandalism of the ancestor of a half-dozen generations ago.

I have seen in my wanderings in the newer, second-growth woodlands of the northern part of the country, more than one stately tree of yellow birch upheld by its tripod of stout, purple-stained roots reaching down on either side of a prostrate forest giant that was once a stalwart pine, with a rare kindly touch and clinging grace. The sap of this fallen tree has been transmuted by the moisture of the rains, and snows, and the woodland shadows, into a rime of brownish-red decayed matter, as soft to the touch as plush; which imparts a delightful sense of coolness, on a hot midsummer day, when it crumbles in one's hand to the semblance of fine flour, tinged with deep sienna color. The log itself, partly covered with the leaves that have so many autumns drifted down from the tree-tops, and spotted with wood-moss, and lichen, and all the strange forms of polypori that thrive in damp places, is hardly to be distinguished from the yielding scurf in which it lies half buried; and which, stripped of its mummy-like wrapping of rotten wood — for this is all it is — reveals the big stout heart of an ancient pine, whose color is akin to the fine warm tint of a salmon steak cut from one of Penobscot's rarest catch. I have in mind a strip of woodland — more familiar in my boyhood than now

— that overlooked a bit of meadow; long and narrow it was; and there were scores of these huge pine trees to be found lying in every direction across the floors of the woods, many of them not less than three to four feet in diameter. They would scale thousands of feet; and saw into boards of extra dimensions, cut up at the saw-mill, if it were not easier and cheaper to “log” the sapling growth that stands so thickly about, than to dig these half-buried, century-old monsters from their resting-places. I know for a fact, that these woods were once mowing lands. No one is alive to-day who has mowed about these immense tree trunks that are now so deeply hidden within the shadows of a new forest; but these acres are all named, as one may see by reading the titles to them.

Men were as jealous for their domain, and as picaunish in many respects, then, as they are now, — as if there were not pine trees in sufficient number on these new shores to supply all the needs that they might know during their brief stay upon them; or the needs of their posterity who might succeed to their clearings.

I have no doubt, had Westbrook been less fond of



using the royal prerogative of the broad arrow within his limited province, his neighbors would have been no less prodigal, felling and burning their acres for wider fields. But it is human nature to resent encroachment upon private rights, even if it is sanctioned by the "divine right of kings."

I climb the low wall between the field and the highway, and go down the slope, through the limp stubble, sodden and drenched with the melted snows, to this old cellar, closely hedged about with scrub pines and wild cherry bushes; with gray birches with their tops bent to the ground where the winter has left them; with scrawny sumac, its bark covered with a soft yellow nap; with all the tangle of bush and briar that hold in all old pastures the approaches to the woods, — as if there could ever have been a fine old English house here in this wilderness. But this is the site of Harrow House, if all tales are true, — and it is pleasant to think they are.

The reader will pardon me if I digress from all that remains of Harrow House, to speak of two, very old houses in the immediate vicinity, undoubtedly built full one hundred and forty years ago. Stroudwater is rich in these mementos of the old days. The old Broad Tavern just over the crest of the hill is in the heyday of a respectable yet thrifty old age. This side of the hill is the Fickett House, once the old Stroudwater garrison. One can see the timbers of the once blockhouse by an inspection of the interior; but the structure has been so modernized, that in its neatly white painted exterior and fresh green

blinds, the wayfarer would little dream that it had ever been a stronghold against Indian attack. Yet on this identical spot the settlers hereabout in the troublous times that followed the French occupation, built their heavily-timbered blockhouse and stockade. Night after night the hardy frontiersman brought his family hither as the gray shadows



FICKETT HOUSE

hinted the going down of the sun, the intangible suggestions of color, in misty threads and grotesque shapes in the woodland, thrilling the alert imagination, tainted with superstition, oftentimes with a sudden dread. Distance did not count in those early times; and on horseback, or afoot, the backwoodsman, with wife and children, sought shelter and the good cheer of companionship in peril; to sleep in se-

curity until the next dawn; rising with the sun to return homeward by the "spotted" trees; thankful for their own safety, yet always expecting to see, instead of the humble log-cabin amid the tasselled maize, a heap of smouldering ashes. Back they went then to their clearings, to take up the labor of the previous day.

Among the oldest houses at Stroudwater is the



PATRICK HOUSE

little, one-story Patrick House. It may well be called one of the oldest in Maine. Its coat of durable, yellow paint gives it a dressy, youthful look, yet it is very old. Patrick built his house, and then went to England after the woman who was to be his wife. She came over in the *Pink and Dolphin*, a schooner built almost within a stone's throw of the old house at the mouth of Little Stroudwater River. It has

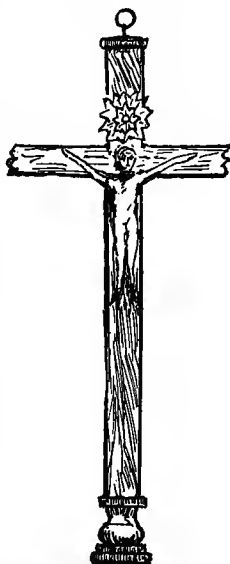
been said that here was a busy shipyard, where there had been seen no less than fourteen vessels on their ways at one time. Patrick and his wife set up house-keeping in this yellow house, that is older than the Tate House.

The story is told of the days of the Indian outbreak — how Mrs. Patrick came in from her milking at sundown, bringing in each hand a pail of foaming milk, to set them on the old pine table, after which she started upon another errand; but before she had left the low kitchen, a stealthy footstep told her she was not alone. She turned backward, to see the dusky shadows of two Sunapes cross the threshold; and before she could speak, each in silence had raised a pail of milk to his lips and was drinking his fill. She watched them, speechless in her terror, and defenceless in her loneliness, expecting momentarily to be killed by the savages.

“Ugh!”

It was the Sunape salutation and thanks in one. Silently they passed out of the house, to disappear in the gloom of the woods.

I have come to a considerable depression or hollow in the ground, with a slightly elevated rim about



CRUCIFIX FOUND AT
NORRIDGEWOCK

it, that reminds one of a deserted circus ring; only this old cellar is somewhat oblong in shape, if indeed it has any shape at all, — and, standing beside it in the bright sunshine, a mere suggestion of the old ruin before me, I could but realize how much a creature of circumstance, how much the sport of nature, man is.

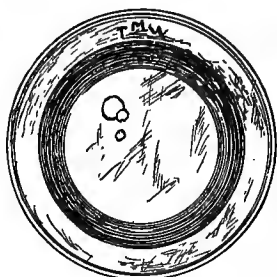
Here was once a spacious park; with perhaps a stately country house adorning it; with facade, portico, and pillar peeping out between its stately elms, to get a view of the river and of its master as he came sailing in with wind and tide, — the white sails of his sloop not a whit whiter than the mansion itself. No doubt Westbrook sailed up this river many a time in the night; and I can imagine the lantern signalling, to and fro, as he made the landing-wharf somewhere about the lower end of the point, — as there was possibly deeper water for the ships thereabouts. This may have been a Utopia once; but it is now, hardly better than a tangle of dwarf growth, without a single hint of humanity about the place, except an isolated apple-tree, scraggy, unshorn, and for that matter unknown, if one is to judge by the quantities of frozen apples among the leaves that drifted over them as they dropped one by one last fall.

Nature has full sway here, for the speech of the wind is all these bushes hear from one day to another, unless it be the dripping of the rain on wet days. There is a remarkably persistent quality about this universal law which men call Nature, for the want of

a better name, whose silent activities are most to be guarded against. Plough the garden and plant your seed, and the weeds are staring you in the face with a singular imperturbability, as they eat and drink the sap and substance you have provided for others. Leave your smooth pasture, or your mowing-lands to the care of the wind and rain, and a decade will raise you a crop of stunted pines instead of herdsgrass; or cover them with patches of blueberry bushes; and a hedge of brambles will have hidden the fences about them. Men may sleep, but the spirit of life, the spirit of renewal goes on with its eternal work, renewing and rebuilding, or destroying and tearing down, growing or decaying. Nature, robust, luxuriant with vegetation, tireless, constant, in season and out of season, dominates everything and everywhere; comprising everything, — time, matter, space, and the elemental forces: all are hers, in all the variety of the Infinite conception. Here it is, with all these things within her control, that Nature has the advantage over men. She is never compelled to resort to weak and apparent subterfuges, or equivocations to crown her work with success. Her story is the story of to-day, — the story of outdoor realism, the proof-sheets of which are spread constantly before everybody who has eyes and ears. Nature tells things as they are.

Therein lies her superiority over men, who are cowards; or who are the unfortunate victims of a defective eyesight; and who try to soften Nature's unyielding lines of rugged makeup, as if they could tell

her story best. Can you write a water-ripple in a single ink-stained line — or the sound of a dropping stone as it strikes its placid surface? Can you translate the deafening crack, the terrible jarring of the



WESTBROOK TRENCHER

thunder, or describe the pathway of the lightning to the earth? Is there among men the interpreter of that beauty that makes a day in June so rare? This is the realism of Nature. These things make the poet, for all great truths are poems or tragedies, — and therein lies Nature's love-

liness, and her appealing to men. One cannot tell a true story without a more, or less, distinct touch of realism entering into the story and making a part of it. I tell these things as I

see them here, only with the regret that my reader cannot see through the lens that has revealed them to me; for the place, charming as its wild-wood surroundings make it, is so poverty-stricken in its suggestion of human things, and of human acquaintance,



OBVERSE

that I might think myself buried amid the gray tops of these leafless trees; another Westbrook planning another mansion beside these sparkling waters; so firmly has this olden tale of Harrow House taken

hold upon my sympathy; so real has seemed the legend of its olden state and living.

Harrow House! What a medley of thought follows in the train of this quaint, aristocratic title! There is something in its very sound, that, like the rubbing of Aladdin's Lamp, conjures into existence a host of vagaries. One is of a great, square, many-gabled house, with generous chimneys that crown it



gracefully, and lend a hint of hospitality to the grand air that attaches to such great old-fashioned houses. Within, are roomy halls and high-posted apartments; all square, and much alike; with ample light from the windows, that east and south look out upon a wonderful perspective of color, of water, woodland and sky, that are all shut out when the thick mists drift in from the sea. Then the fires are lighted in the big

fireplaces that are found in every room, and lend their attractions to keep out the gloom that creeps into the great house, with the opening of every door, from the wet, dripping world outside. What cosy places there are in the chimney corners and in the broad window-seats that look north and west through vistas of towering elms and prim Lombardy poplars, — while the rain beats its tattoo on the little window-panes, or the glow of the sunset lights them up! Another vagary of mine is, that this fine old mansion, — as it must have been, — held to the English country ways and service, so hospitable and generous, as it was the custom to maintain in many of the colonial residences in the Dominion of Maine. "Open house" had a meaning in those days of royal entertaining, that the rushing, hurrying world of to-day knows nothing of, — at least the world that I have known, where a chance to take a long breath is a luxury. It is another vagary of mine, that the floors were waxed to the lustre of a mirror; in which the antique furnishings of carved oak and mahogany, and the old spinet, — for of course there was one in its corner, — were tipped upside down in their reflections, as they were arranged about the big rooms: and that there were

"Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber,
Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damas-
cus,
Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic
sentence,
While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket,
and match-lock," —

as might have been seen in brave Miles Standish's Plymouth house, when he sent young Alden on his amorous errand. What gatherings were here of the colonial élite, before the owner's downfall and death; with their courtly manners; their sturdy English pluck and physique; their stately dames who could not forget their English birth, with their sweet ruddy-cheeked girlhood as a mildly-tempered foil! For I venture to say there was more than one Priscilla in the house, who knew what it was to have

"The carded wool like a snowdrift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous
spindle,"

making the fire-lighted rooms, and for that matter
the whole house,

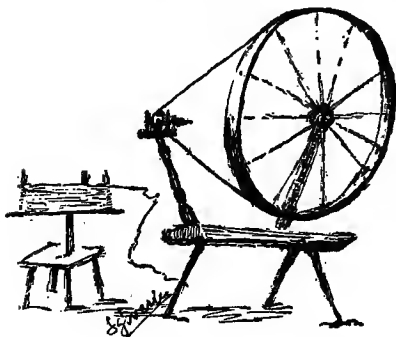
"Beautiful with her beauty and rich with the wealth of her
being."

And on set occasions, there was more than one gallant youth to keep them company.

But these are vagaries that disappear, as I part the portals of these pasture birches on my return to the highway up the hill. Like Lot's wife of old, I cannot forbear turning about as I climb the slope to the highway, to see if I may not discover the old-time roofs, with their incense of blue smoke curling up into the sky of this early spring day; or the glimmer of their window-panes in the sunlight. But it is a vain wish; for there is only a bit of woodland and a wide stretch of water to see, and a stray white sail, — or when

the tide is out, the water is become a sea of waving marsh grass, the lurking place for many a black-winged rail and marsh bird.

Little, as is known, of Harrow House, there is not much more known of its provincial dweller. Generous-hearted, impulsive, open-handed, and patrician in his tastes and carriage, with but little of the spirit to brook serious disaster, though brave as a lion and of the best of pioneer fighting mettle, a man of influence in affairs, it is remarkable that so little is



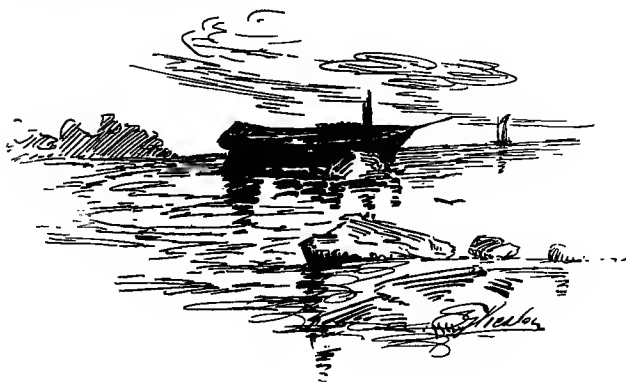
known of him in a historical way. Unlike some men whose lesser exploits have gained for them a biography of some sort, the meagre sketch of Westbrook that has been preserved in local history is

unsatisfactory, leaving its subject shrouded in obscurity that seems undeserved and ungrateful. According to a local historian, Westbrook was led into land speculations through the influence of General Waldo, and others of his trusted friends, which brought him only misfortune and disaster. For all his prominent services to the Dominion of Maine and its colonies, and his worth as a member of the community, broken and disheartened by his losses, he died here at Harrow House, an insolvent; and his mansion, beautiful for

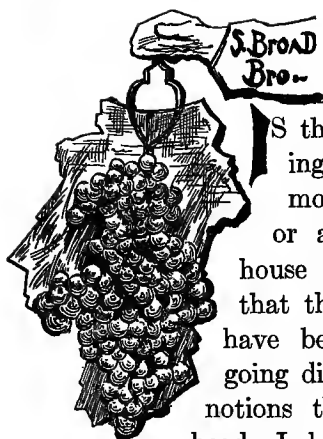
those days, was sold at auction to pay his debts. Not even his burial-place is known; and nothing remains to his memory but his name, which was given to a part of Falmouth, to-day, one of the most flourishing and charming of the suburban boroughs which border on this old seaport of ante-Revolutionary fame.

It would have been different, undoubtedly, had Waldo been less selfish and unscrupulous, and more humane. But for Waldo's unnatural desire to attach the lifeless body of the unfortunate Westbrook for debts into which his creditor's ill-advice had plunged him, the world would know his last resting-place, and would do it honor. Nothing is remembered to Westbrook's dishonor. He was a brave, tender-hearted man, whose generous faith in his own kind was larger than his shrewdness.

The provincial records, the neighboring graveyard, and men's memories as well, are each, and all silent, respecting the man whose family found in him, its last representative.



A WAYSIDE INN



A WAYSIDE INN

IS there anything more abounding in restfulness and content, more individually charming or attractive, than a country house grown old, so gracefully, that the days when it was young have been forgotten? Its sober-going disregard of the new-fangled notions that get into the roofs — heads, I should say, perhaps, — of the more modern house family, with their Queen Anne delusions, their gingerbread decorations, their exaggerations and neuralgic affectations of style, is delightful. Is there a surer panacea for over-worked humanity than one of these quiet, old-fashioned, unpretentious domiciles, such as one finds nestling under the patriarchal elms along some secluded by-way; overlooking some slow-flowing river, with its perspective of meadows, and sloping farms and blue hills; or buried deep in the afternoon shadows of some New Hampshire valley — houses whose recommendations are never called for; whose

simple comforts are proverbial; comforts that peep from the corners of one cosy room and another, upstairs, downstairs, in the big kitchen, even, haunted here and there by quaint, time-stained furniture of the century-old pattern; whose reputations are founded upon a good old age — and whose broad roofs and



stately dignity are the certificates of an eminent respectability?

Looks tell in houses as in men. Faces have their attractions; so have shadowy eaves and sloping roofs, and big-topped chimneys. Sometimes they give the houses they shelter a bad repute, that is fostered by stories of spooks and legends of unsavory doings at untimely hours. What surly, glowering visages are such, that look out upon untidy front yards, owning perhaps a single lonely clump of lilac bushes, with pinched, appealing look akin to what one sees in the face of a mendicant; with the dilapidated fence, that hedges in an unkempt, flowerless enclosure, arousing swift feelings of commiseration, — that kind of pity which is better kept to one's self, and which hastens one's footsteps down the road in self-defence! More often than not, the presence of even this solitary clump of lilacs is lacking, with its hint of freshness, its kindliness of suggestion and rugged encouragement, — as if Nature, after so long a period of doubting hesitancy, and delay about the time

of her going, had excused herself from such ill-mannered company, that did nothing all day long but leer at her with eyes stuffed with a motley array of rags; or patched here and there with an expressionless bit of shingle, for the want of a few cents' worth of glass, and putty, and some slight exertion, — way-marks common to country highways that lead not unlikely to some place known in the region as Poverty Corner. I remember once passing through a country hamlet, which was better known as Hard-scrabble than by the name of the big town that taxed its polls; and there was hardly a house in the place that had not a piece of pine shingle, or a bit of old quilt, or the crown of a castaway hat, where a pane of glass should have been. It struck me as something very discouraging if the world were always to be seen through such a patched-up medium. But, then, some people get used to their places so easily! I query whether it is because they expect so little in life, and so accept what comes to them with a sort of querulous resignation, or expect nothing at all more than a hand-to-mouth existence. I suspect that these people, and the houses that lend them shelter, and an ill-looking certificate of character, are the natural irritants which humanity needs; for a slovenly poverty is a misfortune that carries its own quality of repulsiveness; to say nothing of the quality of the bondage which it imposes upon the body and soul of its unfortunates. One is likely to keep out of the company of such, as he would avoid a nest of cockles.

I do not believe in the total depravity of the human race. There is a taint of meanness hugging the shadow of such a belief. Like some other things that have been preached for years, the more it is preached, the less people believe in it; because it is contrary to human nature and men's truer instincts. The heart speaks louder than the book; and repels the doctrine that would absolve the few, and leave the many in the outer courts of the Hereafter. One



likes to believe in his neighbor; but with the ghost of Total Depravity at his elbow, it is a difficult thing to do. With old houses it is the same. I like to believe all houses as good as they look; and I rarely get disappointed upon closer acquaintance.

Like all old roads, this artery of travel into the inland, from which the little hamlet of Stroudwater draws its nourishment, holds many a surprise for the wayfarer who follows its narrow trend for the first time.

From the top of Stroudwater Hill one sees a group of stately elms; and within the gray shadows of their shapely domes, doubly conspicuous from their height and massive proportions, and their isolation in the midst of the rolling farmlands, a cluster of

dark roofs of ancient aspect, that have upheld the honor of their builder these hundred years and more. This place was known as Broad's Tavern over a century ago, — one of the famous hostelries along the ancient coach road to Boston, past which the lumbering coaches went on their way, to or from, old Falmouth town twice a week; which was something remarkable in the way of travelling accommo-



APPROACH TO BROAD TAVERN

dations for those times; considering the primitive condition of the roads, that gave the traveller a shaking-up that lasted him several days. To be exact, this superior service dates from 1760, before which time the mails were very irregular; mail matter not being despatched until enough had accumulated to pay the carrier, who came, and went with it, on foot, carrying the mail-bag on his back. After a time, horses, and the more convenient saddle-bags were used; but the mail came and went as leisurely as ever. A schedule of arrival and departure was a

thing unthought of. A case in point is an anecdote told by Willis, of a Falmouth gentleman who, by stress of business was obliged to make the trip to Boston, — no mean undertaking then, — who had waited several days for his mail, but the mail-carrier did not come. Impatient to be off, the gentleman began his journey. He met Barnard, the carrier, in Saco woods, where the mail was deliberately opened by the roadside and the wished-for communication delivered. Barnard's honesty must have been of the proverbial "Downeast" sort.

The deep ruts that once turned into the ample tavern yard are gone; likewise the big sign that swung to and fro in the shadow of the big elm across the road by the barns. The only suggestion of the former, is a narrow footpath made by the housefolk in their commonplace goings and comings; while only the gray, weather-stained post, leans out over the highway to still remind the traveller of its ancient occupation, — as lonely, and neglected now, as it is barren of its old-time importance. I do not imagine that the old Broad Tavern was so much different from that famous wayside inn, the firelit windows of which flashed their red flame,

"One Autumn night in Sudbury town,
Across the meadows bare and brown;"

for it is of the same kith and kin.

"As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,

Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality."

Better still, as I turn into the spacious yard, under the great elms, that from the hilltop, looked so much like a great green dome, I see an old estate with hardly a single sign of decay about it, unless it be the sagging ridgepoles of the horsesheds, that extend down the road from the barns that stand as staunch, as though a hundred winters had not hurled their sleet, and drifting snows, and January rains against their moss-patched gables. There are no

"Weather-stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,"

in this old tavern, for it is one of the best-preserved houses hereabout; and when it was my good fortune to see all there was to see about the old place, it possessed a store of antiquated things that would turn the head of any bric-à-brac hunter.

This was comparatively a new country when Thaddeus Broad came hither, more than a century ago, to build his cabin and, with his good wife Lucy, settle down beside the old trail, which was soon to be the great thoroughfare between the more important settlements of three States. All of the worldly chattels of the elder landlord of the Stroudwater Inn, coming hither from the older and more populous Massachusetts colony, were carried in an ample handkerchief. Here, at the edge of Stroudwater, he be-

gan a humble enough career, with his saw, broadaxe and hammer, to get together a shelter which the wayfarer of those days was willing to accept when overtaken on his journey by the nightfall; or the tough storms that swept inland from the sea, scouring the sand-dunes and marshes. This entertainment grew to be a custom. The little house on the Stroudwater road was enlarged into a com-



modious tavern. Big barns were built, and new lands were cleared for grass and grain with which to fill them. A sign was swung to the winds, and the criticism of the traveller.

One can see a bit of the old black sign, once ambitious enough, at the old place. I found it in the Broad tool-house, along with the last one that swung from the Broad gable. On one side of this old relic was a painting of the

frigate *Constitution* under way, with all sails set. On the reverse were depicted a Continental soldier and a red-coat in belligerent attitude. Appropriate and patriotic mottoes might be read on either side of the old sign; while across the lower panel was printed the name of the tavern-keeper and the date of the tavern "housewarming."

In 1834, the son Silas replaced this ancient and much shattered symbol of his father's hospitality with one which resembled a huge bunch of grapes painted a bright yellow against a wooden background of vine-leaf deftly carved at the edge. This hung from a huge wooden hand until long after the railroad was opened eastward from Portsmouth to Portland, which soon perceptibly affected the travel over the old Boston road, and likewise the revenue of the Broad hostelry.

For years Silas Broad kept open house; and with him passed away the routine of tavern-keeping, but not the flavor of olden romance that was peculiarly appurtenant to the Broad acres and savory chimney smokes, nor the legend of its hospitality — which hospitality indeed is to this day graciously dispensed in private life, under the same old roof-tree, by the last of the line, Miss Almira Ann Broad, whose horizon-line of Stroudwater woods does not by any means mark the boundary of her influence and philanthropy.

The Broads were a hardy and toil-toughened race. Lucy, the first hostess of the famous Broads, died at the age of one hundred and five, and the present

dweller at the old inn, at the ripe age of seventy-one, possessed the freshness, and vivacity, and ruddy health of a woman in the prime of life.

Standing on the broad flag of granite that held the approach to the gabled porch, apparently the nowadays entrance to the big house, I grasped the black iron knocker; and a strange metallic crash of sound went clattering down the hall within, up the front stairs, and through the house, out into the great kitchen, to tell, with hollow voice, its message. A feeling almost of remorse stole over me at this cold-blooded invasion of what seemed a sacred precinct; for I was a stranger to the people who lived here, the direct descendants of old Colonel Broad, who might reasonably be expected to resent such flagrant curiosity. But no one answering, I sent the echoes of the huge knocker flying through the house a second time. The door opening just a bit, I caught the glimpse of a pair of mild brown eyes, with just a hint of doubt about them, peeping out between its narrow edge and the stout pine lintel. Satisfied with this preliminary survey, a sweet-faced woman with white kerchief pinned about her shapely shoulders, her hair with just a hint of silver in it, combed straight back, without a single artificial touch or garnishment to mar its simple beauty, stood within its shadow.

"I called to see the house!" I said.

"Will you walk in, sir?" was the gracious response.

Over the charmed threshold, down the long hall, into the old-fashioned sitting-room I went. One side of it, mostly of glass, looks out over a green slope of

mowing-land extending down to the woods that partly hide the blue waters of the creek. I sit in the big rocker that was the favorite a century ago, with a sense of restfulness that makes the chat of old times and the old house delightful enough. A bright fire of seasoned birch is blazing upon the wide hearth that has burned out many crackling back-logs; and



BROAD TAVERN

upon whose glowing coals many a mug of flip has set "a-simmering" to serve its turn with the travellers and wags who sought the hospitality of the old tavern. Incongruous as the fire may seem, with the roof-tree overshadowed by the green tops of the elms, it was cheerful on this morning early in June, for the days preceding had been days of cold rain, leaving a feeling of dampness and chill about the old house,

for all the summer sun was shining so brilliantly upon the fields and woods. It added to the pleasure to see the old hearth made young again in its glory of leaping flame.

It was here in these rooms that the élite of old-fashioned and aristocratic Falmouth were entertained by their jolly landlord, whose two hundred avoirdupois and ruddy face gave ample proof of good cheer; and the long hall that runs through the centre of the house was the scene of many a hilarious festivity, where now, on either side, are bits of real old-fashioned mahogany: the straight-backed chair with curiously woven bottom of greenish rushes, a cunningly-carved escritoire with brightly polished brass candelabra, and shining table-top, each one of which has a history of its own. This desk belonged to Judge Mellen, and that other thing to some other distinguished person, making them enviable possessions in these days of swift fortunes and swift social elevation.

It was a great place for winter dancing parties from town, and it is not difficult to imagine the beautiful picture of an evening at Sudbury Inn, having its counterpart at this ancient ruin at Stroudwater — when,

“Round this old-fashioned, quaint abode,
Deep silence reigned, save when a gust
Went rushing down the country road,
And skeletons of leaves, and dust,
A moment quickened by its breath,
Shuddered and danced their dance of death,
And through the ancient oaks o’erhead
Mysterious voices moaned and fled.”

In this crackling birchen flame, I see the gay townfolk who have come out here for a good time, in their smart costumes; their hair white with powder, and their cheeks berouged and bepatched; the gentlemen not a whit the less stylishly gotten up; with their long queues done up in ribbons; their silk hose and velvet breeches; their embroidered waistcoat and dainty laces; their silver or gold knee-buckles and pumps, waiting for some tardy exquisite who is looked upon as the leader of this jolly set; or it may be the fiddler who is belated, — for a dance is nothing without a fiddle, and an old-fashioned fiddler to fiddle it.

But the time has come for the festivity to begin. There is a hush in this youthful hilarity that is merged in the bustle incident to the more immediate preparations for a stately minuet, or a more rollicking measure still. Over all there sounded

“The music of a violin.
The firelight, shedding over all
The splendor of its ruddy glow,
Filled the whole parlor large and low;
It gleamed on wainscot and on wall,” —

and rivalling the flickering of the home-made “tallow-dip,” it shone into the faces of fair women, only to find a rival warmth in the ruddy glow of their cheeks. It was a dissipation that was kept up into the wee small hours of the morning, if the chronicler of these events is to be believed, — and much to the scandal of the community; for to the orthodox mind

in those days, dancing was a lure of the fiend. In Provincial Falmouth dancing was prohibited by law, in places of "public resort." The "quality" in town held their dances at Freeman's tavern, an old-time hostelry of most excellent repute, and on one occasion, as early as the first year of the Revolution, the dancers were indicted. Among them was Theophilus Bradbury, who afterwards became a distinguished lawyer, and with whom the distinguished Theophilus Parsons studied in after years. Bradbury appeared for the respondents with the ingenious defence that as the dancers had hired the room for the season, it became a private apartment and was not a place of "public resort." The court sustained the counsel's view of the case, and the "quality" danced to their heart's content ever after.

Sitting here, with the sound of the fire-music within, and the whistle of the robin in the orchard trees without, my hostess told a story connected with the inn, of a couple of not over-hardened gamesters, and their experience with the occupant of the Bradley parsonage. It was on a Saturday night. In this self-same room it may have been, that a group of revelers, betwixt their hot toddy, their card-playing, and their wooing of the fickle goddess, with a constantly increasing pile of winnings on one side and a constantly lightening purse on the other, grew so oblivious to churchly precept that the game lasted well into Sunday morning. A look at the tall clock in its corner in the hall told them what, with all its loud striking, had gone unheeded, that midnight had

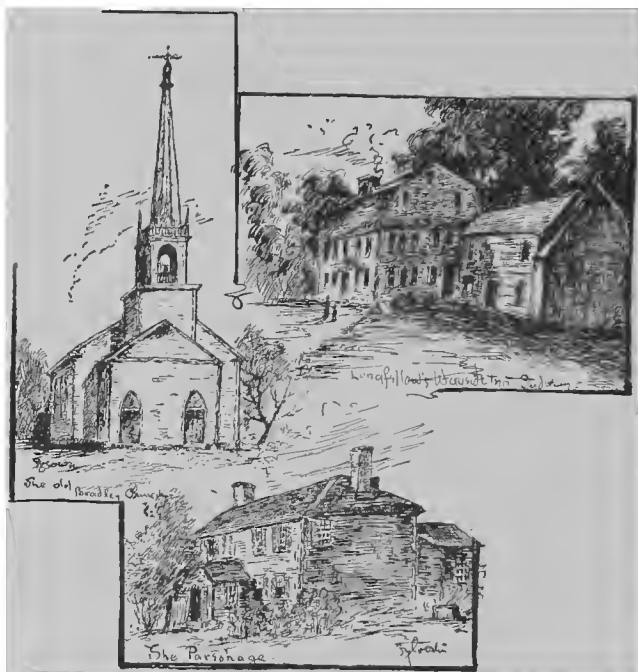
come and gone, — a revelation not unmixed with twinges of conscience, that caused the cards at once to disappear. With an extra mug of flip around, they said their good-night.

“Alone remained the drowsy squire,
To rake the embers of the fire,
And quench the waning parlor light;
While from the windows here and there,
The scattered lamps a moment gleamed,
And the illumined hostel seemed
The constellation of the Bear,
Downward, athwart the misty air,
Sinking and setting toward the sun.
Far off, the village clock struck one.”

Not all of those midnight revellers took their candles from the narrow mantel to light them to bed along the big hall and up the stairway. Two of the hilarious company, wishing their sleepy landlord a good night's rest, went out into the dark highway that crept past Parson Bradley's. With uncertain steps they kept the faintly discernible track, down the hollow and up the hill between the inn and the old grist-mill brook that went down to the marsh as noisily in the dark as in broad daylight, as if it knew the way so well it had no need of eyes, — which was more than could be said of the two scapegraces who went creeping over it by the help of the sagging handrail of its old bridge.

The nearer they came to the parsonage, the livelier grew their consciences at having trespassed upon the Lord's time. After a brief debate, and not without

misgiving, they concluded to call up the parson and divide the spoils with him, thinking that by turning into the church treasury a part of their illgotten gains, partial absolution might be secured. They plodded along through the dark and over the hill by the



Tate house, past its black elms, glancing no doubt at its gloomy windows, as if expecting some uncanny thing, perhaps some old woman's ghost, might be there to cast its glowering eyes upon them, — for those were times when uneasy spirits went abroad o' nights. They kept up their courage by dint of

loud talk and an occasional pull at the black bottle, dreading most of all the parson's scathing rebuke, which would undoubtedly greet their endeavor to make him a party to their unchristian practices. The parson's slender wicket rattled loudly as they opened it, and they made a furious din with the brazen knocker at the door, whereat the preacher, noted for his dry sayings, his keen satire, and his eccentricities, came to the door to listen to the midnight confession. What they said is not recorded, but hardly had the old man received the silver, when he astonished his callers by his mild acquiescence and the half-approving inquiry:

"Well, gentlemen, why did you not play longer?"
Along a narrow, old-fashioned mantel, so high up



that I could no more than easily reach it standing, were the same old candlesticks a-row which belonged to the earliest days of this inn, and which gleamed as

kindly and looked as gay as if they had just come from the modern manufacturer of bric-à-brac; only there was the not easily describable flavor of antiquity about them which is lacking in the modern article.

The ancient brass-mounted andirons, the fender and heavy tongs, and the long, slender-backed, broad-bladed shovel, polished to the brilliancy of gold, keep them demure company about the broad fireplace, that with its short, chunky jambs speak of the stout-heartedness and toughness of things in general when its virgin flues were first aglow with flame. What tales these quaint appurtenances of this old room could tell, with its medley of experiences of home life, that began with the hanging of its stalwart crane, the dawning of its child life, the incoming and the outgoing of its stranger guests, its episodes of roistering entertainment, and its midnight revels! What a store of precious secrets are held within the heart of its old roof-tree of pine; as sound, every timber about it, as when with big broadaxe they were hewn square, and, with mallet and chisel, were fitted into a perfect roof-plate, rafter, and ridgepole! A square house, goodly in proportions, set upon capacious foundations, with two good stories above. It is painted white, with cool-looking green blinds, to give a pleasing contrast; and from the eaves on the side toward the highway, its sharply-pitched roof runs up to a stout ridgepole with its single stout chimney amidships; to make as steep a descent on its rear side, keeping on down over its

ell, shed-like, until its low eaves overshadow the windows of the ancient kitchen. East, and west, its gables look with the highway. From the horsesheds, eastward, it is a delightful vista of birchen woods over the June landscape to the farthest point of the horizon, old "Black-strap," with its wooden monument, a relic of a coast survey made in the early part of the century. Westward, from the hooded doorway, with its sidelights of green-glass, one sees the sun set amid the orchard tops; and that is all.

From the restful entertainment of this old room and its smouldering hearthfire, the musical speech of my gentle hostess in her suit of gray, and the June sunlight without, with the west wind blowing through the orchard and into the open windows, bringing with it a bar or two of some orchard singer's madrigal, it is but a step to the quaint staircase with its slender handrail. The shadows thicken as the garret is approached with its single window in either gable, a roomy, unfinished interior, rich in memorials of a time and a people, the simplest episodes of whose most matter-of-fact existence are tinged now with the color of romance.

This old garret is not so different from one I knew as a playground on wet days at the home farm when a boy; and I never hear the rain beating on the roof, or tapping, with its wet fingers, at my window-pane, but the sloping rafters of that garret come to my mind. I look again out of its cobwebby panes upon the dripping woods across the pastures, while all the sky between is gray with driving mists and wind-

blown rain swept across the dark background of the pines in slanting sheets of wet, that leave the tussocks of kalmias white with crystal drops; paint the walls and fences and the trunks of the trees black with the drenching; and drive the birds into their leafy hiding-places. What strange things one finds in these garrets of old houses, with their stained pine rafters and sloping walls, so thickly hung with



AN ANCIENT HOSTELRY

tapestry from the loom of some vagrant spider! What antique furnishings are these that fill every nook with a presence that inclines one to silence, and makes one step softly over the creaking boards of the floor, as if in fear of disturbing the slumbers of its dusty tenants that have been asleep so long! These old garrets are the homes of the ghost family, and it is no wonder that one feels the weird influences that lurk behind every shadow. It is a drowsy enough

place, — but what suggestions look out upon one with puzzling query from the medley of old paraphernalia that has outlived its day and people by so many generations! What a rare place for an auction, — a real old-fashioned country “Vandoo,” to which everybody would come for miles around, to have a bit of harmless gossip about their neighbors, or their crops; to bid a few cents for some coveted object that has been long cherished in this “Old Curiosity Shop!” These auction entertainments, however, as I remember, were largely of the out-of-door kind; whatever was to be sold under the hammer was piled promiscuously into the ample front yard for everybody to see; while many a yarn was spun at the expense of one article after another; and it was a miracle, if the rain did not come down before the sale was over, or the day was out. Fair, or foul, it did not matter, as the whole transaction bore a funeral aspect; while the auctioneer’s wit was of the subdued melancholy sort; as if this selling of family heirlooms were an indefensible piece of sacrilege; as if there were something of shame attaching to the garrulous part he felt himself to have taken in this closing act of an old-time drama.

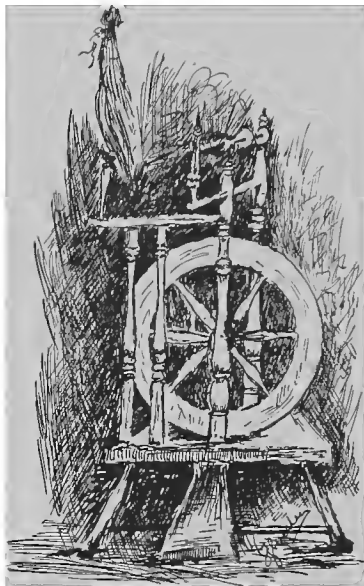
There are several families living peacefully in this out-of-the-way community, where the first day of April has no more significance than the first day of any other month, so far as the visit of the town assessors is concerned; and the tax collector evidently knows nothing of the place, for he is never seen here. What taxes are levied and collected here are those

common to the domain of the house-cat, whose bright eyes may be seen at almost any time of the day flashing like a pair of emeralds aflame, set in the black obscurity of the farthest garret corner, while their owner knows no more delightful occupation than this silent waiting for the unsuspecting rodent whose appetite is like to be his ruin. Here is a rare table for the squirrels and the lesser mice; with the garret floor strewn with the yellow harvest of the corn-rows; where every setting sun ushers in a field-day, or rather a field-night, for these mischief-makers, who go scampering, up and down, with a queer rustling footstep that reminds one of shivering leaves, and winter snows. An old battered squirrel-trap of wood, sprung long days ago for the last time, is here; with its nubbin of corn stripped bare of every kernel by some sly chipmunk, or by the mice that have crawled in and out its spindle-hole, no doubt somewhat enlarged by the sharp chisels of their teeth. Here is the identical tow string that, I trow, has more than one bit of boyish romance twisted into its yellow fibre, that carried the message from the spindle to the heavy box-cover that it was time to shut its squirrel guest in, — when down it dropped with a terrible crash, holding the striped marauder a close prisoner, until a flaxen-haired boy, whose counterpart I some time knew, should come to release him. It is a wonderful panorama of bygone days that unwinds from this self-same spindle, as I lift the heavy cover, tied down with many a mesh of cobweb. Unlike Pandora's box, this is over-

brimming with good things; and like it, too, they come trooping out so fast, and so many of them, that it is impossible to keep them in, — for every day in all of boyhood's fleeting years is here; and each is crowded with a reminiscence for every hour. It is a music-box as well; for it seems to be full of tunes of bobolinks; of white-throated sparrows; of thrashers and robins; and of swift-running brooks and falling raindrops; and there are hints of flame of cardinal blossoms, of wind-flowers and bluets, of yellow and purple corn leaves, and of orchard bloom and dandelions, of mellow sunlight and flashing wings. This is a delightful family to visit, and once in its company there is nothing to say, although so much to think of.

Near neighbors to these are the flax-wheel, and hatchel, and the huge bunch of tow. I twirl the little wheel round and round, and it is a rare song of old days it sings; for all the rickety treadle creaks its remonstrance in a way not to be misunderstood, — for it sets up to belong to the aristocracy of the Linen family, and a good old Irish family it is. The big spinning-wheel, with a musical burr to its speech, chides the flax-wheel upon this exhibition of family pride; and suggests in a brisk sort of way common to the connections of the Woollen family, that the family name does not go a great way now-a-days in the getting of a living; and people who rely on their ancestral honors to win them a place in the world, find themselves in a precarious way. The great handloom, that has made, I do not know how many yards of homespun in its day, sets its ponderous seal of

approval to this opinion of the spinning-wheel, with a single clash of its empty sleys. There is an affirmative rustling among the bobbins in the huge square basket of ash, that keeps its place beside the bench on which the good wife sat at her weaving. Not



knowing how the matter may end, and wishing to keep good friends all around, I turn my back upon this cousinly difference, to catch a glimpse of a brave old muster-coat of stained and faded blue, with its huge brass buttons and chevrons wrought in red cord, the only relic of a once warlike family, peaceful enough in these peaceful days. The bat-

tered sword that hangs beside it, that glistened bravely at the old-fashioned musters, and on training days, is now subjected to a more ignominious fate. To keep it fitting company, the equally ancient flintlock musket stands guard in a corner close by, with a box of battered flints that were brought home from Maḍawaska, or from some other forage; and a cartridge-box covered with black leather hanging by a

rusty nail, close by the rustier musket-muzzle. There is no smell of powder-smoke about the old coat; but visions of woodland trails, and gleams of campfires in the shadows of the deep hemlocks, of watchful men, and of roistering training days, with their butts of Jamaica rum and gingerbread booths that lasted long after the Revolution, are painted up and down its dusty lapels. My eyes are not old enough to see all there is here, for it all occurred before my day. The old iron sword, never drawn upon a more belligerent occasion than one of these trainings, if the truth were known, — a bloodless relic, — made a capital corn-sheller before the mechanical device for shelling corn was invented. I suspect that more than one country boy has sat a-straddle the corn-box, with the point of one of these old sword relics held in place by an iron staple driven into the end of the box before him, while the handle, placed between two boards set cross-wise this selfsame box, was held down by the avoirdupois of the operator, his legs sprawling wide apart, and his left hand grasping the back of the sword, while the ear, held in the right, was drawn stoutly upward against the dull edge of the clumsy weapon, and so the corn was scraped clean from the cob, first at the little end, and then at the butt. This was a not unusual occupation on rainy days in summer; or in the firelight of a winter evening, when the meal chest needed replenishing; it was a sign that the next stormy day would send some one of the menfolk to the miller. That was a part of the story of the old sword to me.

But there is a more royal family yet in this old garret; for, in a sequestered corner, I have spied a pair of rusty iron dogs with their legs crossed in a dignified way; and hanging from the rafters overhead is an old copper warming-pan with a long handle, that, filled with glowing coals raked from between these identical andirons, lent its warmth to its owner's bed on cold winter nights. Close beside it is the ancient tin baker, in which countless batches of cream biscuit have been baked to perfection; and to keep it company is the spit on which the Thanksgiving turkeys were basted, and done to a turn; and here is the iron crank, dreaded by boy and girl alike, by which the roast was turned, round and round, with a slowness that was exasperating. An ancient tin lantern, with perforated sides, and a socket for its "dipped" candle, that had its usual place upon the mantel over the sitting-room fireplace, that no doubt lighted the goodman safely over the drifted path to the barns, and that had, as well, shed its dim light over many a husking bout, is here. It is of a quaint pattern, with square sides and a top that resembles the hip-roof to a toy house; and its sides are figured with scrolls and flower-work, deftly outlined by puncturings large and small; and at the top, or peak of its roof, is a little loop of tin, just big enough to receive a single finger, which was to serve the lantern-bearer for a bail. To keep this old lantern from being lonesome, is a tin horn, a good yard in length, that used to sound its alarm across lots on week days to call the farm-help to dinner; and on

Sundays, maybe, to call the good people of the vicinity to church; and in case of conflagration to summon the neighbors with their buckets; this was before church-bells could be afforded, and before the new-fangled trumpets with their whanging notes came in with the peripatetic vender of Connecticut notions.

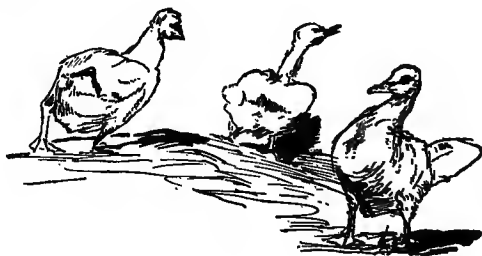
Here is something that could tell a story if it would, — a curiously gotten-up affair that, in the days before such a comfort as a fire was known at church, was taken along, with the rest of the family, full of ruddy coals to keep the feet of the women warm.

But this is not all I have found in this haunted spot; for there is a warning of singing-wings, and I have discovered a huge wasps' nest over the window, which has no doubt been there many a year, for wasps are partial to such places; and once well-settled, are loath to leave; no matter how much they may discommode the housewife as she goes after her herbs that hang from the adjacent rafter.

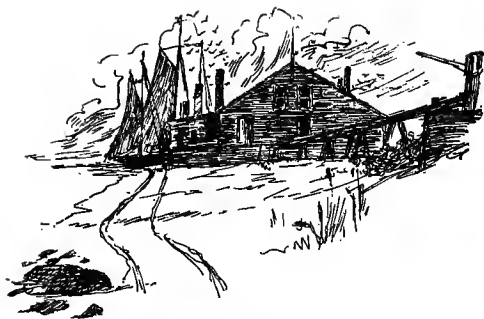
Was there ever an old garret without its pine chest, into which all things have been piled from decade to decade, which always repays rummaging to the bottom? I have found one here, and scarcely have I lifted the lid before there is a scampering of mice, and a rustling among the bits of faded paper that cover the bottom so thickly; and sure enough, I find just what I expected after I caught the scampering sound, a nest of tiny mice, as snugly ensconced in their house of paper, as the people downstairs in their house of wood. If there were ever any tales of olden

days in this chest, the mice have worn them out with their reading of them; or found them so dry, that, critic-like, they have torn them into bits to build them into an edifice of their own.

It was years ago that I saw these things, and I know not how much fact and fancy are mixed in the order of relation. A rare memorial of a rare and bygone race is this Wayside Inn of old Stroudwater, with its peaked gables, its black roofs, and its big chimney, that bespeak a comfort, a substance and a thrift of exceptional quality; and a hospitality the like of which is as rare as the brass-mounted bedsteads I found in its sleeping-rooms, — all four posts of which, of dainty and slender proportions, reached to the ceiling, each bedstead surmounted by a bed of royal dimensions, white as the driven snow, that no doubt owned the magic panacea of perfect rest for humankind. A grand house then, it must be the same to-day. The best wish I have for it is that it may stand a century longer, or as long as the world stands, for that matter; for the story it tells to the wayfarer is one that will bear repeating every day.



AN OLD FISH-YARD



AN OLD FISH-YARD



GET a sniff of salt breeze through my window almost any hour of the day, for I do not live far from the sea, and there often comes to mind a town that is very old; so old in fact, it some time since celebrated its quarto-decennial, for its settlement was almost coincident with that of good old Plymouth. This old town in its stripling days had a ferry as it has now; nor was there anything strange in that, as the sea hemmed it in on every side, unless one mentions a slender neck of land on its north-west corner; no doubt left there to keep it from altogether getting into the water. This ferry had a landing-place, or slip, at the foot of what was then known as King Street, near what was once the site of its first settler's cornfield; a not important fact in itself, but interesting historically, as this scant allusion to it may assist the reader in locating long forgotten King Street, if the reader ever knew of King Street at all.

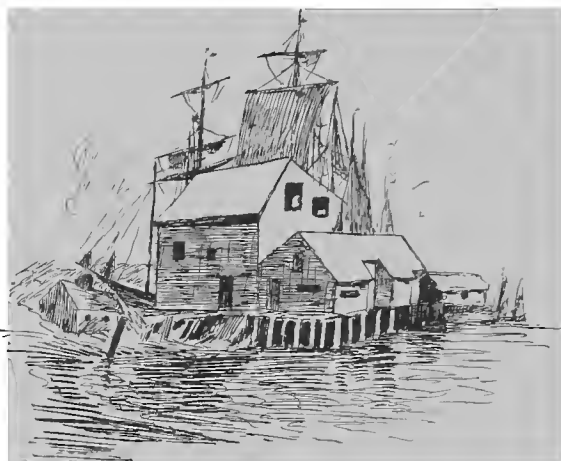
South of this old ferry landing, now metamorphosed by the wharf-builders into a compact mass of oak piling and granite wall, with its rows of long, brown, iron-plated "bonded" warehouses of a certain great corporation of common carriers, is the Government House of Customs. Opposite, on the water-side of the broad street which now faces the whole southerly water-front of a city, the island steamers take their passengers, the way to which is through a long narrow lane. At the head of this passageway is posted a sign, "Private way. Dangerous passing." What one would ordinarily regard as its meaning, is a query, with so many people going up and down; unless one is to observe greater care in wending his way between its rows of low-eaved dusky-gray wooden buildings of the ancient rambling tumble-down sort that hedge it so closely in. This lane is odorous with the smells of the shipping and the wide docks. It is a savory odor when the fishermen have been out a day or two, and the tide has washed the slips clean; for the harbor, of itself, is a wonderfully fresh and invigorating picture on a hot summer afternoon, with its white sails, its cool winds and dark emerald floods of salt sea-water. Everything here smacks of the sea, and sea-toggery. A half-score of ship-chandlery shops line this narrow lane. Over the floors of their interiors are heaps of bright-looking tackle, anchors, huge cables, cordage, barrels of tar, dirty and sticky-looking. There are roomy attics with low-sloping rafters, that hold up broad slated roofs, into which are set rows of square win-

dows, under which the sail-makers sit on their flat benches all day long and sew piles of snowy duck into white wings for the ships that have been brought round from their ways at Fisher's Point, or up from the Bath ship-yards. Here are fruiterers from the Bermudas with their sails blown into tatters by some Gulf Stream tornado, so quietly moored within their docks, that one would hardly think of them as having sailed under the Equator, and perhaps around the world, at one time or another. Through this thoroughfare is the way of the tourist to the island boats. There is only a narrow plank walk for foot passengers, while in the lane, or alley, is barely room for one team to pass another; and when the steamers come in from down the bay, one, who tries to make his way thitherward, experiences no inconsiderable jostling and elbowing, as everybody seems bent on getting up town in the shortest possible time.

There is more even, than this, to attract one's attention as he gets into this odorous atmosphere. Lobster-houses open out upon this narrow footway, where the pleasure-seeker for the day may buy a freshly boiled lobster for an outing lunch. In these damp, dirty shops the toothsome crustacean is boiled, packed into barrels and boxes, and labelled for Boston, New York, and Montreal. Hundreds of barrels of this delicious shell-fish are shipped hence, every week throughout their season, so that the home market has hardly an abundant supply at any time. A lobster-house is not an inviting place to one inclined to neatness, for the floors are slippery with accumu-

lations of dirt and slime, though some of them are really cleanly washed every day, and drenched with the purest of water from an inland lake; but such a one is rather the exception than the rule.

Set in a low brickwork along the wall, are black, wide-mouthed kettles, into which the live lobsters are thrown for boiling as they are taken from the lobster



FISH HOUSES

smack in the dock; and piled about the floor awaiting the "sorting" process, are bushels of boiled lobsters, the ruddy hues of which lend brilliancy to the dingy interior. Rarely does one see such beauty of coloring as these homely shell-fish exhibit in their coats, spattered with the richest of tints, from a pale green to a most brilliant scarlet. From the open door at the rear of the shop one sees the entire dock, with its varied sailing craft. Some fishermen are empty-

ing some salt-water tanks in the hold of a fishing-smack, that has just come in from a trip down the coast. The lobsters, pulled up with long forks, two and three at a time, and thrown into big, square baskets, are rapidly hoisted to the wharf, where the contrast between these, so soberly clad in suitings of dun-colored olive-green, and those just from the boiling sea-water, rich in glowing color, is a marked one.

"Fresh-b'iled lobster, sir? purty nigh onter th' last on 'em this year."

From the bright light of a mid-August afternoon, into the damp cool shadows of this old shop, lighted only by its two low doors and a pair of dingy windows, is too abrupt for the normal vision. The half-light of this interior has the quality of semi-opacity.

"Have one, sir? No sof'-shells in that heap," — and the old man who kept this place came forward from his background of Rembrandt browns, thumbing the ruddy back of a good sized specimen, as if to corroborate his assertion.

"Getting scarce, are they?"

"Lord bless yer! Ther's lobsters 'nuff, only th' law's on arter th' fifteenth."

Straightening out the stoop in his shoulders slowly, and pulling and twisting his oiled overalls into place, a hardy, weather-beaten old salt, with a rim of gray, stubby beard around his chin, and above that a pair of ruddy cheeks, and peering out over them, a pair of keen gray eyes that light up rather a pleasant face, and over all a rusty black felt hat of a certain non-

descript style common among fishermen, my lobster-seller, apparently delighted, keeps on with his grievance:

"It's nigh onter thirty year sence I took t' fishin', an' in them days there wuz hardly mor'n a half-dozen smacks runnin' lobsters on the Maine coast; nowa-days, ther's nigh onter half a hund'ed sail. I've heerd tell as haow there wuz two thousan' men an' as many bo'ts a-ketchin' lobsters fer the fleet;



A LOBSTER CANNERY

but they're like t' pull the'r bo'ts up on the bank ef folks don't change th' law. I'm agin the law anyhow, fer the Province folk send the'r lobsters here free, w'en we can't ketch s'much as a crab; an' they allers come w'en they're least wanted. Why, I've seen thousan's o' lobsters shoveled overboard this very w'arf fer the want of a market. No need o' pertectin' the lobster. Natur' 'll take care ther's lobsters 'nuff. Can't ketch 'em all no mor'n yer can

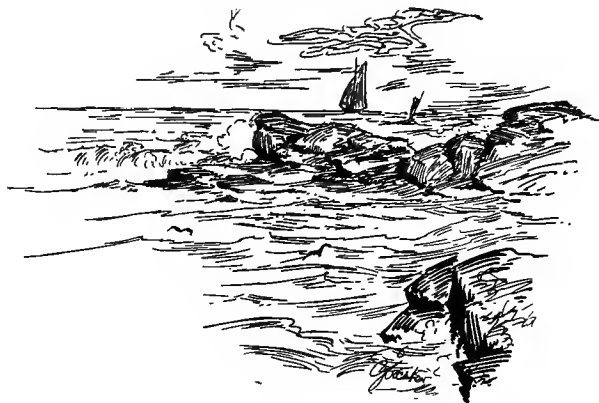
all the mussels an' clams. They ain't no fools, as any fisherman knows; an' they'll spawn an' hatch, an' spawn an' hatch, spite o' lobster-pots, er law; for a single female of 'em perduces twenty thousan' aigs, an' finds a place for 'em in th' seaweed or rocks, er some'eres. Ther'll be lobsters 'nuff; but yer see th' trubble is, country folks don't know nuthin' 'bout 'em. It jes' helps the cannin' folks, an' thet's all. My boy tells me ther's twenty-four hund'ed mile o' coast-line thet belongs t' the Stet o' Maine, but 't might be less, well 's more, fer the ketchin' o' lobsters fer a livin' from this aout. I tell yer, sir, 'taint right. I'm agin th' law. Gittin' a livin' anyway, 's preca-r'ous 'nuff; but ketchin' lobsters 'n the Stet o' Maine 's precareser."

From the southern boundary of this State, northward, is the fishing ground of the world, and hereabouts along the island shores are the homes of some of its most hardy fisher-folk.

The summer voyager among the islands of this bay, will discover, here and there, odd-looking bits of lattice-work among the rocks, or on the sands. They are the tools of the lobster-catcher that bring these toilers of the sea over a half-million dollars yearly. Anybody who has had a sniff of salt water along this coast, can tell you they are lobster-traps; homely, ungainly bits of handiwork, half-round, perhaps four feet in length, with slender slats nailed lengthwise, their ends covered with a netting of coarse wire, or hempen twine; and in this netting is an aperture through which the hungry crustacean enters after

the bait so temptingly displayed. Two men usually go "snacks," handling from a single boat about two hundred traps or pots, altogether.

By daylight the fishermen are pulling toward the lobster-grounds, most likely some sheltered cove, or narrow inlet that makes into the shore, here and there down the bay, their boat piled fore and aft



THE LOBSTER GROUNDS

and loaded to the water's edge with traps that are to be baited and thrown overboard at intervals off-shore, where they remain over night, or until the lobster-catchers return for them. They are easily found by their painted floats; and pulled up, one by one, their contents are emptied into the dory; the bait replenished, the traps sink out of sight. So these fishermen go, until every trap has been visited. Then they return home; unless, as is often the case, they have a camp under some of the island bluffs,

or along their yellow sands, when they take their booty to a lobster-car anchored somewhere in the immediate vicinity, until a lobster-smack shall sail their way to take this product of the sea to market. So, through wet, and fog, and summer sunshine, these toilers ply their industry in the sea.

Custom House wharf is a familiar place, with its small steamer rubbing uneasily against its piling, grinding against its coating of barnacles, bobbing up and down as the tide, turning from ebb to flood, comes into the dock with a long heavy swell, setting agog the big ships moored against the coal-sheds opposite. The sun-heat is at its flood on the sloping roofs, and the tremulous motion of the atmosphere is as plainly visible as is that of the water beneath us. The noisy puffing of a hoisting-engine, lifting huge buckets of coal from the hold of a vessel close by, adds to the annoyances that seem always to beset one, with the mercury "rising" ninety, on the shady side of the house. A breeze comes from "out in the stream" that one wishes might blow more pertinaciously; but it has died away, smothered in a flurry of dust along the street; and the air is more stifling yet. The people about the awning-sheltered decks, scarce conceal their impatience to be off and down the bay; but the boat lazily swings, and tugs at its moorings, as if its sole mission were to teach on-lookers the Philosophy of Indifference, for it seems no nearer starting than a quarter of an hour ago.

It is a mixed company one sees here; Canadians from as far west as Ottawa and Toronto; islanders

with their baskets and bundles — hale, hearty, bluff fellows as ever pulled a cod-line on the *Banks*; city people by the score, off for the afternoon; with a sprinkling of fishermen and coasting-men going to their vessels anchored in the adjacent “roads,” while their seines are being mended on the upland fields. A trio of youthful Italians, with a harp and two violins, begin a potpourri of melody that puts everybody in more generous humor. These children from a far-off country, are shrewd, and keenly alive to the chance of getting a penny, or what is better, a nickel; and are apt to measure their modicum of really pleasing arias by such surface indications of wealth, or impecuniosity, as the audience may possess. The little fellow who brushes by me with a shabby violin under his arm, jingling his handful of nickels and pennies in his brimless hat, with clothes rusty with exposure to rain and sun, has a warm heart, for his cheeks are flushed; and his eyes, big and brown and sparkling with pleasure, lend a piquant beauty to his olive-tinged face. Perhaps the stray, silver quarter dropped into his old hat by the beautiful girl who leans idly against the flagstaff has something to do with it. Now it is a gavotte; and the little fellow plays as if at a serenade under the soft moonlight of Italy’s skies, and the generous girl were his innamorata, in truth. Now it is one of Strauss’s waltzes; and two little misses are making the most of these delightful strains. I hardly know which most to admire, the soft strains of the music or the graceful movements of the children.

But there is a hint of starting. Some late-coming freight is hastily put aboard, and we shall be off a moment later. There is enough to see when one is tired of looking at his neighbors. Under the wharf great, lazy rats come out stealthily, and then scamper away with clumsy haste into the crevices in the granite walls, frightened perhaps by the puffing of a tug that has come into the dock after a vessel, for it makes as much noise as if it had a Cunarder in tow. The white-winged gulls sweep by the end of the wharf, and the loosely-hanging sails of the ships about us, mirrored in the green waters below, twist and bend into a multitude of intermingling sinuous lines and shapes among the bits of brilliant color reflected from their hulls. The air is palpitating with unfamiliar sounds, and is thick with pungent smells.

“All aboard!”

A long shrill whistle, the lines are cast off, — first fore, then aft. A belated islander, market-basket in hand, hastens across the wharf, and with a daring leap, lands safely on deck, — an episode that sometimes ends differently. The steamer backs from her mooring-place, stopping occasionally, as if short of breath, but really to let some sailing vessel go by. Once in the stream, we make our way down the harbor crowded with coasters, for the storm-signal is up, on the Government building, though the zenith is clear, with a copper-colored horizon to eastward. A queer-looking object, which might be taken for a working model of Noah's Ark, has just passed our

stern. It is a ferry-boat, that, despite its ungainly lines, is an improvement on the opposition line, especially if one wishes to take his horse and carriage along. The captain of the steamer has a great inclination to blow, not his horn, but his whistle. Every steam craft that comes within earshot is greeted with three ear-splitting blasts from somewhere overhead, and an answering triplet of shrieks comes in reply across the intervening waters. I notice with



a conscious feeling of elation, that a steam yacht goes past without deigning to notice a hail that is growing monotonous, and, that is without necessity in broad daylight, with a half-mile of leeway and plenty of sea-room.

With so many vessels going in and out, there are no pilot boats. Pilotage is not compulsory in these waters; so a shipmaster may pilot his ship into port without penalty or forfeiture. The harbor is so easy of access that few seafarers find occasion for as-

sistance, though the English steamers invariably take a pilot. For the matter of need, it might be asserted with the utmost truthfulness, that there is hardly a coaster, or fishing-smack from this to Quoddy Head, but almost any one of its crew might be depended upon, individually, to make port in the darkest night, for the island roads are fairly broad and safe, and lead to Fore River, and the inner Cape shore. When a pilot is signaled from the outside, the stevedores draw lots to see which one shall go out after the vessel and pocket the commission, or pilotage; but the men who go piloting, rarely have no more than their reputation to lose, and of which most of them are very proud.

The steamer makes straight for a dumpy, white light-tower at the end of the granite Breakwater, and on the port side, —

“Are the black wharves and the slips,” —

over which the great West tumbles its products into the holds of immense European steamships; and a historic spot it is; for here, at the foot of India Street, ancient King Street that was, where the roundhouse of a Canadian railway now stands, is the site of old Fort Loyall of Colonial fame. The sunken ledges of Spring Point are close under our keel; and the Point itself is within a pistol shot; where the low, gray walls of Fort Preble, named for a famous commodore, bask peacefully in the afternoon sun, which we might take to be deserted, but for the enlivening

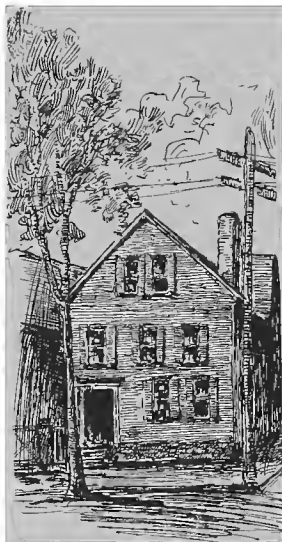
strains of the fort band that come to us over the water; and that bring to mind the days when the fields, now in plain sight, were white with thousands of army tents. Recalling an episode of the Revolution, it was no doubt in this near neighborhood that Captain Mowatt anchored the *Canseau*, the *Cat*, and two other small sloops one bright October morning in 1775, remaining until sundown, during which time he diverted himself with the burning of the old town, in which he was completely successful.

One takes a backward look toward the city, with Mowatt's attack in mind, and the sites of two ancient landmarks are in view, as one follows the sky-line of the old town. One is westward, just above the jagged roofs of the Falmouth Hotel, and marks the site of the old Marston Tavern which stood on the easterly edge of old Market Square, on the water side. Mowatt was detained for a short time by Col. Thompson here, at the old tavern, as a prisoner. Perhaps it was for that reason, that the guns of the *Canseau* were trained so destructively upon the old hostelry. The old tavern was the place of booking for all the stages out of Falmouth, or until the Elm Tavern was built, which was about 1826. In the course of time the old hostel had served its ends as a place of entertainment, and the huge chimney amidships was demolished, and with it went the ancient association of its like huge open fires, where the cocked hats of the town had wagged their gossip, or fulminated their anathemas against the English oppression, for almost three generations. In the

brickwork of the great chimney was found one of Mowatt's shot. It was a companion to others that on that same eighteenth of October, 1775, went crashing through the walls of the big house. If one has a curiosity to see the old tavern, one will find it on the south side of State Street, next above the intersection of York.

Running along the sky-line to eastward, just beyond the green domes of Lincoln Park, on the corner of Hampshire and Congress streets, was the old tavern of Mistress Alice Greele. It was even more renowned than the Marston hostel. It was the favorite stopping-place of the trapper, the farmer, and the lumberman. Of course it had a cosey tap-room. Such was an important adjunct of all inns of the time; and that

of Mistress Greele's must have been crowned with warmth and good cheer. Its landlady was famous as a *chef*, but her cooking was nothing to her heroism as the red-hot shot from Mowatt's fleet hurtled through the autumn sunlight, and straight toward this old tavern. Of the buildings that overlooked the bay that October morning, four hundred and fourteen had been burned during the



SITE OF GREELE'S TAVERN

day's bombardment. The Greele Tavern escaped the general destruction, but not through any loyalty its habitues felt for it, for, when Mowatt's little fleet opened fire, there was a general exodus from town; but Mistress Alice Greele remained behind. Unlike Mrs. Partington and her broom, Mistress Greele



THE OLD ELM TAVERN

caught her water-pail and dipper, and began the patrol of her tavern. Wherever a spark appeared, the water flew; and so she fought the English. She saved her house, which was, doubtless, all she possessed; and her name was added to the list of heroic women of the time.

Here, incoming and outgoing tide meet, making

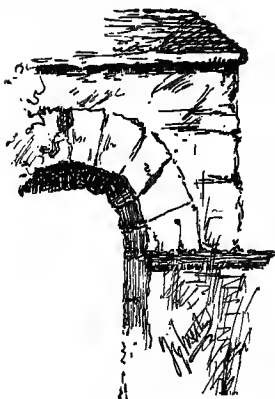
a heavy swell. The boat is soon within the shelter of House Island, where the bay is as smooth as an inland pond, with here and there a white-cap where the wind bears down a bit too hard on the water. Over the grassy parapets of Fort Scammell, an uncompleted fortification that occupies half of the island, the summer winds and the shadows of flying clouds run riot. The huge derricks stand stark, gaunt, and useless in the sunlight. Piles of granite obstruct its approaches, and its beautifully designated portals will undoubtedly remain unfinished mementos of the past. Its gray, forsaken bastions, with their closed ports, the huge guns lying unmounted, and in peaceful solitude along their tops, make better Songs of Peace than are written with the pen. There was once a blockhouse stockade here that was kept in repair by the government for many years; and here too was an ancient burying-ground of the Indians, remains of whom were found in a fair state of preservation by the builders of Fort Scammell. The story-and-a-half cottage of the sergeant who watches over Uncle Sam's interests in this vicinity, and the comfortable homes of three families, overlook the bay from its uplands, and,

"Blown out and in by summer gales,
The stately ships with crowded sails
And sailors leaning o'er the rails." —

Had one the vision of Cobbler Keezar and his magic lapstone, one could see more than heaps of faced granite, and unfinished scarp; or, even, with

“the gift of the Mormon’s goggles
Or the stone of Doctor Dee,” —

could one crowd out the present and open up the old, these walls of Scammell would be as a film, a shell, within which was another and more ancient place of refuge, or rather an old wooden blockhouse, a rude defense which stood for years, before, a sufficient menace to untoward intrusion, and an abundant



SCAMMELL

protection against active aggression. It is difficult to say when this earlier structure was built; but it was a sturdily-built affair, with walls of fourteen-inch pine, and oak timbers, pinned and dowelled together, solidly. It was octagon in shape, supplied with embrasures, pintle-blocks, and gun-circles for four guns. The magazine

was of brick, and its upper story, for it was a double-decked affair, projected over the lower, and was pierced with loop-holes for musketry.

Around all this was a stout stockade of cedar. It was allowed to stand for several years after the new lines of Scammell were constructed; but that was in 1808, and five years later Fort Scammell had been completed according to the then existent plans. No vestige of the blockhouse has existed for many years.

Scammell, as a defense against modern armaments, would be more destructive to its inmates than open exposure to the hottest fire of an assault; but House Island is now Government property; and dirt instead of stone, unobtrusive hummocks of bending grasses, mildly suggestive of pastoral delights, instead of granite angles, and low-browed bastions, and glowering ports, will meet the scrutiny of the curious.

This island holds a pleasing prominence in the early history of this part of the Maine coast, for it is undoubtedly a fact that here Christopher Levett, who sailed hither from York, England, in the days of James I. built the first house to grace the shores of Casco. This was some five or six years before the coming hither of George Cleeve from Scarborough to begin anew his pioneer life along the low shores of Stogummor; and had Levett's house been standing, as one has reason to believe it was, it may have been for this alone that Cleeve planted his Casco roof-tree where he did, for House Island was but a short distance down the bay; and Levett's house was doubtless, easily discernible. Levett held his house in short occupancy; but it is recorded that after his abandonment of it, it was frequented by other toilers of the sea, who used it for temporary shelter, and its surrounding slopes for the partial drying of their catches of cod and haddock taken from the neighboring waters. Casco Bay was the scene of much of this early activity in fishery, and was much frequented by the English fishermen. Likewise, curiosity, among the Old World dwellers, was actively

agog as to what transpired in this land of continually new discoveries; and the word went from mouth, to mouth, with a remarkable celerity, the Gospel of Commerce. It is to this lively interest we owe most of what has come to us through the increasing lapse of years, and of the annals of these early doings along our New England coast.

The coming of Levett was some eighteen years after the voyage of de Monts and Champlain along this coast; and perhaps it is fortunate that so beautiful and attractive a spot should have escaped the scrutiny of so excellent an observer as Champlain. Had it been otherwise, it is safe to assume that here would have been a French settlement, and the history of the later English settlements, especially around Massachusetts Bay, would have recorded a much more strenuous experience than fell to the lot of the Puritans. The detour of Champlain up the Sheepscot, possibly as far as what is now Wiscasset, under the direction of *Panounias*, a Mt. Desert Indian, is doubly suggestive of the adventurous and curious disposition of this French explorer. Surely, no more promising or seductive array of woods and waters, snugly ensconced, and capable of natural defense, could be found south of the St. Lawrence; and the climate was certainly more equable and easily withstood when the inclement days of winter came with the southern-going suns. As a base of supplies, it would have been incomparable. Champlain would have discerned all this, and here would have been the nucleus of the French Occupation.

As it was, Levett was the first to attempt a settlement of this particular part of the coast. Richmon Island, the "Bacchus" Island of de Monts, first occupied by George Richmon, from Bandon-on-the-Bridge, Ireland, and the scene of the Bagnall tragedy, was but slightly its senior in occupancy. Richmon, of an adventurous disposition, and of a somewhat roving character, is said to have built a small vessel here, which he loaded with fish and furs, setting sail for England; but he was lost on the homeward voyage. After his departure from this island, he became, like Westbrook of later colonial fame, simply a human landmark along the way to its later civilization.

Before the coming of Richmon, Capt. John Smith had cast his lines into the teeming deeps hereabout. Other adventurous voyagers had filled their ships with its treasure of the sea, or filled their wide-spread sails with its bracing winds, hastening their pace for "merrie England," their holds stuffed with choice pelts obtained of the natives along the coast adjacent.

According to the annals of these early voyagers, de Monts and Champlain were here in July of 1605; and it was about 1623, seven years before Cleeve went to Scarborough, that Levett made his voyage hither, touching first at the Isle of Shoals, and after that, at the mouth of the Saco, where he first saw the "Crystal Hills," the *Wawumbek Methna* of the aborigine. He evidently did not find the basin of the Saco to his mind, for he kept on along the coast until he had passed through the southerly roadstead

of Casco Bay, into the mouth of Fore River, which was about two leagues from "*Quack*," so named after a Saco sagamore, and which comprised the mainland now known as Cape Elizabeth, a more royal and euphonious cognomen.

Doubtless in those days the low shores of the Cape from Portland Head, following the trend of Simon-



PORTLAND HEAD

ton Cove, were garnished with dense deciduous growths; unless, perhaps, the ledges, that now make the Breakwater foundation, broke the green waters, sea-serpent-like, with here and there a glimpse of its ragged spine, black and serrate, where now the slow lengths of Fort Preble show a narrow strip of gray above the yellow sands; and higher up, in the middle distance, are the multi-colored villas daintily ensconced, —

“ ’mong the embow’ring trees.”

Levett dropped his anchor in the river to which he gave his name. That he was delighted with the locality is certain, for not long after he acquired the right to set up a plantation at "*Quack*." That he made an extended visit hereabout is likewise certain, for, he says, in his relation of his voyage, — "I sailed to *Quack* or York, with the king, queen and princes, bow and arrow, dog and kettle, in my boat, his noble attendants rowing by in their canoes," — the first voyage of state in these regions of which there is mention. Here at York, he says he found ships from Weymouth, England, the crews of which were storing their vessels with fish. When Levett told the Indian queen these Englishmen were his acquaintances, she bade him welcome them to her country and "drank to them." What this vehicle of goodwill and affection was, is wholly a matter of conjecture. Levett does not say. It must have been palatable, for "she drank also to her husband, and bid him welcome to her country, too; for you must understand that her father was the sagamore of this place, and left it to her at his death, having no more children. And thus, after many dangers, much labor and great charge, I have obtained a place of habitation in New England, where I have built a house and fortified it in a reasonable and good fashion, strong enough against such enemies as are these savage people."

One Phippen is said to have been the first authentic occupant of House Island. He carried on a fish-yard here, but bought land on Cape Elizabeth in 1650;

and it is probable that he later located permanently on the mainland. A local annalist says, referring to Phippen's occupancy of this island, "but there must have been a previous settler; as in 1663, Sampson Penley levied an execution against Phippen, upon one-quarter of the islands, half of the *old house*, and all of the new house, together with half of the stages."

Levett's house must have been built of logs, with cobbled corners; a most substantial affair, after the fashion of the early settler; and it is far to infer, in the absence of other record, that this "*old house*" in which Phippen was alleged to have had an attachable interest, was the one constructed by Levett.

No better evidence than this can be had that Levett built him a house; and it is as certain that House Island was so called because of its distinguishing landmark, — the house that Levett built, — and no doubt the island was chosen by reason of its isolation by its environing waters, and the additional security to be derived from so favorable a situation. The next year, 1624, Levett sailed for England, not however without leaving a guard of ten men behind, and with the probable purpose that they should engage in the improvement of his new estate. From this, he must have intended to return. It is unfortunate that he was unable to do so, for he was, for the times, a wise and temperate man, conciliating in his policy toward the natives; acquiring his territory of several thousand acres by purchase from the Sagamore who owned it. Evidently his ambitions were large, and his views of the future, sanguine.

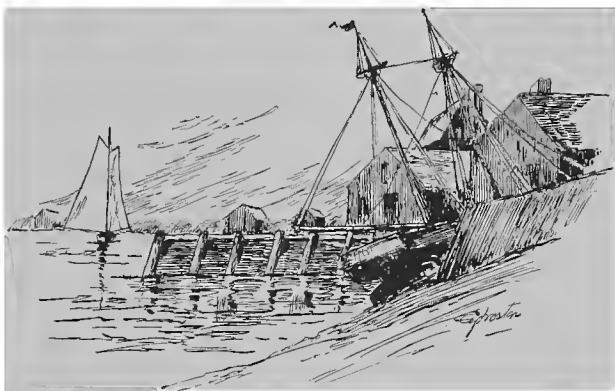
He had in mind a populous settlement, after the fashion of his own English York. He was of the right sort of metal; but like Gorges, and others who followed after, other hands were to reap the harvest. Once in England, he found affairs unsettled. The royal aid he had a right to expect never came. The rupture with Spain, the intrigues of Buckingham, warlike preparations, internal dissensions, the plague, and finally the death of King James, precluded the realization of Levett's brilliant scheme of colonization of Casco Bay. England and France were at serious odds over boundaries, and sovereign rights, and grants to the country east of the middle Maine Province; but as late as 1627, Levett, still persevering in the face of great discouragements, had so prevailed with Charles I. that the latter had ordered the churches at York to contribute toward the building of the new city across the Atlantic and near the domain of the former, and which was to be called York. Charles was undoubtedly actuated to do so much as this, that a nucleus might be formed to offset the growing influence of the Puritan colony on Massachusetts Bay. Whatever may have been the financial results of Charles' interest in the matter, a year later, we find Levett enveloped in that opacity of oblivion which becomes complete under the hardening process of the accumulating centuries.

The last reference to Levett, is through Cleeve, from whom we have it that Levett, conveyed his Casco property to "one Wright," and further, that he, Cleeve, bought the Wright title to support his own

against the claims of Winter under the Trelawney grant. One might be exceeding curious as to the fate of the stewards of the Levett vineyard, but their story is lost in the wrecking of their master's ambitions. They drifted, no doubt, to other settlements, or mayhap lived among the natives. There was Richmond Island not far away, a day's trail perhaps along the Cape shore, and less than that across country; and the English fishermen were coming and going; and southward, reaching along the coast to Cape Cod, were here and there the slender footholds of their own race. Like other adventurers of those early days, they may have been caught up on the winds of adversity, and swept, like the dust of the highway, into intangibility.

At the time of Cleeve's coming hither, there is no mention of any house on the *Neck*, or adjacent thereto. Had there been such, the legal contest between Cleeve and Winter would have developed the fact; but such a structure on House Island would have attracted no attention, as House Island does not appear to have entered the controversy. This latter island is of considerable area. Its slopes are easy and inclined to the south and west; and apparently of fair quality as tillage land; but the fishing interest predominated; and for years the low-roofed, white house of the Trefethren family has looked landward across the inner bay, and over the reef long crowned by the granite pile of old Fort Gorges. Trefethren's has been a fish-yard since the memory of man; but like all else, the mutations of Time, and Change,

have left only the old white house, and the rotting wharves, as the vestiges of a former importance. A small fortune was accumulated here; for at one time the fishery trade of this Bay was worth annually nearly two millions of dollars. A half-million quintals of cured fish were shipped from here annually, and the mackerel pack averaged near one hundred thousand barrels for the same time. To this might



TREFETHREN'S

be added the herring and lobster catch, which was a business of equal importance and value.

In those days the eastern slopes of the island were covered with fish-flakes that gave to them the semblance of a gray shed-roof of enormous dimensions. Down by the water were the cobble-wharves that are there to-day, and the neatly whitewashed store-houses flank the runs that led up to the flakes. Almost always, in season, one could see a "Banker"

unloading her catch. In the adjoining slips, or on the shelving beach, three or four "smacks" are heeled partly over with the tide on the ebb; but the little steamer has bumped against the end of the old wharf, and I clamber ashore. Then it drifts away, to head across the channel for "Jones's," one of the embryo watering-places of local celebrity, hereabout.

Although it all happened years ago, let me tell it as if it were a visit of to-day. I listen, and the voice of long ago comes back, — a voice as I remember it, that seems to have the quality of a sea-water pickle, "Look aout thar, mister!"

Turning quickly, I barely avoid a wheelbarrow load of half-cured fish that is being steered down the slopes of the fish-yard, and across the slippery wharf into the storehouses.

"Beg pard'n, Cap'n. Ye see the rain's comin', an' these ere fish must be gut under kiver. A black claud in th' west like thet yender, wi' a stiff s'utherly breeze t' coax 't daown th' bay, iz a sure sign o' wet."

Here the islander tipped his shapeless slouch hat back to take a look at the wooden fish whittled out of a pine shingle, no doubt by some youthful Yankee, and that played weather-cock on the gable of the nearest fish-house. A squint at the darkening dome of the thunder-gust that had already hidden the sun, a spurt of tobacco juice, an ominous shake of the head, and my man trundles his wheelbarrow up the slope, muttering to himself, "'t may, an' 't mayn't."

The work goes on hurriedly. The fish on the flakes, the dryest, are piled upon the big wheelbarrows and run down the hill into the houses on the wharf, the men hardly stopping to wipe the dripping sweat from their faces, so great is their haste, with the shower close upon them. There is a low muttering of thunder as the wind dies down, while the sea is like a mirror, so still and breathless is the air above it. The sea-gulls have disappeared; only the swallows dip and skim over the flats, and up the island slopes, and over their crest to the parapets of the old fort, to wheel about sharply, and again sweep down past the men among the fish-flakes, with never a whistle, or shrill note to disturb the brooding quiet, to scour the flats again for their winged food. How silent and majestic, this approach of the black cloud bearing down its sullen weight upon the city roofs, and crowding along the edge of the mainland! The sails of the vessels in the offing, hang limp and spiritless, flapping mayhap with some fugitive gust that has ridden out in advance of the windy cohorts of the storm; but mark the colors of the sky! Huge snow-banks of massed cloud seem always to be on the point of rolling down the steeps of this black precipice of vapor, creviced with such jagged seams of flame. On either side, the sky is of a rich metallic brilliancy, gleaming like the softest lustre of turquoise, with just a tender hint of emerald about it; as if it had caught some faint reflection of the trees and fields that lay so breathless below. One can hear the roar of the wind now; and the dust, like a

low cloud of smoke, rolls off the land into the sea. What a cool sound it is, so full of moisture and shadow!

The men work on, wheeling the dryer fish into these low-roofed whitewashed storehouses, piling the more moist into heaps of a dozen or more along the hemlock boards of the fish-flakes, covering them one after another with a simple device — two short boards nailed V-fashion — which affords effectual shelter during the heaviest rain-storm.



A few big drops come pattering down; that is all. The "heft" of the shower has crept eastward by the mainland, but the work is over for the day, among the flakes. There will be no more showers to-day and the sun is too low down in the sky to be of any more service in the fish-yard. If to-morrow dawns clear, the flakes will be covered with cod and hake before the dew is well off the grass.

It is an interesting process, this curing of the fish that have come from the far-away Newfoundland Banks. Here is a schooner that has arrived from the Banks to-day. Her sails are mildewed and tattered; her spars are gray and weather-worn with so much of fog and storm, but her lines are as graceful and beautifully drawn as if she had been built for yachting, instead of fishing along the Grand Banks.

"Han'sum, ain't she? Tuk th' prize in the schooner

race two years ago. She's been t' the Gran' Banks this five year, an' has allus bin lucky. Some air lucky, an' sum ain't; some git good *fares*, an' some doan't pay thar *stockin'*!"

It is the owner of the wharf who has accosted me.

"Rather an uncertain way by which to get one's living, I should say."

"Wall, yis, 'pears so; but some on 'em git well off; more doan't. It's like anything else. Depen's on the man summat. I allus tho't the man made the chance. I tell ye w'at 'tis, Mister, ther's folks an' folks; ther's smart ones, an' them az ain't s' smart. Them ez is allus in debt an' spen's ez fast ez they go, an' a leetle bit faster, 'll never git on nohow. I've hearn tell on a feller ez wuz called Franklin, who saved half 'is airnin's, ef 'twarn't mor'n tupence a day; but the most o' the men ez goes in the *Bankers* air too gen'rous t' save 'a dollar, an' th' lawyers gits arter 'em wi' trustees an' sich like; so, 'twixt one thing, an' anuther, an' the big prices they hes t' pay fer ther hooks, an' lines, an' ile-clo'se, an' ther drinks, ther's nuthin' left fer the folks t' hum. My 'sper'ence is, a man hes t' hev er mean stre'k, er som'thin' mighty nigh onter it, t' git fore-handed."

"W'at time do they git away t' the Banks? Most on 'em lay in ther salt an' bait, thet is, *stock* the vessel, so ez ter git away 'bout the fust o' April. It's 'a thousan' mile ter the Gran' Banks; an' it's a' tol'able smart vessel thet gits thar in ten days, with fogs 'n icebergs allus in the way, an' steam craft t' look aout fer day an' night. Thar's danger 'nuff in

th' best o' weather fer th' schooner ez goes ther three t' four months arter *salt fares*.

"Haow meny go in sich a craft ez this ere? Wal, sum'times mor, an' sum'times less. Um, twelve t' fifteen's 'a fair crew, with 'a dory t' each man; an', when they git thar, the men go aout inter th' mist an' fog thet comes daown wi' the icebergs, day arter day,



A BANKER

sawin' away et the rail o' the dory with a big cod-line with a hook an' clam on the end on't. Sum'times the fog settles daown s' thick the men can't find the schooner. A New F'un'lan' fog hain't t' be grinned et; an' thar's hardly 'a day goes by, but thar's rain, an' sleet, an' mist. W'en I used t' go t' the Banks, arter the day's fishin', all han's 'd turn

tew, an' *dress* the fish. We used t' be mighty quick 'bout 't. Didn't hev no loafin' 'n aour crew. W'en we gut 'em all split an' dressed we packed 'em away 'n the hold, pilin' the salt onter the fish t' keep 'em 'till the *fare* wuz full, w'en we'd set sail fer hum, gittin' daown 'ere sum'eres 'bout th' fust o' August."

It is a life of danger, and the men who engage in it are keenly alive to the fact; but there are few salt-water enterprises that engage the attention of a hardier, or more intelligent class of New Englanders than this.

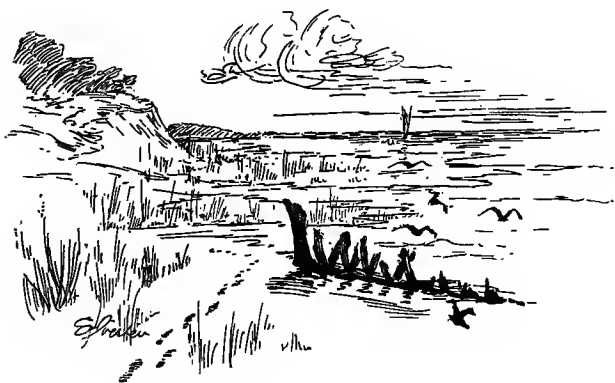
Here the fish, sodden with salt, are being thrown from the hold of the schooner to its deck with a pitchfork, such as the inland farmer uses in his haying field; and are thence taken to the wharf, where they are thoroughly washed in large tubs of sea-water. Well-rinsed, they are thrown into large piles, backs down, — *kentched* — and left a day or so to *flatten*, after which they go to the flakes to dry. A few days of bright sunshine; with an off-shore wind, prepares them for the storehouse, where, closely packed from floor to ceiling, they go through the "*sweating*" process which occupies about fifteen days. The last drying follows, for which, one clear windy day suffices; and the white, tender codfish of the market and grocery-store is packed away for shipment. In the dull, heavy atmosphere of "Dog-days" the fish, not infrequently, rot on the flakes, tho' the sun shines never so brightly. This is the "*light-salting*" method; but the greater part cured hereabout, are "*heavy-salted*," which require less time and labor, and are

darker in color. It is healthy, vigorous work about the fish-yards, and the men have the breezy out-of-door air that is characteristic of their calling. It is not singular that fish-yards have been of ancient repute here; for, among these islands was the favorite fishing-ground of the savages, whose campfires, burning for the most part far inland, were lighted once a year, and the smokes of their wigwam fires blew out to sea with the autumn mists, while their dusky dwellers went to their fishing in this realm of Nature's silences.

Among the earliest who came into this section of the country was Henry Jocelyn. His brother John came over from England and a reception was given to him; and among the quaint memoranda in his journal is his description of the occasion, reproduced here, as it referred mostly to an incident said to have occurred in this immediate vicinity. "At this time," June 26th, 1639, "we had some neighboring gentlemen in our house who came to welcome me into the country, where, amongst a variety of discourse, they told me of a young lion not long before killed at Piscataqua, by an Indian; of a sea-serpent or snake that lay coiled up like a cable upon a rock at Cape Ann; a boat passing by, with two English aboard and two Indians, they would have shot the serpent but the Indians dissuaded them, saying that if he were not killed outright they would all be in danger of their lives. One Mr. Mitton related of a Triton or Merman, which he saw in Casco Bay; the gentleman was a great fowler and used to go out with a

small boat or canoe, and fetching a compass about a small island, there being many islands in the bay, for the advantage of a shot, he encountered a Triton, who, laying his hand upon the side of the canoe, had one chopped with a hatchet by Mr. Mitton, which was in all respects like a man. The Triton presently sank, dyeing the water with his purple blood and was no more seen."

These story-tellers must have enjoyed themselves hugely at Jocelyn's expense, whose imagination no doubt kept even pace with his credulity; and no doubt many a group of wide-eyed English children listened to these wonderful tales from the New Land, when John Jocelyn sailed back across the sea in his old-fashioned sailing-vessel, to his old-fashioned English fireside. It is not to be wondered at, that New England owns so many good story-tellers nowadays, when her early settlers could show themselves so apt at romancing.



OLD MOUNTJOY'S ISLAND



OLD MOUNTJOY'S ISLAND



SHOVE off, man!"

A half-mile from these old fish-yards on House Island, across a narrow ocean roadstead, and a short two miles eastward from ancient *Poodack*, is what was once old Mountjoy's Island. There was a stone house here two hundred years ago, a place of refuge from the Indians, no traces of which exist at the present time. The place of its standing is a mystery. On an ebb tide, a strong current runs out this narrow water-way by famous White Head, and, as my ferry-man sets me across, every dip of his port oar throws the salt spray into the dory and about my shoulders, with a sensation of increasing moisture, for the wind has freshened since the shower, and the channel is covered with white-caps.

Here, is "Jones's."

I toss my ferryman a silver coin, which he tests with his teeth, and, with a movement expressive of

satisfaction, he drops it into what, in its newer days, was a shot-bag, which, puckered, and twisted, and tied with a single string, he thrusts into his baggy trousers, to push offshore with a broad smile on his face, and a "*Thanky, sir!*" rolling off his Yankee tongue.

"Jones's " was once a heterogenous community, a semi-populous one at certain seasons of the year, and



JONES'S

at certain times of the day, which one realized as, leaving the stubby-nosed wharf, he climbed the steep, ungraded foot-way, rain-gullied, and strewn with loose pebbles, to a sloping greensward littered with bits of torn paper and the débris of lunch-baskets; for here was a group of ancient apple-trees, with some benches under them, that were occupied, most of the time in sunny weather, by youngish folk of flirtatious tendencies, who ogled and grimaced with vary-

ing degrees of success, to the great amusement of grown-up people.

It was a slovenly-kept green, with only the wind to sweep it every afternoon.

I query whether this may be the place I knew some years before, with all these affairs of booths and buildings, crowding about its gateway.

Reaching the single island street, I find the same old incomparable pictures that Nature paints in June to hang against the sky.

"Jones's" has aspirations. It will tell you, if you let the native play oracle, that here is to be a second Mont Desert; but don't for the world look incredulous; he believes it, as does every other native who has a plat of land to sell. Taking boarders, or plying some catch-penny occupation makes up its summer enterprise; but the growth of the place as a summer-resort, has come more by reason of the charming outlooks from its hill-tops, its cool, invigorating winds, its bold shores and salt water environment, than by any good wit of its resident population, or the generosity of the city of which it is a part; for its artificial attractions are all in the line of dime shows, and like enterprises, to lure transient patronage.

The land is mostly in the hands of the old settlers, who dislike to part with a parcel, here or there, and who dream of fabulous prices. It is a vain dream, with only a single thoroughfare along its cityward side, hardly equal to some country roads I have in mind, — a few weeks of limited accommodation in

summer, a dance-hall, a roller-coaster, and a monkey-garden, with a dime opera house and the consequent hubbub. But get away from this artificiality, and summer life here has the charming quality of naturalness and restfulness; or it had, some years ago, when I spent a summer tramping over its woodland paths, its fields, and along its rocky shores after an idle fashion; or rowing from one island to another,



AN OLD SETTLER

digging a basket of clams one day, and on another shooting a bag of plover for a pot-pie, either of which are toothsome enough to tempt an epicurean, with their fresh, juicy, gamey flavor.

Strolling over the beaches in June, one sees broad lines of yellow along their pale sands as the tide creeps slowly out. It crumbles between the fingers like a powder, and is the cause of much speculation as to its origin. The natives insist that it is sulphur;

and that it comes from the cliffs on Chebeague, but the naturalist knows better. It is the yellow pollen of the ox-eyed daisy that makes the fields of the mainland white all summer long. It is very noticeable some years. Sometimes the water is covered with it, as with a yellow scum.

A trip city-ward on a June morning is a treat never to be forgotten by the lover of the picturesque. The mainland, not over a league away, is a broad streak of rich, warm tones, and above this is as blue a sky as one can imagine, a cloudless west in truth; and over the bay a light, thin vapor, a filmy diaphanous mist, rises from the waters to a level of two or three feet; and there it hangs, wavering with tremulous hesitancy until the sun has drunk it up, when the sea is an immense emerald-tinted mirror, within which every object above it is reproduced with a marvellous distinctness. The island shores are touched with high lights, and dented with deep shadows; and the city, a league away, is just a bit blurred and softened by the smoke of its countless chimneys. The quiet is absolute; and over all is the fairest, mellowest of summer skies. If the morning is delightful, the return at sundown is not less so, or less refreshing. Leaving town as the shadows of its gray walls creep out over the docks, huge masses of dusky house-roofs lean against a wall of gold, with every spire, tower, and gable silhouetted against the glory beyond. It is a rare grouping of sombre tones and shadows in the middle-ground, drawn sharply against the brilliance of a sunset sky; it is dark against light,

with marvellous effect. The picture grows more beautiful as the western fires go down. There is the same quiet of the morning. But here is a picture at sea. The harbor is glassy-like, and drowsy, as in the morning, only the emerald is become turquoise; and the ships are motionless against the background of the island landscape, while their masts cast attenuated reflections in the water below. A low mantle of mist drifts in over the island horizon; and the slender shafts of the spruces break through into the ruddy glow above, and much resemble the spires of a distant town; but, as we get nearer the islands, the fog recedes, and the atmosphere is perfectly clear, as in the earlier day.

The islands hereabout, have much the same characteristics in common. The same mixture of evergreen and deciduous woods crown the island cliffs and hillocks; the same outlying formations of schistose rock, worn and eaten into ragged, dangerous spines by the constant wearing of the waters; the same overhanging walls of massive stone-work, scarred with deep fissures, and set with huge embrasures; the same green water breaking over ledges and hurriedly receding, leaving pools in their crevices, tinted with the color of sky and cloud, singing to themselves with a low crooning monotone, surging in and out with the tide; the same blue dome, bright and clear as heart might wish; or choked with clouds, and fog, and wet, or black with wind storms, and sleet and snow. These outer island barriers make the coast a dangerous one, when the equinoc-

tial and winter gales blow the sea in upon them, making incessant roar, and hurling great waves, tons in weight, like missiles, up over the tops of the highest cliffs, or far in over the lower shores. Language is powerless to paint the grandeur, and power of these waters, the sullen music of which is lost in ever-lowering cadences among the neighboring islands. But when the waves are still, as the afternoon shadows deepen, and grow along the polished sea-walls,



ONE OF NATURE'S COURT-YARDS

stained and streaked with ochres, yellows, reds and purples, some of these cliffs and rocky battlements look like huge mosaics set in a sea of bronze. The charm is not all in the sea, for over the rough acres that make the great tramping-ground for the multitude who come here for an afternoon outing, are spots of wild beauty. I have never seen the Swamp rose in such profusion, as along the walls and fences in the lower grass-lands of some of these islands. In the depths of the woods, reached by many a winding

path, are open wet-places, Nature's court-yards, with the tall trees hedging them about in abundance; with wild-flowers spattering their bright green carpets with rich color-tones, with broad-faced lichens in all colors on every rock; rare polypodys for backgrounds; and Druid beeches, wide-armed, with smooth gray coats, that make one long, as in the days of boyhood, to girdle them with a name, that another year would be hardly more than a distorted hieroglyphic; and then, what sweet odors from the spruces, and firs, that crowd against one everywhere, — only I miss the stalwart white pine. It may be here, but I have not seen it.

Most of the island steamers leaving the city, point their prows straight for "Jones's"; and it is only a matter of twenty minutes before they are lazily chafing their guards against the thick-set, slimy piling of a wharf built by the ancestor of the ancient family of "Jones"; and which is likely to remain a monument, for some years to come, of the way things were done by a dead-and-gone generation. On this side, city-ward, the shore falls off gradually; and in the offing, is a fringe of boats of odd size and color, that, with the action of the tide, are continually grouping themselves into picturesque disorder, and add a constant charm to the water. Everybody along shore has a water-craft of some sort, and the punt and dory are most common; but a dipper is as necessary to a punt as a pair of oars, for it can hardly be called water-tight. A punt is a diminutive craft anyway, holding hardly two persons, which may have been a

consideration in the mind of its first builder. It is hardly safe to trust one's self alone in such a leaky concern; and it is equally hazardous to take a companion. One to row and the other to bail, is a condition of safety in a punt, hereabouts. If there is an abundance of sailing craft, there is a dearth of horses and draught cattle; and I doubt if, at any time, the assessor's books would show more than a single horse, and a pair of red oxen,—they were red when I saw them last,—they may be gray by this, for all I know. They would be aged enough certainly, if cattle ever grow gray.



AN ISLAND ROAD

Along the single roadway I have before alluded to, are the more pretentious dwellings, the cottages, and summer houses; with here and there a quaint gable peering, in a shame-faced way, out upon an avenue lined with Queen Anne monstrosities, painted in a half-dozen colors, much as an Indian might get himself up for a festival or a war-dance; as if it were not quite sure of its company. About the ragged hill-top was a landmark, the slim spire of an old gray

church, that in its newer days was more frequented than now; and under the shadows of its eaves is the burying-ground. The schoolhouse, hardly a stone's-throw from the meeting-house, with the bleak, exposed burial-place, make a group typical of the old New England of which Drake writes so charmingly. All these things lend a rare picturesqueness to what one may see about a locality, commonplace enough, if one takes its patronymic at its face value. About the older structures, there is the weather-worn quaintness, and an air of quiet decadence, that makes one think of fishing-towns, with the dilapidated wharf and a fish-house at its shore-end like "Fisher's," within the shadows of which I have dug many a basket of luscious clams. There is a charm to the shallows, and black sands, and the lapsing tides, if one has no better occupation than the joining a group of urchins whose desire culminates in the hooking of a cunner or a tom-cod, to finally dangle a line himself. How easily the man is metamorphosed into the boy, with so many boys about; and so much of boyish interest and inclination to arouse the dormant boyish spirit that lingers in every man's make-up!

The sight of a small boy bobbing his line on the flood-tide, gives me a boyish longing to wind that self-same line about my own finger; to feel for a moment the sharp conscious bite that betrays the hungry cunner. The cunner is a beautiful fish, closely resembling the fresh-water perch in its iridescent armor of tiny, close-knit scales that glisten like mother-of-pearl in the sunshine. There is also

a family resemblance in the array of bony lances along its spine, that make grievous wounds if the fellow is too carelessly handled. From the digging over of the wet sands for a handful of stray clams, and the breaking of their brittle shells on the plank of the old wharf, to the cutting off of their black heads and the impaling of them, one by one, as occasion requires, upon the slender Limerick, — for the small trout hook is the best for cunner fishing, — with the summer sunshine over all, and a fresh, salty breeze blowing landward, puffing out the sails of the yachts, up and down, the island roads, there is a zest; a fascination; the climax of all which, is the pulling up of a fat, half-pound cunner, twisting, wriggling, flopping with all a cunner's energy, until you have landed your prize in your basket. The cunner on the seashore takes the place of the trout inland. Catching cunners off the rocks of these bold shores, with the surf continually filling one's ears with its liquid symphonies, along with the whistling wind and the cry of the sea-birds, is next of kin to catching trout from the rippling meadow brook; yet, I prefer the green meadows as a tramping ground, with their newness and perfume, their narrow vistas of elms, and songs of cat-birds and thrushes, to the wide outlook of the sea, with its swirling waters and ceaseless monody. There is magic in a fishing-pole wherever you may find it; if, perchance, there be a pool of sparkling water in the neighborhood over which one may swing its slender, bending tip, with the likelihood of catching a fish. This sort of ex-

hilaration is thought by some to be a cruel sport; but fishes were made for the well-being of mankind; and if I am to depend upon my physician for a bit of "toning up," I prefer to try my luck first with Sir *Salmo Fontinalis*.

But what's in a name, with so much poetry of the sea about! During the mackerel season, schooners put in here with their seines badly damaged by the sword-fish that go tearing through them after their prey; or that have been torn on the ledges in stormy weather. Then the great seine-boats are loaded with fathoms on fathoms of these long black nets, from the herring or mackerel smacks, — often four to five hundred yards in length; — then rowed ashore to be unloaded into neighbor Trott's ox-cart, and pulled up the gullied footway to the fields, where they are carefully spread out to dry, and afterward to be mended. Spread out over the green grass they look like immense webs of gauze, or muslin, in the sunlight; and so finely spun are the threads, that one must look closely to see the netting at all. The men work oftentimes a week on a single net when it is badly torn; but these fishermen are deft workmen, and no time is wasted; for they must ply their trade on the seas, a field whose harvest is always ripe. These vessels have an Arab-like way of going and coming; disappearing in the night-time, to, as mysteriously, reappear a few days later. This mending of the nets by the sea has a romance of its own; and I never see the shimmering needles of the net-menders, but I wonder if they are thinking of those humble

fishers, who from mending their nets by the shores of Galilee, became "fishers of men."

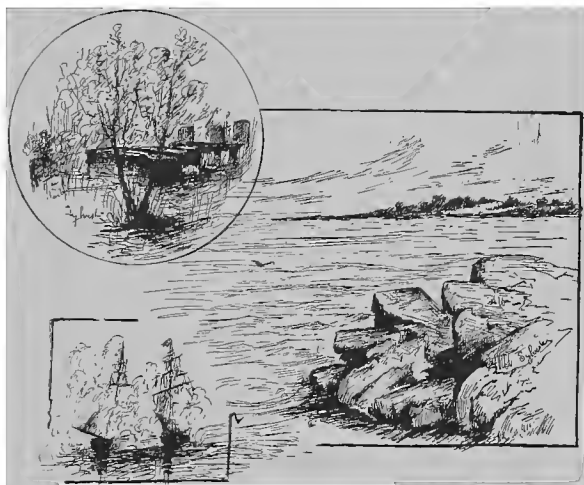
A grocery store is prosaic enough at any time, with its plethora of boxes on its single counter, or on its dirt-begrimed gray-painted shelves, and scattered about the floor; its corners occupied by molasses hogsheads, oil barrels, quintals of salt-fish, bags of potatoes, and bins of salt, — a sort of squatter sovereignty, — while other shelves are sagging under their burden of spices, soaps, and caddies of tobacco; and atop of all, the inevitable row of glass lamp-chimneys. Bizarre advertisements, many of them quite works of art, from a mechanical point of view, fill in the blank spaces here and there, compelling brief attention. Their colors are pleasing and suggest the days of the famous Prang, and seem strangely out of place here among these plebeian smells. Coils of tarred rope and twine hang from the beams; and from the nails, driven along their sides, depends a crockery exhibit, meagre in its variety, but not less interesting to the housewife who has discovered that things made nowadays do not seem to last as the old things did. A couple of settees, notched and hacked by the knives of the neighborhood loafers, flank the rusty stove amidships; and the tobacco stains and whittlings about the floor, show the habitues of the place to be veritable Yankees; while, outside the door, numerous boxes are improvised as settees for use in fair weather. Such surroundings are as familiar to the average countryman, as his

own fireside; but the grocery at "Jones's" is the haunt of all the "old salts" on the island; and the sea-yarns that are spun herein, on quiet summer afternoons, or on blustering winter nights when the winds from the sea set the little store a-tremble, lend to it a charming flavor of romance.

Lounging about this place one summer day, I heard old Siah Starlin', who saw the famous sea-fight off Monhegan between the British brig *Boxer* and the Yankee privateer *Enterprise*, relate how it all took place. It was a mixed group, as one finds at the grocery, — the neighborhood exchange, — of summer boarders and natives; as if there were something of stimulating and exhilarating quality in the plain ways and homely speech of these islanders, as there really is. Many of them carry more of quaint philosophy in their everyday trousers' pockets, than some people carry in their noddles; and homely as their wit may be, it is natural, and entertaining. Some fishermen, who have been mending their nets in the field opposite, cross the highway with their bags of twine, and loiter a moment, their visages brown with exposure, and their eyes a-twinkle with observant interest, as they scan these "lotus-eaters," these summer *dilettante*; as if wondering what they were really good for, any way. I am not so sure but the people who live in the out-of-the-way places by the seashore, and who never get out of sight of their gray roofs, or the hearing of the restless sea, and they who live the larger part of the year in town, when they meet at the seaside, or among the hills, may each look upon

the other as foreigners, with such differences in garb, in tastes, and ways of living.

The weather, and the next "fishin' trip" with Cap'n Fisher are congenial topics; but a knot of gray-headed "salts" sitting on the stoop in the shadow of the grocery gable, are discussing this Monhegan fight; and the old man Starlin', who seemed to know



MONHEGAN

more of the matter than any of his hearers, begins a story, that is all the more interesting, from the fact, that it was up this roadstead the *Enterprise* towed the *Boxer* the next day after the fight. From this highway one may see a group of trees, under the shadows of which, was laid all that was mortal of the brave commanders of the two vessels, both killed on that historic summer afternoon of 1814.

"I r'member it, 's if 'twaz yisterday. I saw the hull on't, — 'n' 'twaz a big fight. We lived on M'nhiggin 'n them ar days, 'n' 'twixt farmin', 'n' fishin', 'n' the like, managed t' git on with a big fam'ly o' younkers. The *Boxer* an' *Rattler* hed bin standin' off 'n' on M'nhiggin, the hull summer, watchin' fer coasters; 'n' a gret meny hed bin destroyed; 'n' pressin' the sailors inter the British service, a matter consarnin' which I allers hed my own idees; but arter a while the *Rattler* went off, leavin' the *Boxer* cruise'n on her own hook. The day, afore the fight, wuz Saturday. We began t' dig the pertaters; 't had been a dry summer, and the pertaters ripened off arly. Thet arternoon, the coasters hove 'n sight. The Britisher gut sight on 'em, 'n' launched her barges; but they didn't 'mount ter nuthin'; fer they'd scursely left the ship afore a 'shavin'-mill' cum aout o' New Harbor 'n' driv' 'em back. Thet's wut they called privateers 'n them days.

"Ther wuz 'a gret movin' 'bout on the *Boxer* t' git under sail. A signal-gun wuz fired fer the men az wuz ashore after game 'n' berries, 'n' sich; a common enuf happenin'. But gittin' under way, she bore t' west'ard 'thout ketchin' either on 'em, an' finally put inter John's Bay. The nex' day noon, 'twuz the fifth o' September, we went t' the top o' the hill, takin' a spy-glass with us, 'n' there we wuz jined by three officers of the Britisher, the ship's doctor, a lieutenant, 'n' a midddy, who wuz ashore, gunnin', the day afore', 'n' didn't hear the signal. They wuz gettin' the lay of the'r ship; but the only

sail 'n sight, wuz a brig off Seguin, bearin' daown the s'utheast side of M'nhiggin."

"'Wut brig 'z thet?' asked the surgin, o' father.

"'It's the *Enterprise*,' wuz the reply, arter a long look.

"The surgin sed t' the leftenant in 'n undertone, — I heerd it all, ef I wuz a boy, — 'Ef Cap'n Blyth takes 'er, he's t' hev a fine ship w'en we git hum.'

"The *Boxer* 'd discivered the brig, 'n' under full sail, steerin' 'bout sou-sou-east, bore daown the bay, but tew late, fer the Yankee shot squar' 'cross 'er bow, hauled up t' the wind, keepin' t' th' s'uth'ard past M'nhiggin in sarch 'f the *Rattler*, w'ile the Britisher gave starn chase. The *Rattler* hed gone. The Yankee hauled in sail 'n' gut reddy for t' fight. The *Boxer* cum up, 'n' poured in a wild bro'dside, w'en the *Enterprise* whirled short on 'er heel, 'n' jest raked the *Boxer* fore 'n' aft. A few minits arter, she passed her starn with a secon' rakin' fire. The *Boxer* wuz completely outsailed. In less then a half-hour, a third rakin' fire wuz sent 'cross the *Boxer's* bows, thet bro't daown the main-top-mast 'n' er number o' men who wuz tryin' t' tare her 'flag from whar it had bin nailed, — 'n' the fight wuz over. The ships wer' side by side, 'n' the smoke hed drifted aout ter sea. 'T wuz jest a good workin' breeze, 'n' the *Enterprise* sailed raound, 'n' raound her enemy, no daoubt disabled the fust fire.

"The officers bo't a boat of father 'n' put off t' th'r own ship, but wuz not allowed t' bo'rd 'er. So they cum back t' the farmhouse fer shelter over night.

"Supper wuz over, 'n' mother 'd cleared the things away. 'Twuz mos' dark, w'en ther wuz a rap on the door; father went t' see w'at wuz the matter, an' it wuz the officers cum back.

"'Mr. Starlin', we hev no money, but aour guns ar' jest aout on the porch 'n' you may hev 'em 'n' welcome, ef you'll take us in over night.'

"Gran'mother cum t' th' door an' said, 'I hev em, my son!' She 'd taken the guns 'n' hidden 'em."

Such was Uncle 'Siah's story of a memorable, and always glorious, exploit, — the first seafight won by an American cruiser after the loss of the *Chesapeake*. There was no one here who could dispute the tale, that, told in the dialect of a bronze-visaged sea-dog, owned something of the old-time romance of the battle; and the moist eyes of the narrator were not least in the charm of personal relation.

The winds blow across the waters the fragrant odors of the mainland fields and woods, where the wide marshes give way to the mowing-lands that slope so gently down to the sea; and fast asleep amid the trees along their highways are the thrifty farm-houses. Faint lines of dust show where their beaten tracks run; and over all falls the strong white sunlight. In the low-lying shore opposite, with its network of shadows, its bright sands, wet and dripping with the tide, holding everything in bright reflection, the painted boats drawn up here and there, the tender blue of the sky, with the roofs and domes of the neighboring town leaning against it, the spark-

ling waters streaked with wooded isles, with white-winged ships coming and going between, or swinging out the stream with slackened sails, are pictures that once seen, are forgotten never; while their traditions seem only the more real.



THE WIZARD OF CASCO



THE WIZARD OF CASCO



ALMOST three centuries ago, a Spanish navigator, named Cartier, came to the coast of North America, and, sailing along its northeasterly trend, discovered an extensive sheet of water hemmed about by miles of curving mainland, and studded with beautiful islands. To the broad tongue, or southerly rib of this, which makes its southwestern wall, he gave the name of *Cabo de Muchas Islas*, Cape of Many Islands, though on Hood's map, 1592, the name is given to the western headland at the mouth of the *Rio des Guamos*, probably the Penobscot. This bold, out-reaching cape, or promontory rather, if one goes by his knowledge of physical geography, was depicted with much accuracy of outline upon the various Spanish maps; it appears, as well, upon the atlas of Mercator; and is given much geographical importance and

prominence in the charts of an earlier date. Starting from ancient Cape Hondo, better known in these days to school-children and sailors, as the Nova Scotian Cape Sable, and running southerly, the first prominent point, or landmark, is the Penobscot; a river once known as the *Rio de Gomez* of the old-time map-makers. Next southward, is this striking headland overlooking the swarthy rocks and yellow sands of Poodack, with their twin lighthouses and their towers that day and night, —

Watch the salt tides rise and fall,
And the seas of Casco glisten,
Where, beneath the wind-blown mist,
Birchen slopes and barren ledges
Greet their shores of amethyst.

All along the coast of Maine, from Piscataqua, eastward, over two thousand miles of ocean frontage, fretted with the embroidery, that Nature works through the ages, of hundreds of capes and bluntly-moulded promontories, broad harbors and sheltering coves, gusty inlets that run a long way inland among the pleasant farms and home-lots, and tree-embossed islands, there is not a single one of them all, more bold and picturesque, or more grand on stormy days, or when the equinoctial gales blow in from the Gulf Stream, than this Spanish-christened cape of many islands, that, a hundred years later had taken on the local cognomen of *Pur Poodack*. Before that it was known as *Quack* by the Indians. Where the name *Pur Poodack* originated, or how it

came to be affixed to the lands hereabout, is traditionally accounted for, by the pathetic legend of an Indian of the vicinity who shot at a duck, and disabled, instead of killing it. Whereat the Aborigine exclaimed, in his compassion, — “Poor duck! Poor-poor-duck!”

I give it, as it came to me: and, homely as it is, one hears it to this day among the natives, though it bears a more royal name.

This whole coast is one of romantic interest, and almost every inlet or jutting point has its legends, that are told to the children when the shadows of the evening shut down over the woods and hills; or as a sleep-distilling accompaniment to the snapping, crackling, winter indoor-fires. Here was a land of marvellous beauty; a New World Archipelago; for in sight of this breezy dome of rock and stunted woodland, was an island for every day in the year. *Pur Poodack*, or by a more queenly translation, Cape Elizabeth, in a heavy wind, from any point of the compass between south and east, is considered by sailors, one of the most dangerous places on the Maine coast; a double assurance of which one may read in the two snow-white towers that stand at the gateway of these island roads; and the bright lights of which, are a most welcome sight to the helmsman when the thick drizzling fog shuts down over him; or a driving squall builds its crystal barrier between him and the ledges along shore.

There is nothing of a cowardly or shrinking quality in the impression one gets in the seeing of this head-

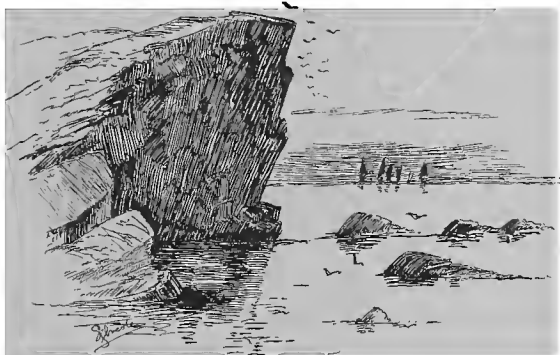
land for the first time. Puritan maidens of industrious habit were wont in bygone days, to spread their daintily-wrought samplers on the walls of their humble dwellings for everybody to see; so Nature seems to have laid her mighty handiwork out above the waters, as if to show puny human-kind what she can do at setting stone. How many ages ago this mixture of bits of mica, clusters of gleaming crystals,



IN TROUBLE

veins of smooth red porphyry, and slabs of schist, were fused together, and moulded into this rugged formation, no one will venture to say; but ever since, against its gray, sternly-featured face that is set literally out to sea, mountains of water have come thundering across three thousand miles of blue restless ocean, — it may be from England's white cliffs, — to batter these immense bastions of rock into strange freaks of form that are countless in their variety. Here are flights of massive stairs that lead up from these stone-yards of the sea to the green-

sward that crowns their domes, or the sparsely-clad spruces that reach out over their sloping roofs to catch the storm-tossed spray. Precipitous walls tower, cathedral-like, as one sails within their shadows; walls stained with rare colors; their rich, deep-toned shades predominating; and looking up at them, one thinks himself gazing upon some mighty conception of frescoing; and at whose feet, are strewn broken



A STERNLY-FEATURED FACE

pillars, and huge cubes of rock; as if the workmen who had wrought ages before in this quarry of Nature, had left in a marvellous hurry, so crude are the designs traced upon them. But it is only when the storm swoops down upon the waste of adjacent waters that the workmen return; when the spray is so dense they are hidden from observation. Only their pounding, deafening at times, and the trembling of the earth under their heavy blows, betray them. It is no dwarf, like the

“Troll who dwelt in Ulshoi hill,”

and who built Kallundborg Church for Esberne Snare, who makes the strange sounds among their secret fissures and caves; but the surf, that goes chasing in and out, all day long, and all night, for that matter. Its speech is remarkable for its deep sonorous quality, even when the waters wear the glimmer of glass, and make one think of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," with the big ships idly drifting with the tide, their wrinkled sails hanging against the blue wall of the sky; for nothing lies between this *Poodack* country and the broad Atlantic.

There is not a single out-lying rib, rock, bar of sand, or island even, to break the monotony of sea that seems ever moving bodily landward. But at the base of its outermost cliff, the sea sings a wonderful song when urged by the winds, that one transposes into *Te Deums*, *Stabat Maters*, and *Glorias* at will; forgetting, in the breaking of the long inrolling swell, the dash and splatter, the gush, the swirl, and confused roar, as of a thousand voices in one, that, heard one moment, sounds unlike itself the next; the glittering spray, and flashing, sibilant foam; the waning, veering, gusty freshening of the winds; that this grandly beautiful outlook was once plain *Pur Poodack* Point in the local vocabulary; forgetting too, with all this seething water beneath, that Southey ever attempted to translate such sounds, into rhyme, as haunt these rocks day and night.

But all this romance of the sea fades away when the afternoon merges into a leaden-hued nightfall; and the winds rise higher as the dusk comes on, wet

with rain, blowing stiffly in from the southerly quarter, strengthening into a gale as they reach the land to raise clouds of dust along its highways. There are a few drops of rain, and the prophecy of the storm is spoken. The woods grow darker in the increasing wind, and are streaked with silver where the poplar leaves are blown up; the swallows have left the fields, and the roads are turned into trails of swirling dust; for there is not enough rain, as yet, to dampen them. The farmer goes to the pasture a bit earlier for his herd, noticing on his way, with silent discontent, the falling of the unmatured fruit by the roadside, as some impatient gust of wind shakes the orchard tree-tops, covering the ground with "wind-falls."

The apples drop upon the stone wall, and bounce into the dull-colored dusty highway at their owner's feet; tid-bits for the cattle to gather, one by one, as they come up the road, homeward. The solitary whistle of a belated plover drops down from somewhere in the sky, — a tremulous note that sounds weird and lonesome enough, with not another bird in sight. The dull thunder of the surf, a mile away, scarcely noticeable in clear weather, comes distinctly; and has a low, guttural, ominous quality, as of hazard or threat, in its far-off speech, that makes one conscious of impending evil, and the companionship of one's kind, a keen enjoyment. The cattle are driven up, and everything is made taut and snug about the farm buildings for a *blow* of two or three days. An extra supply of wood is brought from the

pile in the dooryard, to last through the storm; and a fire is lighted on the broad hearth for the first time in the season; for a September gale, blowing in over the Gulf of Maine, narrowing the fury of the tornado-tossed Gulf Stream between Cape Cod and Cape Sable, and driving its mountain-high waves with all of Nature's wanton strength against this headland,



THE LOW-ROOFED FARMHOUSE

with terrific shock, and an uproar heard above the tumult of the wind and rain, a good league away, is the event of the year.

I have a vivid recollection of a great storm that years ago swept in from the Gulf Stream, deluging

these shores with its immense seas. I recall a low-roofed farmhouse on the "shore road," and its glowing flame in the September night.

The afternoon had been cold, gray, and threatening. The wind had blown in from the sea with a low moaning sound since noon, gathering force, as dusk came on. The cattle came up the road with a strange air of preoccupation, as if the winds had been telling them secrets, turning into the yard with decorous, obedient step, quite uncommon to them. The wind scurried up the road, as it blew over the

pastures, fresh from the sea, damp and odorous with salty flavor. The doors slammed; the smoke came down from the chimney-tops into the dooryard, to whirl twice, or thrice, about the huge pile of rifted firewood, as if dropping it a hint to keep out of the house until the storm was over; winding out over the house garden-patch, through the tall old-fashioned hollyhocks, until the wind caught it beyond the shelter of the big barns and spirited it away into the woods further inland.

From the dooryard I could see the black waste of the sea, streaked with seething foam; and a constant sound, as of distant artillery mingled with the lesser roar of innumerable volleys of musketry, came up from it. As I watched, the line of breakers seemed to grow whiter, broader every moment; and there came down the sky, huge drops of rain, as if the storm were close upon their heels; but no more than these few premonitory drops fell. There was no twilight. It was nightfall before one thought of it, as if the outdoor curtains had been suddenly drawn; for the fire brightened up in a cheery sort of a way, and a fresh glow overspread the room. The windows were but blank spaces in the walls. The burning wood between the clumsy iron dogs, askew on the scarred, uneven bricks, made lively music; and the sparks and smoke, went flying and roaring up the big flue; as if to remonstrate with the drooping branches of the great elm, — the patriarchal tree of the farm, — for making such uncanny, creaking noises with their rubbing up and down the moss-

frescoed shingles; but the ancient elm shook its top more uneasily, and swished its branches the more recklessly, while the sparks scurried downward to the ground, to go out in the wet. The wind, without, seemed to have a supernatural freakishness and the power of doing a great many things at once. It whistled through the tawny foliage of the big elm as if a hundred puckered mouths were blowing at the same time; it thundered down the great square chimney, to fill it with hollow, blustering sound and jarring tremor; it played fisticuffs with the seaward gables with many a feint, and now, and then, a stout blow that made every timber in the house shiver; it mopped the windows with the driving rain; and ripped the shingles, here and there, from the roof, where the old hand-wrought nails had rusted off, tearing down the road, to leave them wrecked in the apple-tree tops, or in the orchard stubble; it crept through the crevices about the shrunken window casings, to wander about the old sitting-room in draughty gusts, that sent indefinable creepy sensations up one's spine; and impelled one to heap the already abundantly supplied fire from the stack in the chimney corner; while, over all, sounded the surly message of the sea.

The supper was of hominy, with plenty of cool sweet milk, which was set upon the table in a shallow ten-quart pan with flaring rim, just as it came from its cool shelf in the milk-room. From it, each was helped in turn. A bowl of home-made hominy and milk, eaten in the light of the roaring fire, was an

experience that afforded exquisite enjoyment. The cheerful faces that bent over this homely repast lent to it a rare, sweet dignity.

My host had been master of more than one sailing vessel in earlier days, and had been much among the Bermudas, and up and down the Gulf Stream; but, after so much of sea-faring life, he had returned to the acres of his ancestors to haul kelp and seaweed from the kelp-cove that belonged to the old farm, and to plant its fields after the fashion of his forefathers. It was a good old name that never was stained with dishonor, and that had stood well with every tax collector since the time provincial dues were collected in these parts.

Nature finds many a heart in sympathy with herself, appealing to humanity in one guise and another; subjecting men to her moods unconsciously; setting their brains agog with strange fantasies, and uncanny imaginations, — thoughts that belong to far-off days and have no reference to, or influence upon, one's present existence. My host, like his cattle, wore a pre-occupied, or ruminant, air, as if something of unusual gravity were about to happen. With every gust of wind, and dash of rain, and the dismal noises that accompanied them, he seemed only the more alert, with just a shade of added anxiety clouding his rugged face. The table, quickly cleared of its remnant of repast, was neatly spread with its cover of faded red cloth, and strewn with the few books and papers which had a temporary attraction for the household, keeping company with the two or three

brightly-burning candles, that helped the flashing firelight to illumine the room quite sufficiently. People did not expect much in those days of high prices, and self-denial, and Rebellion, of the early sixties.

The conversation turned upon ghosts and spiritual manifestations, my host saying he could never understand why such things were always the longest to linger in the mind, forcing themselves upon one, routing and driving before them all previous thought, filling one's brain, oftentimes, with a queer tinge of apprehension, in spite of good sense and precedent, and most of all, in the face of intelligent reasoning.

My host continued the subject, by saying, and I will not attempt to convey the quaintness of his speech, — "I have thought folk in the days of witchcraft might have been half-right, for all of my orthodox bringing-up ; as some I have known before this, have seemed to be on calling terms with the Devil, if not in actual business with him. There is no need of their riding about on broom-sticks after the fashion of Goody Cole, either ; for there are nowadays, witches enough, and devils enough, in the flesh.

"But sailors are the worst folk for superstitions," and my host laughed, heartily, to as quickly lapse into sobriety, as he went on with his half-soliloquy.

"I have seen the day when a Mother Carey's chicken aloft in the ship's rigging, would have set my heart thumping like a drum-beat. I am well over that ; but a storm like this, brings cries for help, and the sound of a ship going to pieces on the rocks. When the winds are thick and heavy with rain, the breakers

dance in my eyes ; and a ship at sea, the low heavy boom of a gun, and the graveyard up yonder on the hill, get strangely mixed up in my dreams. I never see these things when the sky is clear, and the wind



ON THE ROCKS

is offshore, though I always account for it, in one way or another. I believe somewhat in fore-warnings. My father did before me. It runs in the family. He was a sea-going man, as were all his children ; and it was natural that they should inherit some of his ideas. Folk laugh at their neighbors

who believe in signs, dreams, and fore-warnings, but I never do. I tell such they do not know what they are laughing at."

Here my host stopped to nod his head twice or thrice at the fire, that seemed to burn the more brightly because he noticed it so much.

The wind and rain vied, each with the other, in keeping up a continual disturbance out of doors; and the latter ran down the window-panes in broad, wavy streams, as if poured from a bucket. Now and then, a wet gust would strike the house, broad-side, and the big drops would spatter over the inner window-sill. The seal of silence had fallen upon the room, unless the lazy tick of the little peaked-roofed Connecticut clock on the end of the fireplace mantel might be heard above the storm. Each seemed to be listening to the tumult of the elements, or individually thoughtful, except the housewife, whose knitting-needles kept up a flirtation with the blazing fore-stick, flashing brightly in the firelight as they clicked together in a brisk sort of a way.

"I suppose," said my host, beginning again, "there are as many addled folks nowadays as ever. Most everyboddy has some sort of a maggot in his head; I've one in mine I *guess*, for I've seen a ship driving onto the beach beyond the kelp-cove since the wind began to blow in from the sea. It's only an idea, mebbe, but it sticks like a beggar's-tick.

"By the way," turning to speak to me after he had poked the fire well together, "did you ever hear the story of Parson Burroughs who preached in these

parts before Castine came with his Penobscot Indians to burn what there was left of the Neck settlement, — Burroughs was hanged at Salem on account of Mary Wolcott?

“Speaking of folks getting maggots in their heads, puts me in mind of it. I calculate it might have been just such a night as this, the sheriff took the parson to Salem. When he got to Portsmouth, he told them there was a horde of devils at his back the whole way.”

“A race,” I suggested, “that would put Tam o’ Shanter’s, with all the devils of Alloway Kirk after him, out of sight.”

I was familiar with most that had been written of the witchcraft days of Salem. I had read of the execution of Margaret Jones of Charlestown in 1648, suspected of having and using the “malignant touch,” a persecution that dogged the footsteps of the old herb-women and the neighborhood crones, the climax of which came to Salem village when good old Rebecca Nurse was hung on Witches’ Hill, and dumped at the foot of its gallows. I had heard of old Goody Proctor and her strange doings; of pots jumping from their cranes; of hayracks tipped bottom-side up in the narrow barn floors, with their bulky loads beneath; of all the castaway boots and shoes in the farmhouse garret being thrown to the foot of its stairs at midnight by invisible hands; and of hay-cocks hanging in the orchard tree-tops; and all on the self-same farm where I lived as a boy; for there was a haunted cellar on the hill-top to lend the old

place somewhat of distinction. The story of Abigail Hobbs, who saw the devil's sacrament administered, was not a new one. I had seen hardly more than a mention of Parson Burroughs.

The children put aside their books and papers and drew nearer the fire, as if the coming tale were a new one to them, while the story-teller, settling comfortably into his broad-armed, high-backed rocker, began a tale so old, and of times so far away, that it needed the setting of just such a wild, boisterous night as this, with its dismal storm, to lend it the semblance of reality. The knitting-needles stopped their clicking; the knitter rolled her ball of stout homespun yarn and the half-completed stocking together, and putting them in the little basket on the table, prepared to listen anew to this story of the old provincial days, when, —

O'er the Witch-trott road to Portsmouth,
Past its salt creeks winding down,
Out through Hampton's sea-bleached meadows,
Burroughs went to Salem town.

These preliminaries ended with the story-teller putting a bit of Virginia leaf somewhere within the hidden recesses of his right cheek, as if he might extract some inspiration from it after the fashion of De Quincey, an incident that raised my expectancy to a higher pitch, to which my host referred as the only habit that had followed him home from the sea.

"In early *Pur-poodack* days, houses were as 'scarce

as hen's teeth,' — as my mother used to say before we laid her away in the hill burying-ground where she might be always in sight of the sea, for she had one boy somewhere in its blue waters. A single road stretched the length of the Neck settlement over which folk travelled to southward. It began at the foot of a rough road that ran down from the Casco Neck uplands to the shore, and was known as old King Street. Folk crossed the river to the Cape by a



ALEWIVE BROOK

ferry-boat, a flat-bottomed craft that set sail when the wind served; and at other times the ferry-man rowed them over. The trail crept round the Cape shore, and across Alewife Brook to Spurwink Creek, that twists like a blue ravelling of yarn through thousands of acres of salt marsh whenever the tide is in; and here, when the tide was well out, one could cross to follow the shore to *Piscataqua*. Across the *Piscataqua* was old Portsmouth, and from that place to Salem and Boston, the way was more convenient.

That was the way the Parson came from Salem to preach at the Neck settlement. He was a little man with bushy, black eyebrows, and powerful strong in his arms. While he lived at Wells, the folks in Salem were beginning to hang their neighbors; and it is not singular either, that folks should have got a grudge against him and called him a wizard, to pay off old scores; but every man has his *enemies*. It was not singular, the children should make fools of themselves when the old folks set them up to it, as they did Mary Wolcott; when such a paper could be made by the court" — the story-teller here arose, and going to the little unpainted shelf at one corner of the room, took from it an old volume bound in black-looking sheep, and turning its stained pages toward the fire as if in search of something, ending his sentence, — "as this."

"I bought that at a vendue some years ago, on one of my sailing trips into Salem. I always had a curiosity to see the hill where so many folks were trundled in a cart to be *murdered*. A barren place enough, it was then, with nothing to shelter it from the sea winds, and maybe it is now, for all I know. Standing there in the sunshine is well enough, but after nightfall, I should steer my craft clear of such a ghostly old place. Never fancied being round dead folks, anyhow. It isn't healthy-like; they come up in your face in the dark. It's a hard-looking volume, — pretty old I imagine, — but the auctioneer said it was full of witchcraft, and knocked it off to me for *two* and six. There," — said the old man, handing me

the book, — “is the charge against the parson, — you’ll enjoy the old-fashioned print; the firelight is not strong enough for my eyes.”

“*Anno Regis et Reginae, etc., quarto.*”

ESSEX, ss: The Jurors of our Sovereign Lord and Lady, the King and Queen, present, that George Burroughs, late of Falmouth in the Province of Massachusetts Bay, the ninth day of May in the fourth year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord and Lady, William and Mary, by the Grace of God, of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, King and Queen, defenders of the faith, etc., and divers other days and times as well before as after, certain detestable acts, called witchcraft and sorceries, wickedly and feloniously hath used, practiced and exercised at and within the town of Salem in the County of Essex aforesaid, in, upon, and against Mary Walcott, of Salem village in the County of Essex, singlewoman; by the which said wicked acts the said Mary Wolcott, the ninth day of May in the fourth year aforesaid, and divers other days and times, as well before as after, was and is tortured, afflicted, pined, consumed, wasted, and tormented, against the peace of our Sovereign Lord and Lady, the King and Queen, and against the force of the statute in that case made and provided.”

I had little difficulty in reading the indictment by the flickering light of the hearth-fire, for the letters stood out clearly on their leaf of old-fashioned, bluish, milled paper, so black were they, and so sharply outlined was the type from which the book was printed. The book was a quaint thing; and had on its red-lettered title-page, a cut of an old hag astride her broomstick, with the new moon over her shoulder; which, with its antiquity, made my host’s story, —

A story laid in far-off days,
When Sewall sat in wig and gown
To judge the devil's proteges, —
Quaker, and witch, in Salem town,
By burly Stoughton exorcised
With hangman's scaffold; ill-devised
Provincial edict; dearth of common sense;
Law-sanctioned crime and wickedness prepense, —

the more interesting.

It was not singular, with so formidable a document, couched in such stately, technical phraseology; charging such abominable practices and bearing the seal of an august tribunal, a Colonial court, that the people should have regarded the same with somewhat of awe and respect; for it was Justice Sewall's *teste*, no doubt, that gave to it its legal significance; or, that they sanctioned all its ignorance and wickedness with orderly sobriety and a churchly zeal, — that to-day seems pitiable if not criminal in its unreason, — especially when tales were told as truthful, like that of Mary Osgood's, afterwards related by her in this court, how she was carried through the air with Deacon Frye's wife, Ebenezer Baker's wife, and Goody Cole to a pond, where the devil baptized her, dipped her face in the water and made her renounce her former covenant with the church, claiming her soul and body forever; and that she was brought back through the air on a pole. It was not incredible that people believed whatever might be said against the best known and most upright of their neighbors, if there was anything of the marvellous quality to it. As for that matter, there are

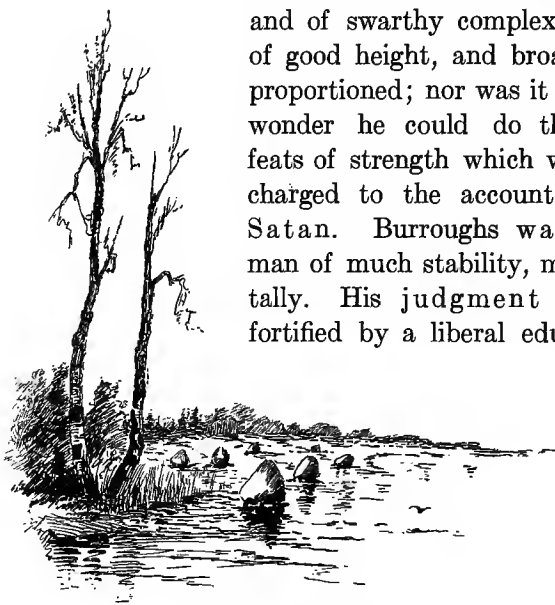
plenty of credulous people in these times, whose eyes and ears are always open to anything they may hear, and whose tongues wag, — but here my speculations were interrupted.

“It was in the mid-summer of 1690. I have always heard it was Sunday. The old town has perked up so much with its *new-fangled* ways and its stranger-folk coming in summer to get a sniff of salt and a bit of tan in their faces, I don’t think it would know itself in its homespun clothes, even on Sunday, with no one stirring about, its old-fashioned sunshine laying across the fields that are wider than they used to-be. Wells is drowsy enough on week-days, *you’ll* say, if you have ever been there; but on Sundays, the place is fairly asleep. The summer folk like it, no doubt. All they do is to appear out in a new rig every day, which is nonsensical, if they *can* afford it; for there’s enough poor folk as would be glad of the cost of a dress to help along. Folks, as have plenty, do not fret much about their neighbors. It’s human nature.

“The history of George Burroughs begins for us, with his graduation from Harvard, in the class of 1670. Very soon after that he went to Casco, later known as Falmouth, in the Province of Maine, and which comprised a wide area of the surrounding country. In fact, it compassed about all the settlements east of the Saco, and south of Merrymeeting Bay. It was, however, at Casco Neck, to be accurate, that he undertook his life-work, the carrying the Gospel to all men. At Casco, he received a grant of land of one hundred and fifty acres. It is evident that he was

a domestic man in his tastes and inclinations, for he was early married, and early widowed, as well. Burroughs was of the rugged type of the times. He was a man of great strength, as were most of the early settlers and their descendants, where temperate habits, and healthy environments prevailed. He was of

a saturnine cast of feature, and of swarthy complexion; of good height, and broadly proportioned; nor was it any wonder he could do those feats of strength which were charged to the account of Satan. Burroughs was a man of much stability, mentally. His judgment was fortified by a liberal educa-



A BIT OF SCARBOROUGH

tion, the best the times afforded; and like all Harvard men, he assumed to sway men, and to direct the order of their going, as has been the fashion of the Harvard Churchman since the beginning; and perhaps, his fault was, that he did not exercise sufficient tact.

Some local historians have set Burroughs out as a bad man, and without a particle of evidence. He was diligent in the service of the church; he underwent, with others, the hardships of the times; he conducted religious services at the garrisons, isolated, and far apart; he ran the same risks of personal danger; and there is no evidence that he ever shirked a duty, or ever ran away from an obligation. He was a good Indian-fighter; and his metal was tried at more than one garrison in old Scarborough. It does not appear that he was lax in his morals, after the fashion of the earlier preachers of this section. He was not greedy; but he was otherwise, as is evidenced by his returning to the donor town the large acreage of lands given to him, and which to-day lie almost in the heart of the beautiful city, the Mecca of the summer tourist to Maine; and which, from its twin hills, looks out, east and west, over ever-widening perspectives of sea and shore, of classic, romantic, and legendary charm. There was no reason why Burroughs should have left Casco, except that there was greater need of missionary work out Scarborough way. He was, according to all accounts, a man of personal resource, with ideas of his own. The times were turbulent. The settler was of crude and credulous intellectual capacity. Strifes were easily fomented and carried on; nor was Burroughs the only one of the cloth who had difficulty with his parish. It was the complaint of the times; and it was so common, that wherever there was preaching, there was dissension among the lay portion.

"About the time of Burroughs' graduation, a church had been organized at Danvers, old Salem Village, and a Mr. Bayley assumed the pastorate. The usual dissatisfaction began in a small way, and widened, until the General Court was called upon to interfere in the support of the pastor; but even that was of little avail. The new parish would neither fiddle nor dance to the Bayley music. The order of the General Court was openly contemned. Funds, food, and fuel, were woefully lacking; and the parson from Newbury cried quits, and retired from the Danvers field.

"It was into this parish of Danvers, where spiritual turmoil and party animosity were rife, that Burroughs came. If Preacher Bayley went out the back-door, the parson from Casco may be said to have stepped upon the former's shadow as he came in at the front. Burroughs could not have been unaware of the dissension that compelled the retirement of Preacher Bayley; and it may be, that he took the reins with a firm hand. Be that as it may, he soon found that the Danvers soil was still affording lodgement for abundant tares; and, notwithstanding his urgent ministrations, for he was a man, instant, in season, and out of season, he soon was given opportunity to feel the Danvers spiritual pulse under its most feverish aspects. He hammered at this perverse and untoward metal for a year; but dogma or homiletic availed little. They were laggard with their tithes, and there were times when Burroughs was actually in want. He kept to his task among

this obdurate people for two years; and finally left the pastorate; but not before his wife had been carried into the Danvers burial-ground, whose funeral charges her husband was unable to pay for lack of money.

"Among the funeral charges were two gallons of Canary rum bought of one Putnam. The debt was about fourteen pounds. At that time the parish was indebted to its pastor in the sum of thirty-three pounds, odd; and for this debt to Putnam, Burroughs had drawn upon the parish in Putnam's favor to pay the Putnam claim. After throwing up the Danvers parish, and adjusting his debts, Burroughs came back to Casco. This Danvers parish, by the way, was the same into which the Rev. Samuel Parris was inducted seven years later, occupying the Bayley-Burroughs parsonage, and whose voluminous notes of the evidence in the witchcraft trials, taken by order of Hathorn, make up the records of the numerous cases of wizardry of which that of Burroughs was a fair exponent.

"Upon Burroughs' arrival at Casco, he had the constable at his heels. Putnam, notwithstanding the order upon the Danvers parish, which he had received from Burroughs, had pursued him hither, evidently with no other purpose than to expend upon the preacher the venom of the disaffected portion of his former parish. It was a fair sample of the Christian charity of the times; and is not a far remove from some of the springs of modern church turmoils. I can think of no better name for such disaffections.

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It is almost beyond belief, that the doings of the early courts, and the clergy that made up their most potent support, could have been realities. There is no doubt, but the existence of the laws against Quakers, heretics, and witches, gave leverage for the visiting upon many a goodman, and his goodwife, the petty animosities and jealousies, that, even nowadays, set whole neighborhoods by the ears.

"After this, Burroughs wrought in the rough vineyard of Casco until around 1688, when he went to Wells, where he preached acceptably, and became an active man in that sparse settlement. Old Wells was a settlement of garrisons at the time; of which, perhaps, Storer's may be regarded the chiefest, in local importance. It was here, principally, that Burroughs officiated; for the savages were abroad; and conditions were perilous in the extreme. There was no safety for anyone outside the garrison walls; and it was within these havens of security that, in those immediate days, most religious observances were held. It has been said by an annalist of the times, that Wells was better supplied with garrisons than any of her sister settlements. Whether or not this be true, it is certain that Wells stood the brunt of the frontier savagery marvellously well.

"On the twenty-first day of July, 1691, a despatch was sent to Boston, to which George Burroughs' signature was attached second on the list of signers — Francis Littlefield's being the first. On Sept. 28, the same year, the following despatch was sent:

“To the Honored Governor and Council:

“WHEREAS it hath pleased God (both formerly and now) to let loose the heathen upon us by holden us off from our improvements, keeping us in close garrison, and daily lying in wait to take any that go forth, whereby we are brought very low, not all the corn raised in the town is judged enough to keep the inhabitants themselves one-half year, and our stocks both of cattle and swine are very much diminished.

“We therefore humbly request your honors to continue soldiers among us and appoint a commander over them, and what number shall be judged meet to remain with us for winter that provisions, corn and clothing suitable for them may be seasonably sent, also one hogshhead of salt, all ours being spent; also a present supply in that what was sent before is almost gone. We had a youth seventeen years of age last Saturday carried away, who went not above gun-shot from Lieut. Storer's garrison to fetch a little wood in his arms. We have desired our loving friends, Capt. John Littlefield and Ensign John Hill, to present this to your honors, who can give a further account of our condition. We subscribe, —

“This despatch is headed by Burroughs. Among other signatures are those of the two Wheelrights, and Joseph Storer. This evidences the whereabouts of George Burroughs, on that far-off summer of 1691. He seems to be given something of precedence in this most pressing affair of the need of the Storer garrison. Sullivan gives Burroughs a poor character, but from all that is left of the meagre detail of his

life, and of which the largest part is given to the proceedings at Salem, such a conclusion must be conjectural.

“At the time of the accusation against him of witchcraft, Burroughs had a third wife. In the indictment, one notes Burroughs was described as of Falmouth. At the time of his arrest he was in Wells, at Storer’s garrison, and York was the proper venue for his trial; but as Bourne says: ‘the offense might be regarded as committed in Salem, because the spectre of the witch was there, and also the person injured,’ — or, in other words, the act was done in Salem. There was apparently little law in the matter, and still less gospel. According to the writer last quoted, Burroughs had strong friends; one of whom remarked: ‘I believe he is a choice child of God!’ An emphatic testimony, to be sure.

“The date of his arrest does not appear; but the warrant was issued about the last day of April, 1692, by Elisha Hutchinson, ‘major,’ at Portsmouth. It was directed to Jno Partridge, ‘field marshall of the provinces of Maine and New Hampshire,’ commanding him to ‘apprehend the body of George Burroughs, at present, preacher at Wells in the province of Maine, and convey him with all speed to Salem.’ The return on the warrant was, that the officer ‘had apprehended the said George Burroughs and have him brought to Salem and delivered him to the authority there this fourth day of May, 1692.’

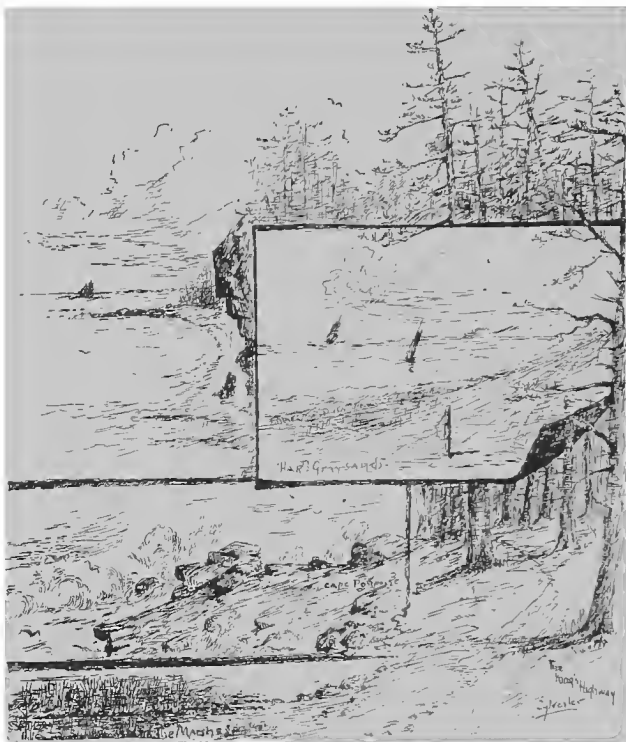
“Burroughs was probably at the Storer garrison when arrested. They blew the horn in those days

to call the people to meeting; and it was a good old-fashioned forenoon and afternoon preaching, — the session lasting three hours, with an ‘early candle-light’ at the end of it. Folk did not mind the rude seats, for it did not cost much to go to meeting in those days; and the preacher was always paid with a bag of wheat, or corn, or a bundle of woollen rolls. It is all different nowadays; for, the more folk pay their minister, the less preaching they get. Good old times, when the women went to one side, and the men to the other, and the preacher expounded the Word, and at the same time watched the clearing for Indian signs, as his own folk for signs of the devil inside; for every man carried his musket to church, as he did his conscience.

“The horn had blown its summons that morning from Storer’s for the folk to attend church service. Everybody attended. There were distinguished visitors present. The Provincial marshal had come from Portsmouth with his deputies. They were after Burroughs. Partridge read his warrant, but Burroughs did not know much about Salem witches, or Salem juries, either. He did not know what queer verdicts twelve men could find in a jury-room, and he went along, willingly enough.

“I had a lawing once, and I have my opinion of juries. I have drawn them out of the jury-box, and it is mighty poor timber they build them out of, sometimes. Great deal of shaky hemlock in the panel. Burroughs’ sermon that morning was a short one, for they were at once on the road to Salem, hoping to

reach Portsmouth early in the evening, even then affrighted with their thoughts of Indians, witches and ghosts. Without this, considering the facilities for



FROM WELLS TO YORK

travel in those days, the execution of the precept was reasonably swift; and there may have been some truth in the tradition extant of the happenings upon their journey Salem-ward. Thoroughly saturated

with the heresy of witchcraft, their terror was made more emphatical by the actual perils which beset them. They followed the seashore along Hart's Sands to York; and from thence, they struck inland, to cross the river at Quamphegan. Wild imaginings played riot in their minds as they went; and the eerie tales of those Salem chits were freshened and reënforced as the glooms of the Newichawannock woods deepened about them.

"The stumps in the pastures by the way, were bogies or ghosts. The skies reeked with ominous signs. Partridge and his squad were in mortal fear of Burroughs, who was reputed to have sold himself to the devil; which is not so surprising, when one remembers even the judges were so scared that a few months after, they hanged poor old Rebecca Nurse after the jury had acquitted her. It was a time when folk went on a mad hunt for trouble. Every happening about the house had its occult meaning. The church-yard was not considered a healthy place for folk after night set in; and a ride through a strip of strange woods when ghosts might be abroad, took a sight of backbone, — more than most folk had in those times, — when the winds turned the leaves of the trees into wizard foot-falls; and the creaking of their interlaced branches were witch jabberings; and the bent gray birches a crowd of sheeted grave-sleepers, leering and grinning over the fences; and the silences of the night were pulsing with hideous things and hideous sounds. I have heard that the cellar of the old Samuel Parris house may still be seen; that

was where the black Tituba from the Barbadoes, trained eight girl-simpletons into witch-finders. They were so smart at the business, that they had only to point a single finger at a poor old woman who had a stoop in her shoulders, a hook-nose and a wrinkled face, and she was as good as hung. The girls were taken to Andover to hunt witches; and with such effect, it was commonly reported that, 'forty men of Andover could raise the devil as well as any astrol-o-ger.'

"But the officers kept to their journey, and as they went, their wits oozed out their pores. Witches flew through the air, and ghosts arose out of the bushes. Strange and unaccountable whisperings kept pace with their horses, evil spirits communing with the culprit preacher, whose sober and undisturbed demeanor was suggestive of grave and devilish machinations. Night set in quickly, as if a black pall had been let down from the sky. It was a storm-cloud, that a moment later burst with tempestuous fury upon them. The lightning flared, and flapped its pale wings in their faces, until one bolt, more potent than all the others, smote a huge pine over their heads. Along with the fragments of the thunderous peal that followed, came the débris of the tree-top, crashing at the heels of their horses. Horses never flew like those of the Portsmouth sheriff. Burroughs had wrought a direful spell, and the friends of Satan had them all in their grip. They kept no more to the solid ground, but skimmed the roads like a troop of swallows scouring the fields before the coming rain. It was a wild

ride, equalled only by that of Ichabod Crane and the Headless Horseman. But they got over the Piscataqua safely, and were only able to quiet their nerves



THE WITCHTROT

under the eaves of the tavern at Portsmouth. From thence to Salem, the ride was uneventful.

“To this day, the road through the shadows of these old Berwick woods has been dubbed, the Witchtrott.

Not then had Burns, the Commoner
Of Doon and Ayr, — “and a’ that,” —
Sung to the world in braw Scotch verse,
“A mon ’s a mon, for a’ that.”
But Burroughs knew the truth, as well,
That simple living teaches,
That manhood is not always found
In laced coats, wigs and breeches.

Not then the old North Church had hung
Its lanterns, redly gleaming,
Into the night, from belfry-tower,
To wake folk from their dreaming,
With clattering midnight hoofs, and shout
Of hurried hoarse-voiced warning, —
“Daybreak, the British march this way!”
No news for idle scorning.

Not then the Concord men had fought,
Nor made of roadside fences
And lichened walls, their ambuscades,
The uncondoned offences
That taught the world a lesson, grim,
With Yorktown for its object,
The “divine right of kings” alike
Is vested in the subject.

“And yet, as one recalls the environment of these people, what could one look for, other than what occurred? It afforded a most natural soil for the delusions that were abated none too soon. It was a leafless hedgerow that led to Peter’s Gate.

“May 9th, Burroughs was brought up for examination at Beadle’s Tavern. Stoughton and Sewall came out of Boston to lend countenance to so im-

portant a case. This was in the nature of a private enquiry by the adjacent clergy. Here is a part of the Star Chamber examination:

“‘Being asked when he partook of the Lord’s Supper, he being (as he said) in full communion at Roxbury, he answered it was so long since he could not tell, yet he owned he was at meeting one Sabbath at



BEADLE'S TAVERN

Boston, part of the day, and the other at Charlestown part of a Sabbath, when the sacrament happened to be at both, yet did not partake of either. He denied that his house at Casco was haunted, yet he owned there were toads. The above was in private, none of the bewitched being present.’

“This preliminary hearing being concluded, proceedings in open court were begun, and one can imagine the crowd agape, half with wonderment, and the

rest onlooking with ill-concealed unrest. What a nudging of elbows, grimaces, shifting of feet, and uneasy and apprehensive posturings, must have confronted the grave judges, who, under the English law, which deprived the accused of the right of counsel, were supposed to maintain all reasonable barriers against the prisoner's accusers!

"But follow the record:

"At his entry into the court room many (if not all of the bewitched) were grievously tortured. Sarah Sheldon testified that Burroughs' two wives appeared in their winding sheets and said that man killed her.

"He was bid to look upon Sheldon. He looked back and knocked down all (or most of the afflicted who stood behind him).

"Mary Lewis' deposition going to be read and he looked at her and she fell into a dreadful and tedious fit.

Mary Walcott	Testimony going to be
Elizabeth Hubbard	Read and they fell
Susan Shildon	Into fits.

"Being asked what he thought of these things he answered it was an amazing and humiliating providence but he understood nothing of it, and he said (some of you may observe that) when they begin to name any name they cannot name it.

"The bewitched were so tortured that authority ordered them to be taken away some of them.

"Capt. Putnam testified about the gun. Capt.

Wormwood testified about the gun and about the molasses.

“‘He (Burroughs) denied that about the molasses. About the gun he said he took it before the lock and rested it upon his breast.

“‘John Brown testified about a barrel of cider. He denied that his family was affrighted by a white calf in his house.’

“This reference to the record throws a side-light upon the bias, or mental leanings of the Court. As ridiculous as seem these stories, for they were not evidence, their result was to cause the remanding of Burroughs to the Salem Gaol, where he remained until August; when he came up for trial on the indictments, which, in the meantime had been drawn, to the number of four, of which one is given to the reader. Ann Putnam and Sarah Osgood seem to have been the most lucid and prolific in their imaginings, as their depositions indicate. Ann said, — and by the way it was Putnam who some ten years before had followed Burroughs with legal process into Falmouth, and perhaps it was directly chargeable to Thomas Putnam that a girl of around twelve years of age should be able to relate such a tale as is recorded by Parris, — that Burroughs’ two first wives had appeared to her and had told her that they had been bewitched to death by him. ‘One told me,’ she deposed, ‘she was his first wife and he stabbed her under the left arm and put a piece of sealing-wax on the wound, and she pulled aside the winding-sheet and showed me the place.’ Also, ‘the wife which he

hath now, killed her in the vessel as she was coming to see his friends,' — the revelation of the second wife.

"To quote a recent writer:

"Simon Willard testified to being in Falmouth, Me., in September, 1689, when some one was

"Commending Mr. Burroughs, his strength, saying that he could hold out his gun with one hand. Mr. Burroughs being there said, I held my hand here behind the lock and took it up and held it out. I, said deponent, saw Mr. Burroughs put his hand on the gun, to show us how he held it and where he held his hand, and saying there he held his hand when he held his gun out; but I saw him not hold it out then. Said gun was about seven-foot barrel and very heavy. I then tried to hold out said gun with both hands, but could not do it long enough to take sight.'

"Willard also deposed that when he was in garri-son at Saco some one in speaking of Burroughs's great strength said he could take a barrel out of a canoe and carry it and set on the shore, and Burroughs said he had carried a barrel of molasses or cider and that it had like to have done him a displeasure, so he intimated that he did not want strength to do it, but the disadvantage of the shore was such that his foot slipping in the sand he had liked to have strained his leg.' Benjamin Hutchinson testified that he met Abigail Williams one day about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, in Salem Village. Burroughs was then in Maine, a hundred miles away. She told him she then saw Burroughs. Hutchinson asked where. She answered, 'There,' and pointed to a rut in the road.

Hutchinson threw an iron fork towards the place where she said she saw Burroughs. Williams fell into a fit.

"Coming out she said, 'You have torn his coat for I heard it tear.' 'Whereabouts?' said I. 'On one side,' said she. Then we went to the house of Lieutenant Ingersoll, and I went into a great room and Abigail came in and said, 'There he stands.' I said, 'Where? where?' and presently drew my rapier. Then Abigail said 'He is gone, but there is a gray cat.' Then I said 'Whereabouts?' 'There,' said she, 'there.' Then I struck with my rapier and she fell into a fit; and when it was over she said, 'You killed her.'

"'Hutchinson said he could not see the cat, whereupon Williams informed his credulous soul that the spectre of Sarah Good had come in and carried away the dead animal.'

"These affairs, be it remembered, occurred in broad daylight. Deliverance Hobbs, called as a witness in the case, protested her innocence. Subsequently she was examined in prison and confessed that she was a witch. She had attended a meeting of witches where Burroughs was preacher, and

"'Pressed them to bewitch all in the Village. He administered the sacrament to them with red bread and red wine like blood. . . . Her daughter Abigail Hobbs, being brought in at the same time, while her mother was present, was immediately taken with a dreadful fit; and her mother being asked who it was that hurt her daughter, answered it was Goodman Corey, and she saw him and the gentlewoman of Boston striving to break her daughter's neck.'"

“The same annalist says:

“‘I quote at this point a deposition exactly as I find it on the files, without the change of a letter or a punctuation mark.

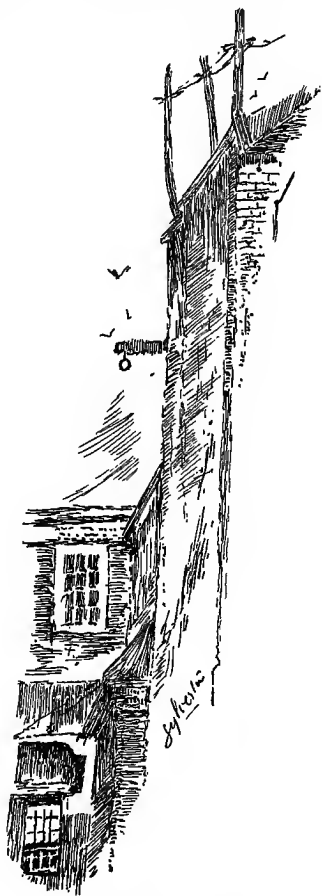
“‘The complaint of Samuel Sheldon against Mr. Burroughs which brought a book to mee and told mee if i would not set my hand too it hee would tear me to peesses i told him i would not then he told mee hee would Starve me to death then the next morning hee tould me hee could not starve mee to death but hee would choake mee so that my vittals should doe me but litl good then he tould mee his name was borros which had preached at the vilage the last night hee came to mee and asked mee whither i would goe to the village to-morrow to witness against him i asked him if he was examined then he told mee hee was then i told him i would goe then hee told mee hee would kil mee before morning then hee appeared to mee at the hous of nathanniel ingolson and told mee hee had been the death of three children at the eastward and had kiled two of his wives the first he smothered and the second he choaked and killed two of his own children.’

“Ann Putnam, it will be remembered, told an entirely different story about the way in which Burroughs ‘killed his two first wives,’ and she, too, claimed to have the story directly from the apparitions of those wives.

“A jury of seven appointed to search the body of Mr. Burroughs for witch marks reported that they found nothing but what was natural.

“George Herrick testified that in May he went to the jail and searched the body of Jacobs. He found a tett under the right shoulder a quarter of an inch long. He ran a pin through it, but ‘there was neither water, blood, nor corruption, nor any other matter, and so we make return.’ The following document is also among the papers:

“wee whose names are under written having received an order from ye sreife to search ye bodyes of George Burroughs and George Jacobs wee find nothing upon ye body of ye above sayd Burroughs but wt is naturall but upon ye body of George Jacobs wee find 3 tetts weh according to ye best of our judgements wee think is not naturall for wee run a pinn through 2 of ym and he was not sincible of it one of them being within his mouth upon ye inside of his right cheak and 2d upon



A CORNER OF SALEM

his right shoulder blade and a 3d upon his right hipp.

Ed Welch	sworne	John Flint	jurat
Will Gill	sworne	Tom West	sworne
Zeb Gill	jurat	Sam Morgan	sworne
		John Bare	jurat.'

"Burroughs was convicted, however, and on the 19th of August hanged on Gallows Hill, Salem."

Calef says Burroughs was

"Carried in a cart with others through the streets of Salem to execution. When he was upon the ladder he made a speech for the clearing of his innocence with such solemn and serious expressions as were to the admiration of all present: his prayer which he concluded by repeating the Lord's Prayer so well worded and uttered with such composedness and such (at least seeming) fervency of spirit, as was very affecting, and drew tears from many, so that it seemed to some that the spectators would hinder the execution. The accusers said the black mand stood and dictated to him. As soon as he was turned off, Mr. Cotton Mather, being mounted upon a horse, addressed himself to the people, partly to declare that he (Burroughs) was no ordained minister, and partly to possess the people of his guilt, saying that the devil has often been transformed into an angel of light: and this somewhat appeased the people and the execution went on. When he was cut down, he was dragged by the halter to a hole or grave, between the rocks, about two feet deep, his shirt and breeches being pulled off, and an old pair of trowsers

of one executed put on his lower parts. He was so put in together with Willard and Carrier that one of his hands and his chin, and a foot of one of them, were left uncovered."

Famous Judge Sewall was moved to make a record of the event of the execution of George Burroughs, and of the unbelief of many of the Salem folk in his guilt. His note bears date of August 19, 1692.

"This day George Burroughs, John Willard, John Proctor, Martha Carrier, and George Jacobs were executed at Salem, a very great number of spectators being present. Mr. Cotton Mather was there, Mr. Sims, Hale, Noyes, Cheever, etc. All of them said they were innocent, Carrier and all. Mr. Mather says they all died by a Righteous Sentence. Mr. Burroughs by his Speech, Prayer, presentation of his Innocence did much move unthinking persons, which occasions their speaking hardly concerning his being executed."

This judge was the only one of them all to make public confession of his error.

Referring to the quotation from Calef, and his allusion to the repeating of the Lord's Prayer by Burroughs, a witch was not believed to be able to repeat the same correctly. As a part of the examination of an individual found guilty of witchcraft, that was one of the ordeals to which the culprit had to submit; it was regarded in the light of corroborative testimony, and its repetition was always exacted by the presiding justice at the trial. Nevins, in a note to his work on Salem Witchcraft, says, — "the ac-

cused often voluntarily repeated the prayer, as Burroughs did on this occasion."

As to Burroughs' character, Fowler, in his edition of Calef's "More Wonders, etc.," disagrees with Sullivan. Increase Mather termed him a "very ill man." Hutchinson declares that Burroughs at his trial, "was confounded, and used many twistings and turnings which I think we cannot wonder at." Cotton Mather writes, "his tergiversations, contradictions, and falsehoods were very sensible at his examination, and on his trial." Nevins opines, "that all these statements were based, more or less, on Cotton Mather's 'Wonders of the Invisible World.'" Cotton Mather, and his Double-headed Snake of Newbury, demand equal credence with his tales of spectral visitations and influences. Mather and the Salem judges were no respecters of the infirmities of extreme old age; nor were they qualified to judge of the competency, or incompetency of evidence. They purged the threshing-floors of Truth with the brutal flail of Delusion; and Sewall, alone felt the stings of Conscience. Stoughton was the Provincial Jeffries who presided most ably at this feast of crime. George Corwin, the sheriff, was a willing tool; and poor Samuel Parris, how his little brain must have throbbed and ached, as he tried to keep up with this drivel of adolescent hysterics!

Degenerate days!

Not a few writers upon the occurrences of those days, have made serious attempt at palliation of so grave an outrage against personal right, and com-

munal decency; but it has been at the expense of the standard of intelligence exhibited by the Puritans in other lines of self-government. Had this weeding out of heretical tares been less cruel; or less tainted with apparent malice; or even less hasty in piling stones upon old Giles Corey, and swinging its victims from the rude gallows on Witches' Hill; or somewhat more doubtful in its credulity, one might be inclined to plead leniency of judgment. Had the official sanction of these terrible deeds, that smacked of the days of the Duke of Alva, been less pronounced, and active, it might have been easier. But this was done by the Crown, which left its victim without counsel, or the intervening arm of the Court; which, under the old English law, was bound to ward off irrelevancy and hearsay; and to shelter the accused within its mantle of absolute justice, so far as the same was possible of attainment under the existing laws, and a wise and temperate application of them.

John Proctor, who was convicted as a witch, and who was hung on the same day as Burroughs, affords an instance of evident, and malicious persecution. He was a "proper sort" of a man, and was possessed of some local importance. He was referee in a matter of law between Giles Corey and John Gloyd, and undoubtedly incurred the enmity of Corey. He had his idea of dealing with this moral distemper; and he was one of those who kept his wits, when those of others were balanced about evenly between witch-ridden Parris' pasture, and Beadle's Tavern. He did not hesitate to express upon proper occasion,

his personal disapprobation of these untoward hallucinations of Abigail Williams and her conscienceless coterie of adolescents. Proctor said, he "could whip the devil out of them," and it was a public calamity that he was not given the opportunity to apply the birch. Even this sturdy adhesion to sound sense counted against him in his day of need, to be re-



PARRIS' PASTURE

called later with poignant regret by those who had a hand in his murder.

His wife, Goody Proctor, as she was called in the witch vernacular, was apprehended, sentenced, and would have gone to the gallows with her husband, except for the plea of pregnancy, which procured for her a stay of proceedings. Before the birth of her child, the insane delusions of these Salem butchers

had become weary or affrighted with the ever-present spectre of gray-haired Rebecca Nurse swinging in the wind; as, according to Rose Terry Cooke,

“They hanged this weary woman there,
Like any felon stout;
Her white hairs on the cruel rope
Were scattered all about.”

But Proctor was a man of keen perceptions, and of great determination. He had his preliminary examination, and was then remanded to jail for trial. An observant witness of the manifest injustice and one-sidedness of these trials, he asked for a change of *venue* to Boston. It was refused him. He then solicited to be brought before magistrates other than Stoughton and his fanatical associates, which proved likewise, unavailing. No other inference can be drawn, than that these “judicial” proceedings were attaint with *ultra vires*, going far beyond the powers of the Court in these so-called trials. The accused might as well have been taken to Gallows Hill, and disposed of at once on the original warrant, as to Court. The result was the same, for an accusation was equivalent to a conviction; and the stain of Goody Nurse’s murder is of the color of the fatal noose that strangled all, from Bridget Bishop to Sarah Good.

Here is something of interest, as showing the lay sentiment of Salem Village, and the current opinion which found definite expression:

“We whose names are underwritten, having sev-

eral years known John Procter and his wife, do testify that we never heard or understood that they were ever suspected to be guilty of the crime now charged upon them, and several of us, being their near neighbors, do testify, that to our apprehension, they lived Christian-like in their family, and were ever ready to help such as stood in need of their help."

This petition was signed by John Fulton and twenty others. Here is another of similar character.

"We reckon it within the duties of our charity, that teaches us to do as we would be done by, to offer thus much for the clearing of our neighbor's innocence, viz.: that we never had the least knowledge of such a nefandus wickedness in our neighbors since they have been within our acquaintance. . . . As to what we have seen or heard of them, upon our conscience we judge them innocent of the crime objected."

This latter was signed by John Wise of Ipswich, and thirty-one others of his Ipswich neighbors, in Proctor's behalf. Neither of these, which were presented to the Court's Assistants, availed anything. Great moral courage, however, was required to present them, so emphatically friendly were they to Proctor's interest.

These allusions to the Proctor case are luminous, as illustrating the deeps of the moral slough into which the Salem authorities had waded, along with the insipid-faced Cotton Mather, to get altogether mired. Lieutenant-Governor William Stoughton was the chief-justice at these trials. His sanctimonious

affectations made his administration of the law sufficiently odious; but his merciless judgments were painted with virulence. Once, when one of his victims was reprieved, he left the bench in a flout of temper, to exclaim, "We were in the way to have cleared the land of these. Who is it obstructs the course of justice, I know not. The Lord be merciful to the country."

In Proctor's case, notably, he was not allowed the time he thought necessary to prepare for the summary exit in store for him. Even the clergyman who attended the hangings, refused the usual consolations of the faith, in his last moments on the scaffold, — the essence of barbarity of the Dark Ages. So it was charged, as showing manifest persecution, a charge not to be gainsaid. No doubt these petitions were thorns in the sides of the Court and its ready assistants, for they were the palpable evidence of the rising storm of open denunciation, and condemnation, which was to follow all the active participators in these outrages against right and decency, to their graves.

The horror of those days must have been indescribable, with the short shrift of a fortnight between the dock and the hangman. But those days are far away, and it is a pleasing thought that even the last resting-places of these nineteen alleged witches, or the, rather, unfortunates, have been obliterated by the soft hands of Nature. Would that these extracts from the ancient court records had at once faded into illegibility; but they remain for the

world to see, even to the bottles of "witch-pins" carefully hoarded even now in the Salem court-house for the curious to look upon, pinning the traditions of Yesterday to To-day.

Here the little clock on the mantel began to strike, and, unconsciously, I had counted nine, when the children, with a parting kiss, stole quietly off to bed; nor, was I omitted in the observance of this old-fashioned courtesy. I heard their light footsteps on the uncarpeted stair, and wondered if they would hide their heads under the coverlid, after hearing such grewsome tales of witches and ghosts that were likely to haunt the open chambers in the childish brain.

The fire is getting low and everything has a drowsy sound, unless it is the storm outside. A half after nine, the ashes on the hearth are raked apart; the half-burned back-stick is tipped into the glowing hollow against the chimney-back, and covered with hot coals and a thick outer covering of dull gray ashes. The fire is raked up for the night to smoulder and smoke until morning, when it will be unraked to make the fire for the new day, — a custom not many steps from a religious observance in most New England farm households, — a sort of Fire Worship, — for the day ended and began, at this altar of smouldering flame. With a parting sip from the quaintly-fashioned brown mug, I bade Goodman and Goodwife a "Good night!" and climbed the creaky stair after the children, to an old-fashioned room with old-fashioned furnishings, to get an old-fashioned

slumber under the dripping roofs, and perhaps to dream that I am on the road to Quamphegan.

"Boom!" It is the wind buffeting the gable.

I do not know how long I have slept, but I am thoroughly awake.

On the brass-mounted bedstead, the tapering, fluted posts of which reach the ceiling, as I noticed before blowing out the flame of my candle what



ON THE ROAD TO QUAMPEGAN

seemed hours before, my watch ticked in a subdued, half-apologetic sort of a way, as if its only excuse for ticking at all, was that of making some companionship for itself. That it took a quiet enjoyment in keeping up its monotonous speech, cheery at times and brisk-like, dying away into a half-audible assertion of itself at other times, was evidenced by the fact that it was simply doing on this occasion what it had done every night since it had come into my possession. All I could make of its iteration was,—

"Wake up! Wake up!" and I doubt not that had been the gist of its saying during my slumber, from what occurred afterward.

I am not a heavy sleeper. I awake easily if unusual sounds are about, or even at will, if I have fixed the time for such waking before going to sleep. Some folk sleep with an alarm clock beside their pillow; but it is more convenient, and less troublesome to the family, if one can make the time-keeper in his brain strike the hours; nor are my slumbers light, for they are thoroughly restful when in normal health. Knowing all this, I am wondering why I am so wide awake on the instant, when I should be soundly sleeping, with such a storm lullaby overhead. Something has touched me, and I have unconsciously responded. I look out into the room, but nothing is discernible in this cube of opaqueness into which the thick storm has converted my room for the time being. I seem to be apart from all evidences of humanity, as for the seeing of them, or hearing of them. There is no town-clock to send down the storm-wind the message of the flying hours, with its clanging note. Not even the little time-keeper from the "Yankee Notion" country, on the fireplace mantel below, could be heard, at its loudest stroke, beyond the front stairs; but, for all this, I have the uncomfortable impression that I am not altogether alone. Who is it, or what is it, that has thrust itself upon my attention at this unseemly time of night? There are no sounds about, — only those of the storm. When the gale lulls a bit, — it

comes in fitful gusts now, with intervals of down-pouring rain between, — there is a rhythm of thick-falling drops on the pine roof-shingles that impart a sensation of wavering, irregular pulse to the timbers that hold the staunch roof and gable together; as if fairly worn out and discouraged under the pelting and drenching of such a night of wind, and wet. On the seaward gable, the rain courses down the warped shingles to the outer window-sill, with an audible splash and spatter; and when it comes with a gusty haste, it is thrown against the ancient gable with a dry rattling sound, like sleet. A heavy gust makes the old house tremble from king-pin to cellar; and the wooden fireboard at the foot of my bed is blown outward; falling with a queer flapping noise, as if trying to catch its breath in the tumult; while the sounds in the chimney are augmented in volume. The wind, as it blows over the top of the chimney, fills the flues with a medley of wind-speech. The chimney seems thronged with summer-dwellers, the swifts, there is such a fluttering of windy wings; and then there is a sound of blowing into an empty bottle, only in larger degree; as if a stray storm sprite had caught some urchin at his sport of coaxing hideous sounds out of this creation of the glass-blower, and in a freak of mockery was playing like pranks with my host's chimney-top. It whistles, mocks, moans, and mutters all sorts of wind gibberish. It rolls, or tumbles, headlong down the gloomy alley where the Smoke family live, making a deal of disturbance, and carrying with it swallow nests by the score, and

huge scales of glossy soot; and, not satisfied with that, it coaxes great splashing drops of wet along with it; an illustration in nature of how folks may go from bad to worse, when they are not particular what company they keep. I can hear the pounding of the sea; and it is like the rolling of distant thunder; so much like thunder is it, that I am not startled when my room is flooded with a thin bluish light; a pallid, weird, quivering flame, that is followed by a terrific crash that has swallowed up all other noises; and that makes the old house shudder nervously at this storm threat. The thunder dies away to windward, with slow, uneven mutterings; the wind is awed into silence; and the rain comes in torrents.

How much one can see in an instant of time! In that brief second of electrical phenomena, I have, by a sort of instantaneous mental photography, made a picture of all there is in this room, even to the quaintly-patterned wall-paper, and the colored prints that hang against it, and the old-fashioned furniture, that fills its nooks and corners, — a picture that will last forever. On the walls is the greenest of green and white paper; the whole, a landscape in conglomerate, with oblong panels, or blocks, separated by white seams; as if set in an irregular sort of masonry bond, neither English, nor Flemish, but peculiarly old-fashioned; each pictured panel a duplicate of its fellow, and suggestive of the times when wall paper came in patches or squares, instead of rolls; and that were fastened in place with nails; all of which was somewhat before paper-hanging had become an art.

One window-curtain of a like arsenical color, unrolled to its full length, is decorated with an impossible landscape, done in gairish colors, that would give one the nightmare if seen long in such an unearthly light. The tall, brass-mounted chest of drawers with its tiny looking-glass in its thinly gilded frame atop, and the blown-out tallow dip beside it; the square, top-heavy stand with its four attenuated legs and ancient blue-ware toilet-set to keep it company; the black rush-bottomed chairs, each one a ghost of Puritan dignity, that set stiffly between; and looking down upon them from the walls, the faded faces of good Queen Bess and the unfortunate Mary, with a half-dozen wood-cuts from some illustrated newspaper, pinned here and there in lieu of something better; all these, with the fireboard fallen prone, and helpless, athwart the home-woven rag carpet; and the hearth, dingy, cheerless and forlorn, are as indelibly imprinted upon my brain at this far-off day, as when I saw them for that single instant of quivering light.

There is one thing in this room I have not mentioned, — a little square-topped stand at the head of my bed, an old-fashioned chair close beside it, and in which was something I had seen in my earlier days that gave me a momentary chill. I might say here, I am an utter disbeliever in ghosts or apparitions; but here in this chair is the impalpable, but visual evidence, that might convince a more credulous person than myself, of ghostly visitations, for one of the spectre family has come to play the ghostly

watcher over my slumbers. I see in the span of a lightning flash, the figure of an old man, with long, white beard, dressed in most ancient garb, the cut and fashion of which are before my time, and which are strange to me. His coat fits loosely about the stoop in his shoulders, and on his half-bent head is a slouch hat, that might have hung for years in the dustiest corner of some old grist-mill. Now, I think of it, the old man's garb was more like a miller's than anything else; or like something that had been taken from its garret nail, with the undisturbed dust of years upon it. The occupant of this chair does not look at me, — he never does, — but seems staring vacantly outward into the room, as if deprecating any inquiry he might read in my eyes, or any discovery I might make, could I but get a look into his own. He is no stranger to me, with his pallid countenance and depressed manner, for I have met him several times since my early childhood. He always preserves the same impassive mien. Whatever his mission, I have never been able to discover it; but I have become so used to his appearance at any time, that I sometimes find myself trying to conjure him into existence, but am rarely successful. Sometimes he stands at the foot of my bed, but he never looks me in the face; why, I cannot imagine. He comes most when my room is flooded with light, usually at the full of the moon. Whether it is the family ghost or not, I do not know. I never heard my people allude to the matter, however fashionable it may be to have such a well-behaved ghost among the family

heirlooms. Is it not singular that his visitations have never before been commented upon? I am an only child, and my father had numerous brothers, to any one of whom his Ghost-ship might have attached himself; but I confess I was startled enough when I first saw him in his dusty, antiquated clothes, that were the farthest remove from the musty habiliments of the graveyard, sitting by the white-covered light-stand in the big square chamber of the old farmhouse, a good quarter of a century ago. There was one singular thing about this old fellow. While I could see every outline of form and feature, and could even distinguish the texture of his threadbare garments in the moonlight, yet I could see through and beyond all this, so thin and unsubstantial was this, to me, vagary of an unduly excited imagination. But was it a vagary? Whether it was or not, will always be a mystery, to be solved after this house of flesh has been vacated, when, if restless spirits return to earth, the writer may take a hand at playing midnight visitant.



THE TROLL OF RICHMOND'S
ISLAND



THE TROLL OF RICHMOND'S ISLAND



N
these matter-of-fact days one does not give much heed to the superstitions once cherished among the fireside tales of singular and so-called supernatural happenings; but that such were current coin among our ancestors is nevertheless true. They have come down to us as remnants of one vagrant chronicle or other, weird traditions of trolls; were-wolves and vampires, of ghost-walks and haunted houses that made the Salem Witchcraft Trials the short steps to that series of tragedies that are almost the only blot upon the civilization of New England.

Children's tales, nowadays, hardly three centuries ago, in the days of Jocelyn's *Mermans* and *Tritons*, they were repeated oftentimes in low-voiced murmurs, when repeated at all — as if the Dead Ship of Harpswell were ever a ship at all, except in the mind of some lively romancer of the period, whose imagination stood for the quintessence of veracity. They were the days when John Ingram's description of the

Golden City of the Penobscot wilderness set the greed of all London agog to make immediate pilgrimage to *Norombegua*, the then Mecca of the New World explorer, and whose only rewards were the direst failure, except that so fair a picture as now greets the eye of the sea-voyager as he approaches the Maine Coast, would never have been limned, had not this same spirit of adventurous exploration, as it were, stretched the canvas and sketched in the perspective of what was to be an incomparable panorama of sea and shore.

Southward of Champlain's "Cabo de Muchas Islas" was Richmon's Island, one of the shifting scenes of a drama put upon the boards in the days of Charles I, and which continued to be played with varying fortunes for many years thereafter.

With Trelawney for prompter, greed, avarice and murder stalked across the stage with a realism only to be found in the living heart. Here were the living characters, and here they played those parts, whose *entre'acts* were enlivened only by the dirge of the ocean that beat unceasingly against the but-tressed shores, as if in protest against the character of the play that was on, a kind of continuous performance, that was broken into only by the dropping out of some actor as the musket ball, or knife, cut short the span of life.

It was here in 1855, on Richmon's Island, that a pot of gold was ploughed up, an old earthen pot, within whose recesses for more than two centuries had been hidden the romance of a far-away day, a

romance stained with more than one bloody tragedy, and which would have been as yet unrevealed, but, for the old Troll who lived, so he told me, about the stone-yards of this old "cape of many islands" ever since the days of Chaos, and who, for so many years, was the self-constituted guardian of this old pot of gold.

This treasure is now the property of the Maine Historical Society, where the ancient coins may be examined if the curator regards the observer as honest as



himself; and it was here in the shadows of the lofty ceilings under the spell of the gathering



twilight, as I fingered one of those worn discs of gold, with all thought of Aladdin, and his Lamp, as far away as my own book-shelves at home, the old Troll, hoary with the dust of every geological period since the Creation, slowly emerged out of the dusk to perch himself on the glass case beside Father Raslé's old chapel-bell, from which vantage-point, with one arm outstretched, his stubby forefinger indicating the coins in my hands, and with a voice that sounded like the music of the sea, he murmured. — "You would like to know their story?"

"Certainly, — very much, indeed," and eagerly, I replied, notwithstanding my surprise at the sudden appearance of this courteous and dwarf-like bit of humanity.

"I will tell *you*, — " with something of flattery in his accent.

I give it to my reader as literally as I am able.

"You know the old Zealand legend of father Fine and the church at Kallundborg that he built for Esbern Snare?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, it was a sister of mine whom Fine had for wife, unfortunately, and who sang, —

"Tie stille, barn min!
Imorgen kommer Fin,
Fa'er din,
Og gi'er dig Esbern Snares
öine og hjerte at lege med!"

his fate of the coming day. Helva of Nevsek, and Esbern Snare are long since gathered to their fathers, but I can show you the stones of Kallundborg Church to-day, Gaffer Fine builded so well. And Gaffer Fine and his Troll-wife are alive to-day, and living, under Ulshoi hill. Fine beats his wife and children, still.

"But the Trolls are an ancient people, and the Norse valleys, and the islands —

"Low lying off the pleasant Swedish shore
Washed by the Baltic Sea, and watched by Elsinore,"

abound in wild tales of their doings. Their lore is the folk-lore of every race; and their songs are sung

in every tongue; the crooning lullabys, that mothers murmur to their drowsy babes, they have caught from the Troll-wives singing under-ground, —

“Since the Creation, the Trolls have been the good spirits of mankind, with few like Gaffer Fine. My clan, allied to the Richmon family, have simply followed its traditions; and since the days of Cedric, the first titular king of Wessex, and especially that country, anciently, and since known as Somersetshire, the annals of the Richmon family have been



ON THE EDGE OF THE MARSH

our own. During the sixteenth, and the early part of the seventeenth centuries, Ireland was practically depopulated by the wars between the Saxons and Gaels. The recolonization of this waste country was undertaken by English Queen Bess, and Popham was sent through the English counties to organize planter's companies to go over to Ireland in that interest. Many of the junior members of the landed gentry of Somersetshire found their way thither. Among those who went from Somersetshire was John Richmon, or Richmond, who was

one of the assignees of Sir Bernard Granville, who held a grant of the site of Bandon on the river of that name, a locality about twenty miles from Cork. Here, at Bandon, a town was erected; and it was here, on the site of an ancient Danish fort, that the first Protestant church was founded. These Bandon colonists were Puritans, and such were the influences under which George Richmon was reared. Several of these Bandon Puritans were among those who founded the Puritan colony of Massachusetts.

“George Richmon grew like his ancestry, a sturdy, adventurous Englishman. Ultimately he had sailed over the sea to New England, and, when he cast his anchor, it was in the lee of Champlain’s and Du Mont’s Isle of Bacchus, which, ever since, has gone, *nominis umbra*, by the distinctive name of Richmond’s Island. Here on the shores of the Dominion of Maine, this adventurous Englishman engaged in fishing and the accumulation of furs and such merchandise as would find a ready sale in his own country. He was the first Englishman to utilize this island for the purposes of trade, of which there is any record. Here he built a ship; and it may have been three or four years after the first voyage of the *Mayflower*, to Plymouth, if one wishes to locate the date, though there is no reason to be exact about it. In this ship he went to England. It is probable he made several voyages, as incidental to his career; and it was not long after this, that Walter Bagnall came to the island. He purchased Richmon’s rights and engaged in barter

with the Indians; and by his cupidity and dishonesty, soon found himself in bad odor. Richmon was soon after lost with his vessel on his home voyage to England. This Bagnall was exceedingly avaricious; and here is where the story of the Pot of Gold begins.

“Bagnall’s desire was for gold, glowing, yellow gold.

“Dark and swarthy, and repellent in his personal appearance, like the child of the Evil One he was soon to become, he could hardly wait for the night to



ALONG SHORE

fall, that he might finger his rapidly accumulating store of golden coins. When the falling dusk had deepened into the blackness of night, he pulled his treasure from its hiding-place, and, pouring its contents upon the table of oaken deal, he washed his hands in the yellow flood, gloating over it, miser-like, until his soul was steeped in the glow of his subtle enjoyments; and then, with a stealthy glance about his kitchen, he hid his gold until the night should come again.

"One night he became more deeply than ever absorbed in his solitary counting over of his gains. The night was rough outside. He was storm-isolated. The equinoctial had broken on the coast; and the winds howled and shrieked down the wide-mouthed chimney; the rain rattled and smote gustily against the rough log-gable; and the sea pounded across the bar to the mainland, to make the solid shores throb under the shock of the heavy waters; ever and anon, throwing the spray in sibilant sheets against the low eaves of the cabin. On the flat stone hearth the fire made fitful glow; and the single candle-flame quivered and shrunk to a sinuous thread under the stress of some random draught.

"Anon a bolt of living fire shot across the narrow glazing of a single window; and then, the noise of a jagged explosion, rolled down earthward, a roulade of dislocated sounds that broke and fell away in peals of deafening reverberation, landward, and over the foam-streaks above the churning seas. There was a lull in the wild storm, and the miser fingered his gold anew, and his soul cried, 'More! More!' and his gold filtered through his fingers again and again, until his heart was hot with desire.

"Another break of livid flame flooded the low-ceiled kitchen, and about the rough walls tongues of blue fire curled and twisted, uncannily. They overran the table of oaken deal, and the yellow of Bagnall's gold was the ruddiness of blood, each coin a huge corpuscle, a splotch of dire red. The perspiration that oozed from Bagnall's finger-tips had a

viscid feel, as if they were fresh from some foul deed. Bagnall's hair stood on end, each one a sprite of living fear. The cabin swayed from side to side like a boat at sea, and, with a final shudder, the toppling wick of the candle fell inert and flameless.

"But Bagnall was not alone.

"Before the dying embers stood a gentleman garbed from head to foot in crimson velvet.

"Bagnall began to gather up his gold, which, strange to say, glowed in the semi-dusk with a mild phosphorescence, piling the coins into his bag between his knees under the table, while between his chattering teeth came the audible exclamation, 'The Devil!'

"'If you please, and your very humble servant, sir, — and, by the way, friend Bagnall there is no hurry,' whereat the Devil picked up the candlestick, straightened the wick, and blew slightly upon it, and it was again alight.

"Bagnall, speechless in his amazement, began to survey his visitor with more calmness.

"'Don't mind me, Bagnall. I'm only calling on a few of my friends. Suppose you count that gold over again, Bagnall.'

"The bag dropped to the floor with a smothered ring of its contents, as Bagnall muttered, 'Gold! what gold!'

"The Devil snapped his fingers and the bag was on the table, and before its owner could reclaim it, it was upside down, held by an invisible hand, and the golden coins were running from it a steady stream.

"Bagnall's fear was dissipated. Here was *more*,

and MORE. But, at last the bag was emptied; and in its emptiness, it fell prone upon the yellow pile that scintillated with light of the living sun.

“‘You asked for more?’ inquired the Devil, smiling in his evident pleasure at Bagnall’s surprise.

“‘You must be the ——,’ was Bagnall’s broken exclamation.

“‘Bah! what’s in a name? There’s a fellow over across the water, who has just written some very clever things. I believe he says a rose would smell as sweet by any other name, — very good, too, — I am inclined to think the idea is not new. It had occurred to me when Adam and Eve were on my list, but, say, Bagnall, — is it *more*, and *more still*, that you desire?’

“‘More what?’ replied Bagnall, evasively.

“‘Don’t be shy, man, — I’ve known you for a long while, and you are one of my sort, — I have a mind to make a bargain with you.’

“Bagnall was silent, but his eyes wandered from the Devil’s face to the pile of glowing coin on the table, and his hands went out to clutch the trebled hoard. As he gathered his hands full of the yellow metal, each separate disc became instantly a tawny reptile that scurried off the table to the floor to hide in the crevices with which it seemed abundantly supplied.

“Bagnall’s terror had returned.

“‘Rather elusive stuff, isn’t it, Bagnall, — see here, my friend, the Styx is the principal river in my dominions, and it rises in the gold mines of the world, —

I am the God of Gold, man! If you wish gold, you can have your fill in a short time.'

"Can I be sure of that?" was Bagnall's eager inquiry.

"Certainly, sir, — a little matter of business between us, — I desire security, of course, — your signature, — that's all — you'll be in good company, Bagnall, — very good company, indeed!'

"One by one the coins resumed their place in the pile on the table, which was noted by Bagnall with increasing satisfaction, though he was restrained by a wholesome fear of the man in crimson.

"You can handle the coins, Bagnall,' suggested the Devil, benevolently. 'And, by the way, I can make you the richest man in the Dominion of Maine, or in the New World, for that matter, — you love gold, — and why not. But I am making a longer stay than I intended. I have an engagement, — a little bond to foreclose, and, of course, if you are not ready for business now, some other time will do.'

"Bagnall fingered the gold, nervously, yet caressingly, his eyes snapping and glowing like the red coals that had for the moment lighted up among the dusky brands. The coins rang true, with no evident disposition to crawl off the table. For all the lively pleasure Bagnall openly evinced at the reality of this abundance of wealth visible, he was possessed with mental reservation to drive the best bargain he could with the Devil, who was feeding his propensity for evil gains with a diplomatic persistency, and an ingenuity possible only to the Devil himself.

"Bagnall's heart was throbbing likewise with a tremulous fear of his visitor's purpose, and yet, the cry of his soul was, — 'More, more!'

"Satan had in the meantime not been idle. From some hidden repository about his person the contract had been produced, and unrolling it, he had placed it upon the pile of glittering coin; but the parchment was of so transparent a texture that the tempting bait was plainly visible through it. How the gold burned and shone! Its glory filled the room, to dazzle and intoxicate Bagnall with its glamour, — fool's gold.

"'Sign there, Bagnall,' murmured Satan, his voice softly alluring, like the strain of music, and instantly the parchment became opaque, and as firm as a slab of ivory.

"'What do I get out of it?' suggested Bagnall with greedy cunning.

"'Get!' and the Devil stripped a splinter of wood from the firestick that leaned against a blackened jamb, — 'You see that earthen pot on the dresser?' pointing a single finger at the bit of rude ware, and from the tip of that outstretched digit, a single spark flew straight as an arrow to its mark, to illumine its flaring rim overbrimming with heaped-up discs as yellow as those that lay so securely within his reach.

"'Yes.'

"'Well, then, in consideration of your duly constituted bond to enter my service, and to continue obediently in the same, and to deliver up yourself, body and soul to my disposal; I, of the second part,

will fill that pot with gold every Friday night so long as you live, but, with this reservation, that I find a few coins in the bottom of the pot at my coming;’ and, wetting the end of the splinter with the tip of his tongue, he handed it to Bagnall, who, after a moment of hesitation, had affixed his scrawling signature.

“‘This gold is mine,’ said Bagnall, drawing the pile closer.

“‘Certainly, as well as that in yonder pot, — you are satisfied, now, I suppose,’ said the Devil.

“‘And you won’t forget to come as you have promised,’ replied Bagnall, in a somewhat doubtful manner.

“‘Oh, I won’t forget, — and, mark you, sirrah,’ — said the Devil, harshly, ‘I know your tricks, and your cheating methods in trade; so cheat your neighbors, and the poor Indian, at your leisure, but don’t try to cheat the Devil. Remember he is to be reckoned with, to the letter. He is an exacting master; and once more, don’t forget to leave a few coins in the pot. It is so nominated in the bond.’

“‘That is easy enough. My soul belonged to your highness anyway, and I’m only getting my own. I’m glad you took the trouble to make me a visit,’ said Bagnall, with an easy assumption of boldness.

“‘Now,’ said Satan, folding his bond carefully, ‘pass that mug at your elbow, — let’s have a health to the bond. After you, my dear Bagnall.’

“Bagnall choked at the first gulp. His rum had changed to liquid fire, and his tongue was too large for his mouth.

"The Devil laughed a merry laugh, and then raised the mug to his own lips, to send across its rim a gentle respiration, which Bagnall could liken to nothing but the yellow reptiles that he saw crawling off his table, while from the mug, itself, burst forth a bluish flame. The Devil quaffed his brew with a single swallow.

" 'Excellent' rum, Bagnall, and very much to my taste. By the way, Bagnall, — count your gold!'

"And the trader fell to counting the coins. When he next looked up, he was alone with his gold; and, except for the size of the pile before him, he would have declared he had dropped asleep to dream of the Devil, as he often did after his heavier potations.

"Saturday morning seemed a long way off, but when it came, the earthen pot was brimming with strange-looking coins stamped with the effigies of an, to him, unknown people.

"Satan had kept his word, and after that, Bagnall failed not to leave a few coins in the pot; and his hoard grew rapidly, so rapidly that he began to be terrified for fear his good luck would get abroad in the province; so what he coveted most, was like to be a curse. The weeks grew into months, and the Devil had not failed a scintilla of his contract.

"One Saturday, he was up before the break of day; Bagnall's wife was sleeping soundly, and standing before the dresser, he glanced eagerly at the old earthen pot, to discover it was empty. He lifted it with sudden anger. He shook it, as he knew the Devil must have done many times on his weekly

visitations, but there was no response of the loose bits of gold. The Devil had done the same thing before him, to mildly, smilingly soliloquize, — ‘It was so nominated in the bond,’ and away he went to visit his next debtor.

“Bagnall discovered something the Devil overlooked, however. His wife had poured some remnants of the treacle-jar into the pot, and the coins, though there, were smothered to silence in the sticky sediment.

“A storm was brewing along the southern horizon, and unconsciously Bagnall was computing time. It had been a year and a day the Devil had owned him, body and soul, and the more he thought of it, the more his heart and courage failed him. Out across the island hummocks he went to one of the hiding-places he had selected for his treasure. Down on his knees, he pushed the dirt aside, — but the yellow gold, it was gone. And so he went, from hoard to hoard, and all were gone, all but the trifling handful he remembered counting on that fateful night when he added his name to the list of Satan’s bonded servants.

“The days came and went, and Bagnall grew harder with his debtors. He sold poorer rum, and more of it. He cheated the Indians of their peltry. He scanted his weight and doubled his charges, so that they who once disliked him, now feared him.

“But the Devil was not idle. He had not forgotten.

“He knew Squidrayset’s medicine-man. He bor-

rowed his garb and began to prophesy. The trader, Bagnall was at the bottom of their lean maize and their empty snares. The totem of the tribe had whispered this in his ears. If Bagnall were killed, the maize would grow fat, and the singing-birds would tell them where the otter, the beaver, and the mink made their new homes. The old days, before the white man came, would return; and their



A BIT OF THE OLD COUNTRY

warriors would multiply like the sands of the sea-shore; Bagnall was a little snake, with the belly of a whale, — he would swallow them all.

“And the Devil’s leaven wrought the murder of Bagnall; and the nomination in the bond was fulfilled.

“But,” said the Troll, “that is a matter of history, and you can tell that to suit yourself; but the old cracked pot ploughed up in 1855 on Richmond’s

Island was the same that stood for a year and a day on Bagnall's dresser; and the same that Squid-rayset dropped on his way to the bar that connected the island to the mainland, after the judgment of his tribe had been visited on the dishonest trader. The coins now in charge of the curator, are the same that were last left in the pot by Bagnall, and which were so long held prisoner in the dried-up treacle, which, by the intervention of a woman, was the means of the trader's ruin.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," said the old Troll; whereat he placed the stub of his finger to one eye, and with a half-wink, faded away as he came, imperceptibly, into the silence of the deepening dusk.

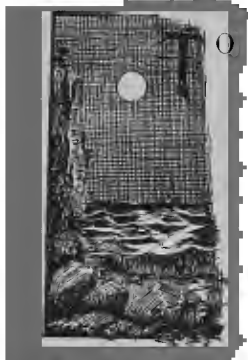


2

THE PASSING OF BAGNALL



THE PASSING OF BAGNALL



O leave a neighboring town some summer afternoon by the Packet Line, — a coastwise sailing trio of steamers, — taking one of its more commodious vessels for a night trip, is one of restful pleasure. There is much to see in the charm of the fading day when the roofs and towers of the old town are darkly, but crisply etched against the ruddy background of a sky as beautiful, in its soft brilliancy, it is safe to say, as any that may be seen in romantic Italy; and out through the Roads, one may see much that is not laid down on the navigation chart of the Government Coast Survey with its mysteries of triangulations, topography, and hydrography; for in the place of its plain surface of white, are the dancing waters of the bay, and its hieroglyphics of black diamonds and dots are metamorphosed into black and red-painted buoys, that bob to one side and another, in a tipsy sort of fashion; and into pyramid-shaped bits of open iron-work, with dolorous-sound-

ing bells suspended from the inner apex of each, that ring incessantly when the winds are high, driving the waves into hillocks, up and down which the bell-buoys climb, wearily, as if tired utterly of such a restless life; while the lines, that mark the contour of the coast, black, hard, and faintly suggestive, are but the symbols of numberless coves, inlets, and rocky points that possess all the fascination common to the sands, the bluffs and headlands, and the marshes that own the sea for their next-door neighbor.

Once past a bit of granite breakwater that takes the brunt of the in-racing, storm-driven waters upon itself, with its little white nob of a tower at the outer end, and its revolving light that seems saying all night long to the home-coming sailor, — "Don't run into me!" the vessel runs the harmless gantlet of gray stone fortifications with grass-grown bastions, black unmounted cannon, and piles of dressed and roughly-quarried rock about their dilapidated, or forsaken docks. Beyond the unfinished forts are many beautiful Queen Anne cottages, their red roofs making warm patches of color against the massy background of the naturally-grouped elms, the more beautiful, that Nature has here had her own way. Leaving Ram Island to seaward, and following the curving trend of the mainland past Catfish Rock and Ship Cove on either hand, with the newly-lighted lamps of the twin lighthouses glimmering above the dusky purple of the sea a mile away, one is at last on the open water, with all its limitless expanse before. It is a treacherous sea for all that, for, opposite a main-

land point that bears the commonplace cognomen of Chimney Rock, are a half-score of sunken ledges that lurk, in a villanous sort of a way, just under the surface of the waters, waiting to impale some unfortunate ship on their ragged needles.

These pictures of sea and shore glow and strengthen as one calls to mind some red-letter day when the painter, who sets his easel in the secrets of the eye, made a host of sketches to store away in the folios that crowd the every-day living-rooms of the House in the Brain, — art treasures indeed, fresh from an outdoor easel, the like of which some people seem never to have discovered.

The traveller by ship to eastward, must needs pass an island a few miles off the shores of old Scarborough, of considerable importance in the early days of the discovery and settlement of the country adjacent. Now, only a single habitation is to be noticed, where were once rude wharves and ample storehouses for fish and furs; for Richmond's Island, in the time of the English Trelawneys, was, along with Monhegan and Pemaquid, one of the few trading stations along the New England Coast. The curing of cod, hake, and haddock, and the rendering of train-oil were the principal industries. Very lucrative employments they proved to be.

John Winter, Robert Trelawney's local agent, apparently had an eye double to his own interest, even if he possessed one single for his master, — which, after a perusal of those admirable "Trelawney Papers" of Mr. Baxter's editing, might be thought

to be a matter of grave doubt, — for, Trelawney, shrewd and successful as a London merchant, lost everything to Winter, profitable as the venture turned out later to be, to the latter and his heirs. Trelawney, an ardent adherent of Charles I, saw, in addition to his New England losses, his star fall with that of his king, until, under the Cromwellian interest and influence, it disappeared under the Usurpation into that opaque obscurity that follows the complete downfall of a great political sovereignty.



Captain John Smith thought it a great coast for fish as early as 1614; and, in writing of the industry of the region, says, — “and is it not pretty sport to pull up two-pence, six-pence, and twelve-pence as fast as you can haul and throw a line?” Before Winter came to renew the commerce begun by George Richmon, and later carried on by Walter Bagnall, fishing had been very profitable; but with Winter’s

coming, cargoes began to be wafted over seas from England and Spain, — salt, liquors, fine stuffs for wearing; and even arms for soldiers, and uniforms, if one may credit Winter in his accounting to his principal.

Bagnall, as above intimated, had settled here some time before the Trelawney and Goodyere Patents had been issued, and traded with the Indians to his considerable profit; although in a way to give him an unsavory reputation; and which, a few years



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later, brought upon him a terrible retaliation, no less terrible than unexpected. Bagnall was found one morning in his kitchen, foully murdered. Guilty of extortion and dishonesty in his transactions with the rude sons of Nature whom he found here, his

retribution was hardly less swift than perhaps well-merited.

Of the many who came to barter their peltry for English muskets and ammunition, the crime has been laid at the door of the *Sagamore Squidrayset*, — a summary vengeance to take upon even so disreputable a character as Bagnall seems to have possessed. But the crime, if such it can be called, in the absence of proper court of inquiry, may have been committed in just such a low-browed habitation as its solitary dwelling of the days when I frequented its shores for a day's sport on the marshes, — an old weather-worn house that seemed always to be looking oceanward through its narrow windows, with no other sign of human interest about it than the thin ribbon of smoke from its lone chimney-top, that seemed ever hastening after some vanishing sail in the offing, blown on, and on, until the slenderly-wooded rib of Prout's Neck fails to follow its mystery.

Prout's Neck and Black Point are honorable landmarks of colonial history, and are not without their local tragedies, enacted when Mogg Megone, and the outlaw, Johnny Bonython, were alive to put their heads together to outwit the English settler. Scarborough country was afterward known as the "bloody ground," for here were enacted many a dark and gruesome deed in the times of the Indian forays.

There is a grim justice in the trial of Bagnall in the rudely-timbered kitchen of the old trading-house,

by these untutored children of the woods; and in the gloomy secrecy of the night-time, with no one to motion a stay of proceedings in the accused's behalf. As one thinks nowadays of the corruption in high places, and the leniency of courts, and juries, it is natural to revert to the more primitive days when Justice gave unsparing judgment, and sometimes erringly; yet, blind as she was reputed to be, her judgments were duly executed.

What a grim picture, this grimmer episode of



colonial life, — the darkness of the night; the isolated island hedged about by the gleaming phosphorescence of the sea; the black landings and the darksome group of storehouses; their lonely tenant, and, the murder! Peaceful times! So Bagnall thought. In the low-studded room, the stout oaken beams that reach across the ceiling, seamed with deep shadows, catch the fitful glow of the smouldering logs piled against the broad back of the dingy fireplace. The trader drowzes in his three-cornered chair, while the like dingy clock in its corner tells an hour that lacks one of midnight. Its loud striking

falls unheeded upon the ear of the keeper of these storehouses; and the regular accents of its slow-swinging pendulum grow sharper and more acute as the shadows deepen among the kitchen cross-beams, for the fire is dying on the hearth, — a silent prophecy of the going-out of another flame, and the stilling of a hand that will never again coax these waning brands into life, and genial warmth. There is a sound of moaning, uneasy waters on the sands below the fishyards; an undertone of complaining as of smothered speech; and the wind, damp with the unerring prophecies of the coming tempest, has an ominous threat, a surly hint of danger about it, as it blows up from the sea against the landward gables of the Bagnall settlement. Black clouds scud over the low roofs, smiting the single, square-topped chimney with noisy buffetings, coaxing its single thread of pungent smoke to steal away with noiseless going, and the wind still hastening on with its ill-fraught message. The sleeper drops his head lower, lower still; his drowsing has deepened into slumber. An old pewter mug on the oaken deal table, just within reach, that has an odor of rum, knows why its master sleeps so soundly when he should have been wide awake, if ever. It is a long sleep, and a heavy one. There is still a glimmer of stars, far-off and fearful, beyond the little square window; and had Bagnall been awake, he might have seen the limning of dusky faces upon its glazing.

There are noiseless fingers at the bobbin, and the latch is unloosed; and creeping as noiselessly over

the threshold, come the avengers, — a half-score of painted savages, who gather as noiselessly about their victim, to look with long, greedy, and silent gaze upon the sleeper, with a hatred that tinges his dreams with trouble. Bagnall's drowsing grows fitful under the subtle influences that are impelling him toward waking, with such unwelcome company about, of whose presence he is as yet unconscious. Some occult operator is telegraphing over one nerve circuit and another the premonition of danger; but Bagnall drowns uneasily. The clock ticks on; the wooden wheels creak and groan in grim protest; but Bagnall sleeps on. Only the breaking brands on the hearth disturb the rhythmic monotone of the swinging pendulum, while their smokes swirl into the throat of the chimney, an endless thread of gray that is being unwound by the Fates on to the reel of the winds that now come in strong gusts. There is a dash of rain on the window. There is a low muttering of thunder to landward.

Like statues stand these dusky figures in the deepening shadows, biding the slow awakening of him whose sleep is crowded with weird vagaries, as his insentient self is hemmed about with a cordon of painted demons. See, — the doomed man twists and turns, as if his chair were one of inquisitorial torture! He mutters the name of *Squidrayset*. There are other strange sounds that drop from Bagnall's lips; but they are lost in the beating of the storm on the battened roof. The big, wet drops fall into the hot ashes, with a hiss and sputter.

The clock has begun the twelve strokes of midnight, that time when ghosts come out of their graves to haunt the old familiar places.

Sss-t! The lightning! It comes so near, one can hear the flap of its livid wings; the room is flooded with a tremulous, pallid halo. A deafening peal, and Bagnall is at last awake. With blurred vision he notes his unheralded visitors. At this untimely hour they bode no good to him. There is a wild cry of terror, — a wilder struggle in the darkness, — and the trader is thrown and pinioned into his chair. The fire is replenished, —

“With the yellow knots of the pitch-pine tree,
Whose flaring light, as they kindle, falls, —”

on the rough stones of the broad jamb with its cavernous, sooty flue, that yawns like the entrance to some den of torture; on the black cross-timbers; on the hemlock floors; up and down the rough mud-plastered wall, against which stand out in sharp silhouette the burly shapes of the Indians.

“Ugh!”

It is the sign. The hunting-knives are out-thrust in the ruddy firelight. Their baleful gleaming is the silent announcement that Bagnall's arraignment is over. The circle narrows about its victim. Now, the verdict. The swift flashing of a dozen cruel blades, — a cry of despairing agony, — then the silence of the midnight falls, — the supreme influence of the hour.

Is this tallest, broadest-shouldered savage, *Scit-*

terygusset, *Sachem* of the *Presumpscots*, or *Mogg*, the *sachem* of the Saco lands? Was it poor Ruth Bonython's father, the unscrupulous outlaw, who has thus settled his account with the man who gave him fire-water for his peltry?

The murder done, its doers steal away as quietly as they came, to be swallowed up in the gloom that held Bagnall in like obscurity.

The sun rose over the waters with the next dawn, and set over Scarborough woods with the next even-tide, with only this picture between, —

“The low, bare flats at ebb tide,
The rush of the sea at flood,
Through inlet and creek and river,
From dike to upland wood;
The gulls in the red of morning,
The fish-hawk's rise and fall, —”

with never a sail in sight.

The old wharves and storehouses have long since disappeared, with never a sign of them left, although the spot is still pregnant with curious conjecture.

All this is occurrent of the year 1631, and the records are so definite that the day of the month is designated. It was on the third day of October that Walter Bagnall was called to render an account of his stewardship.

Justice in this case was slow, but in part sure. Two years later, one of the free-booters of the coast began cruising off and on Pemaquid; and, according to Winthrop, an expedition was fitted out at Boston

and despatched to intercept the pirate. Upon the return of the expedition, it stopped at Richmond's Island, and while there, Black Will, one of Bagnall's murderers was swung to the winds "without form of law or benefit of clergy." This was contemporary with the establishment of the Trelawney interests, that, under the direction of John Winter, was to form the nucleus of an important settlement, that widened out, until the Indian and French raids of 1690 had devastated Casco; with the result, that all the intervening country between that settlement of Cleeve, and the Storer Garrison, was depopulated, and Richmond's Island once more deserted.





